THE

NOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

A wilding nosegay, such as children love,
We cull for them, and with our Snow Drop twine,
Blue violets from the wood, the sweet-briar rose,
Simplest yet fairest of her queenly race,
With blossoms numberless, from copse and field,
Within whose cups, pure treasured thoughts lie hid,
That to the youthful seeker of their sweets,
They breathe in fragrance forth.

VOLUME I.

MONTREAL:
LOVELL AND GIBSON, ST. NICHOLAS STREET; JOHN M'COY,
GREAT ST. JAMES STREET;
TORONTO:—SCOBIE AND BALFOUR, KING STREET.
1847-8.

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THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. APRIL, 1847. No. 1.

THE EDITORS' ADDRESS

TO THE PARENTS AND FRIENDS OF THEIR YOUNG READERS.

The desire for improvement of every kind, which has been so rapidly developed throughout this Province within the last few years,—the more general attention given to literature,—and particularly the more enlightened views of education which are now manifested among all classes of society,—induces us to commence a Juvenile Periodical, particularly devoted to the amusement and instruction of children and youth. The plan, it will be perceived, is similar to that of the well-known Peter Parley Magazine, which had for many years a most extensive circulation, and a well-deserved popularity.

Our object will be to interest the minds of the young, by furnishing them with reading, at once attractive and useful—to develope their intellectual tastes—to stimulate a desire for progress and improvement.

We shall endeavour to give such variety to our subjects, that our little periodical may be ever welcomed with pleasure, and never weary; and we shall also strive to combine the *utile et dulce*—to enliven the gravest subjects—and to awake thought and curiosity, even under the guise of story and of fable.

As it is the first magazine of the kind which has been attempted in Canada, its success may be somewhat problematical; it will depend much on its own merits—on our power to redeem the object to which we have pledged ourselves—and much on the favor it may find among those entrusted with the care of children and youth. We shall hope to improve as we go on, and become more at home in our new scene of labour; and our best endeavors will be given to make it worthy of public favor.

We have the promised assistance of many able pens; and we shall also cull from other sources, not original, what may seem to us adapted to the object of this work. Nor, we trust, will the simple *Snow Drop* lose its native charm when blended with other, perhaps richer flowers; and as it has ever come forth a sweet harbinger of the bright Canadian spring, so may its emblem be the herald of a fair season of moral and intellectual improvement to the juvenile portion of this community, for to them and their progress we must ever look for the results of our own labors, and the fruition of our dearest hopes.

THE BROKEN FLOWER POT.

CHAPTER I.

"Do see that dirty child on the other side of the street, Catherine," said little Susan Henderson to her elder sister, as they sat together at work, before an open window. "How ragged she is, and how wistfully she looks at these plants, as though she longed to pluck the roses from this bush."

"Poor child," said Catherine, "I suppose she never sees any at home, and has no mother to take care of her, and keep her neat, as you have Susan."

"But, sister, she is a bad girl," said Susan, "for she is one of the scholars at the Charity School, and the ladies are very kind to her, and wish to teach her, but she runs away, and had rather beg about the streets, than learn to read and sew."

"That is indeed very naughty," said Catherine, "and she is so much more to be pitied for being so wicked; but she is coming across the street, and I will speak to her about it."

The little girl now came under the window, and asked Catherine for a rose, which indeed looked very beautiful and tempting to all who passed by. Susan was a good girl; but she had one fault, which often made her very unhappy, and gave great pain to her parents and sister. She had a passionate temper, which she did not govern as she should to have done. And now, instead of waiting for Catherine to speak, she took it upon herself to answer the child very sharply, telling her that if there were a hundred roses, she should not have one, and bidding her go off, a little beggar that she was, who ran away from her school because she would not learn.

The girl was extremely poor and ignorant, and worse than all, she had a bad mother, who took no pains to teach her what was good and proper. She was angry when Susan spoke so to her, and looking up as impudently as she could, she said, "It is no business of yours whether I go to school or not, and if you will not give me a rose, I will snatch one;" and she stretched up her hand, but the window was so high she could not reach the bush.

"You are a bold wicked hussy," said Susan in a great passion, and you shall not so much as see the rose bush any longer, for I will take it away, and shut the window," and before Catherine could prevent her, she caught up the flower pot by its handles, which were very slender, and intended only for ornament; but in her anger she forgot this, though she had been often told never to lift it by them.

How did she wish now that she had remembered it, and governed her temper better, for she had scarcely lifted the flower pot from its stand, when both the handles cracked, and it fell to the ground and broke into a great many pieces; the rose leaves were all shaken off, and strewed about the floor and the bush lay buried beneath the dirt, and fragments of broken china. Susan was dreadfully frightened; she forgot her anger and the cause of it, and bursting into tears, she sat down on an ottoman and cried bitterly.

"It is of no use to cry now," said Catherine, as she took up the rose bush and began to shake the earth from its leaves; "the mischief is done, and your hasty temper has occasioned it. O, Susan! when will you learn to be mild and patient, and repay mamma for all her care and love!"

"I will begin now, indeed I will," said Susan sobbing, "and never be passionate again."

"I have heard that promise so many times," said Catherine, "that I am slow in believing it. If you had suffered me to speak to the girl, all would have been well, for it was enough to refuse her a rose without using harsh words; they have only procured you her ill will, and sent her away rejoiced at your misfortune. How much better a little kind advice would have been, and how much good it might have done her."

"I will call her back," said Susan running to the window, "here is one rose left, I will give it to her, and speak to her kindly about her school."

"It is too late now, she has gone;" said Catherine, "so dry you tears, and help me to gather up this earth, and plant the bush in another pot. Mamma will come home tomorrow, and I wished her so much to see these roses in bloom!"

"O sister, I am so sorry," said Susan, "and then her beautiful flower pot! She has not another so pretty;" and Susan began to cry again as violently as before.

"Mamma would give a dozen such flower pots, and rose-bushes besides," said Catherine, "and so would I also, to cure you of this one fault, which makes us all so unhappy. Only let this accident be a lesson to you in future, and when you feel angry, think of the *broken flower pot*, and repeat to yourself those lines of your little hymn:

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's son,
That meek and lovely child."

"I will, sister, indeed I will try," said Susan; "but what shall I say to mamma?"

"Tell her the whole truth," said Catherine; "do not attempt to conceal anything, and she will cheerfully forgive you when she finds you are penitent and have not attempted to deceive her."

"But I am ashamed to own how very naughty I have been," said Susan hiding her face in her hands. "I wish Catherine, you would tell mamma about it, and then when she has heard all, I shall not dread so much to see her."

"You know, Susan, I am engaged to go out of town with Cousin Mary this afternoon, and shall not be back for some time," said Catherine, "so you must tell your own story, and if you speak the truth, and appear sorry for your fault, you will have no reason to fear mamma's severity."

"And it is because she has so often forgiven me, and believed my promises, that I am ashamed to see her now," said Susan.

"Endeavour then to keep your promises in future," said Catherine; "and when I come home let me find you an altered little girl, kind to all, sweet tempered, and obliging, O, how every body would love you, but for this one fault."

Susan said nothing, but she thought how much better it was to be good and happy, and she said within herself she would try hard to be so always, and then when her mamma had been gone from home a week she would not dread to see her return, as she now did. Catherine knew what she was thinking of, and kissing her kindly, she bade her dry her tears and be a good girl in future.

"And now," she said, "I must get ready to go away directly after dinner, so put on your bonnet, Susan, for I want you to go to Mr. C.'s, in St. James Street, and bring me the box of water colors I picked out yesterday. Do not stay long, as I wish to pack it up, and be quite ready to go into the country when Cousin Mary calls for me."

Susan with a heavy heart went up stairs, put on her bonnet and shawl, and set out to do her sister's errand. But so much did she think of what had just passed, that her eyes often filled with tears as she walked along, and she held down her head lest any one should observe her.

In going across the Place D'Armes, she saw three or four little girls of her acquaintance, coming towards her. They were on one side of the square, and she on the other, and though it was out of her way, she kept going still further from them in hopes to escape their notice. But they stopped and beckoned to her, and as she neither answered or looked round, they ran towards her, and called her loudly by name.

"I cannot stop now," said Susan, turning away her head, and walking on in a great hurry; "my sister has sent me on an errand, and I must make haste back."

"Oh! it is not that," said one of the little girls who had gone nearer to Susan than the others; "you have done something naughty, and your mamma is angry with you, and the reason you will not look at us, is, because your eyes are red and swollen."

Susan was so vexed to have the truth found out by her young companions, that she was just on the point of speaking angrily to them, when she recollected the Broken Flower Pot, and checking her rising temper, she said in a very gentle tone. "It is true I have not been so good as I ought to have been, Mary, and therefore I feel unhappy; but I did not tell a falsehood in saying I I was in haste, for my sister bade be me back soon, so pray do not hinder me any longer."

Mary was a good hearted little girl, and when Susan answered her so mildly, she was sorry she had spoken crossly, and told her about her red eyes, so she tried to make a light matter of it and said cheerfully, "Well never mind, we are all naughty sometimes; but I will not hinder you any longer Susan; make haste along, and we will all wait on the steps of the French Church till you come back, and then walk home with you, so do not be gone long," and she skipped away towards her companions.

Susan was glad to be left alone, and she walked on as fast as she could till she got to Mr. C.'s, where she went in and asked for the box of paints which her sister had selected there the day before. The young man gave it to her, and when she came out of the shop, she thought she would go home another way to avoid crossing the square, as she did not care to meet the little girls again, and knew they would be waiting for her, gathered around the basket of the apple woman, who sits on the side-walk.

She was almost sorry, however, that she did so, for just as she was turning the corner of a street, there came along three or four carters, and the horse of one of them was very unruly, and sprang quite on the side-walk, so that Susan was glad to run into a shop for fear of being kicked by him. It was a crockery-ware-shop she had taken shelter in; and while she stood at the door waiting for the carts to move on, her eye was caught by a pair of wedgewood flower pots exactly like the one she had that morning broken.

"Oh!" thought she, "if I could only get one of them, mamma never need know what has happened; Catherine is going away and will forget all about it before she comes back, and I shall be saved the shame of telling her how ill I have behaved."

Susan did not remember that in acting thus, she was seeking to cover one fault with another quite as bad, and she turned eagerly to the shopman and asked him the price of the flower pots.

"Fifteen shillings, Miss," said he; "they are quite a new pattern, and very cheap."

"They are too dear for me," sighed Susan who had but five shillings in her possession, which had been given her for quite a different purpose. She with twelve or fifteen little girls beside, attended a school which was taught by a poor widow, who had three small children and an aged mother to support. Several kind ladies had assisted her to get the school; and in order to make her as comfortable as possible, they were in the habit of sending the money for their children's instruction at the the end of every month.

It amounted to five shillings each, and was due on the following day. Susan was always very anxious to be punctual in her payment; she knew besides that Mrs. Martin's rent day came on Saturday, and that she had promised if possible to give each of her little girls a new frock, which they very much needed. It was probable, likewise, that she depended on the profits of this month to provide her with many necessaries for her family, and perhaps with some little comforts for her poor old mother.

"But then," thought Susan, "all the girls excepting myself will pay her, and five shillings will not be so much missed, especially as I shall carry her ten shillings at the end of next month, when she may want it more perhaps."

Susan had a very indulgent father, and he allowed her a small sum every week for pocket money; she was naturally kind-hearted and benevolent, and he wished her to be able to assist those from her own purse, that her mamma thought proper objects of charity. But she was rather apt to spend her money thoughtlessly, and if she saw a pretty toy, or a tempting dainty in a confectioner's window, she would often give away her last sixpence, and when she wanted it for some better purpose be sorry she had been so foolish, and resolve to do so no more.

"And this time I can keep my resolution for a month at least," said Susan to herself, "and if the flower pot was but a dollar, I would venture to borrow that which mamma gave me for Mrs. Martin, and which I can easily repay by saving all my spending money for a few weeks;" the shopman saw that Susan wished very much for the flower pot, and lifting one from the shelf he placed it on the counter before her.

"Will you not buy a pair, Miss?" he said, as he brushed the dust from the pretty pot, and turned it round and round to display its beauty; "they are very handsome, and cheaper than any we ever sold before."

"They are too dear for me," said Susan, "besides I only want one, and I suppose you will not separate them."

"No, I could not do that," he said; "but here is one, the mate to which got broken in the crate, so I will put it to you at six shillings, and a great bargain it will be I promise you."

Susan examined it, and saw it was exactly like the others. "I will give you a dollar for it," she said, "and that is quite enough since it is an odd one."

"One dollar!" said the man; "I might as well give it away, for it cost me more than that, and we expect to make something on our goods, or we might as well not trade at all."

"Well," said Susan, turning to leave the shop, "you must sell it to some one else then, for I cannot afford to give you more, though I wish very much to have it," and she looked so sad and disappointed that the man called her back.

"It is cheaper than I can afford to let it go," said he; "but I wish to oblige such a modest little girl, so if you please you may take it for a dollar."

Susan thanked him joyfully, and desired it might be set aside for her, saying she would call towards night and pay for it. She was going to spend the afternoon at her aunt's, and she thought within herself she would on her return home, take it under her shawl without being observed. So bidding the man good morning she hurried out of the shop.

But in seeking to hide one fault she had committed another as great, and the consciousness of having done so made her very unhappy. When she got home, she found Catherine wondering why she had staid so long, and she excused herself by saying some carts had stopped the way, and she was obliged to wait in a shop till they had passed.

This was in part true, but not wholly, for they had left the street clear long before Susan concluded her bargain about the flower pot; and knowing she was practising deceit, she turned away her head to hide her confusion when she answered her sister. Poor Susan! she began to feel that she was getting herself deeper and deeper into difficulty, and she recollected with sorrow what her mamma had often told her, that one wrong action led to many others, and that it was always better to confess an error at first, instead of seeking to hide it by falsehood and deception.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUMMER AND WINTER.

CHARLES.

"Look, Mary, at the drifting snow,
How fast and light it falls!
What fun we'll have, with George to-day
In making big snow-balls.

"So throw aside that fusty book,
And come with me, away;—
A little snow, I'm sure, need not
To keep us from our play."

MARY.

"Now Charley, do not teaze me, pray,
You know I cannot go,
I have my lessons still to learn,—
Besides I hate the snow.

"And I remember, too, full well
Your snow-balls, how they fly,
And how they pelted me, and came
Hard in my face and eye."

CHARLES.

"Now Mary dear, we will not hurt
One hair upon your head;
Just come,—we'll try some other sport
To please you, in its stead.

"We'll build a fort, both broad and square,
With bastion, trench and all,
And frowning cannon, planted there
Shall bristle from the wall.

"Such, as we read, were long ago,
When gallant Frenchmen came,
And lordship claimed, o'er this fair land
In royal Louis' name.

"And you, my little sister dear,
The blocks can help us place;—
Or, we will build a palace fair,
Some fairy queen to grace."

MARY.

"No fairy queen, I'm sure, would cast
Her spell on frozen ground,
Nor little girl, to work in snow
So silly could be found."

CHARLES.

"Well, then perhaps the glittering ice
May tempt your feet to slide,
While nicely buckled in our skates,
We'll figure at your side."

MARY.

"You cannot tempt me, brother dear,
With all your sports and plays
To leave my pleasant work and book,
And quit this cheerful blaze.

I love not winter's storms and cold,
I cannot coast, or skate,
And if I slide upon the ice,
I'm sure to break my pate.

"But when the fresh, sweet spring returns
To deck the earth with green;
And violets ope their dewy eyes,
And summer flowers are seen,—

"And little brooks, set free from frost
Their silver waters roll;—
At morn, at noon,—whene'er you please,
Together we will stroll.

"We'll climb the mountains' giddy height,
We'll rest beneath the shade,
Or chase the painted butterfly
Within the hawthorn glade.

"So leave me, Charles, till then, I pray,
Snow sports are not for me;
Nor can I, of this dreary cold
The use or reason see.

"When fruits and flowers such pleasure give,
Sweet birds and balmy air,
Why is not summer always here,
And nature ever fair?"

MAMMA.

"My child, you speak with thoughtless tongue,
Nor prize the blessings lent;
The varying seasons, as they roll,
Are all in mercy sent.

"The bloom of earth, in freshness springs
From winter's frozen grave;
The robe of snow is kindly sent
The precious seed to save.

"The little rills you prize so much,
In summer's heat are dried;
By autumn rains, and wintry frosts,
Their fountains are supplied.

"The exhausted earth, in winter's sleep
Its failing strength renews,
And wakens with fresh life to drink
The spring's refreshing dews.

"And winter's sports,—what rosy child
Will not declare them sweet?
And young and old, the pleasure prize
That round the fireside meet.

"And, Mary, you who love so well
Old tales with magic fraught,
See! on the glass, what lovely forms
The frost-king's art hath wrought?

"Such varied lines, of wondrous grace,
So light, and passing fair!
Rich wreaths—old castles—landscapes—all
Are traced with skill most rare.

"And yonder elms, their drooping boughs
With feathery garlands crowned;
And bending willows, stooping low
In icy fetters bound.

"The sun breaks forth, with rosy tints
To gild the fairy scene;
No richer diamonds ever graced,
Our Sovereign Lady Queen.

"Spring, summer, autumn, winter, each
The power of God declare,—
His goodness shines on all,—his love
Is present every where.

"The seasons, mingled good and ill,
To thee may seem to bring;
And life look bright, with joy and hope,
Or dark with sorrow's sting;—

"But, well-improved, each changing year
Will treasures bring to thee;
A heart content, a mind well-stored,
A conscience clear and free.

"My Mary, learn, with humble heart,
Each blessing to receive;
Not doubting, but with earnest faith,
His constant love believe.

"So come with me, my Mary dear,
And George and Charley too;
We'll brave old winter's surly blast,
And try what we can do."

MARY.

"Oh yes mamma, and you can take
My snow-shoes, if you please;
And on my brothers' sled, so snug,
I'll travel at my ease."

CHARLES.

"Then, Mary, do not scold at me,
If I should chance to throw,—
By accident, I mean, of course,—
You, over in the snow."

MAMMA.

"Such sad mistakes, have pardon free,
In merry mischief done;
Good temper, precious talisman!
All hearts have ever won."

GENEROUS REVENGE.

A YOUNG man wishing to drown his dog, pushed him several times into the Seine, and the last time fell himself into the water. The dog, seeing his master struggling in the stream, held him up till assistance arrived.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

"My dear mamma, I wish you would go in with me to Mrs. Glover's," said Mary Lovell, as she was walking one lovely summer evening with her mother.

"Why do you want to go there, Mary?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I want to see her aviary; I am sure she must have the greatest variety of birds. Sometimes as I pass I hear a canary, sometimes a linnet, and once I am sure I heard the whistle of an English blackbird, like that one of Cousin Harriette's. But you smile, mamma! why is it?"

"Because, my dear, Mrs. Glover's aviary, as you term it, consists of only one bird."

"That is quite impossible, mamma, for I have heard all the different birds with my own ear, and I could not be deceived," said the young miss just in her teens, with her most decided air.

"We will walk that way, then," said her mother, "and perhaps I will go in with you."

They soon approached the pleasant looking house, opening into a highly cultivated garden. The first sounds that greeted them were the wild warbling notes of the canary pouring itself forth in a prolonged trill, but suddenly broken off, as if the little songster had been disturbed. It no sooner ceased than the sweet graceful notes of the linnet sounded clear and soft in the evening air; then arose the chirp, chirp, of the little sparrow; then the low mournful musical cooing of the turtle-dove. No sooner had one bird ceased its strain, than another took it up, now filling the whole air with a loud burst, and now dying away in softest cadence.

"There, mamma," said Mary, with a triumphant air, "was I not right! Is not that an aviary worth having! What do you think of your one poor bird now?"

"I still think it is only one bird that makes all this music, my dear child; but we will go in and see."

They rang the bell and were shewn into Mrs. Glover's parlour. At the window opening into the garden hung a large cage, in which was one dark, rather heavy-looking bird; it was sitting quietly on its perch, and did not look as if it had ever been guilty of making any music. Mary and her mother were standing by him, when Mrs. Glover entered.

"Ah! you are admiring my little musician; my Figaro, as I call him, because his notes are so varied, and he is such an exhaustless songster."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lovell, "I came in with Mary! because she was anxious to see your aviary. She is charmed by the music as she goes to her school, and she thinks you must have a boundless variety of birds."

"She will be surprised, then, to know that this is my only one," said Mrs. Glover. "All the various notes that you hear are from him. You look as if you hardly believed me, Miss Mary, but I think I can convince you of it, if you will just come to the other side of the room; he will not sing with strangers so near him."

Mary and her mother retreated, and then Mrs. Glover whistled a few low clear notes, which the bird, springing up and down with the velocity of an arrow, closely imitated. Then Mrs. Glover mewed like a cat. In a moment the answering sound was given. She then imitated, though imperfectly, the quivering trill of the canary, and off started the bird, pouring forth its little song, and, changing rapidly from the canary to the linnet, thrush, and blackbird; there was no end to the melody, till the deepening twilight rendered it quite dark, and the little creature sank down into quiet rest.

As they returned home Mary could scarcely speak from surprise. She seemed for some time lost in wonder; but at last she began to question her mother about this surprising bird—of what clime he was a native,—what were his habits, &c., and Mrs. Lovell took down, as soon as they were at home, Wilson's Ornithology, and read her the following sketch of the bird:

"The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genus. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all others seem a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative; his own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song-birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, or three syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstacy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away—and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, " he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a person destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect—so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds, that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog—Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master; he squeaks out like a hurt chicken—and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully: he runs over the quivering of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

After reading this extract to her, Mrs. Lovell opened Mrs. Child's beautiful letters, and read an anecdote, which shows that the Mocking-bird, with all its wonderful powers, cannot imitate every thing. The bob-o'-link, with its long-drawn melody, so rich, full, ever repeating his own name, as if it was indeed the sweetest sound ever uttered, defies the power of the Mocking-bird.

"One of these rich warblers came and seated himself on a rail near the window of a farm-house, and began to sing. A cat-bird, (the New England mocking-bird), perched near, and began to imitate the notes. The short quick 'bob-o'-link,' 'bob-o'-link,' he could master very well, but when it came to the prolonged trill of gushing melody, at the close of the strain, the imitator stopped in the midst. Again the 'bob-o'-link' poured forth his soul in song; the Mocking-bird hopped nearer, and listened most intently. Again he tried, but it was all in vain. The 'bob-o'-link,' as if conscious no one could imitate his God-given tune, sent forth a clearer, richer strain than ever. The Mocking-bird evidently felt his reputation was at stake. He warbled all kind of notes in quick succession. You would have thought the house was surrounded with sparrows, robins, whip-poor-wills, blackbirds, and linnets. Having shown off his accomplishments, he again tried his powers on the inimitable trill. The effort he made was prodigious. But he couldn't do it. He stopped, gasping in the midst of the prolonged melody, and flew away, in evident vexation.

RIDDLES.

No. 1.

"I often murmur, yet I never weep;
I always lie in bed, but never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,
And much disgorges, though it ne'er is fed;
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I get, move faster on."

No. 2.

A Lady weaving at her loom
Hour after hour,
With thread so very clear and fine,
The net is like a flower.

Sometimes the lace she weaveth
Sparkles with diamonds bright;
Sometimes 'tis covered over
With tiny pearls, so white.

And though she weaves so tastefully,
She is a murderess too.
Who is the Lady weaver?
Can you tell me children, who?

THE SLEIGH BELLS; OR HELPING OTHERS, HELPS OURSELVES.

A FABLE.

"HOLD your tongue!" said a horse to a sleigh bell; "there is no music in your noise, and I am almost stunned with it."

"I don't ring myself," said the bell, "and I am sure I am tired of ringing. But our master would not put up with the noise if it did not serve some useful purpose. I am told it is to warn persons to get out of the way, lest they should be hurt."

"Let them be hurt," replied the horse; "who cares? Must I be stunned all the time, that some careless blockhead may not be hurt?"

"It rarely happens," said the bell, "that when we do good to others we are not benefitted ourselves. Perhaps the warning I give is as useful to you as others."

At that instant a horse without bells suddenly turned a corner. The two horses struck each other violently, and both were so much injured, they had to be knocked on the head by their owners.

A DIALOGUE ABOUT DOGS.

"I SHOULD like to know, Mr. Dash, what good you do in all this wide world?" asked Master Edward of his pet spaniel, as he threw himself on the floor beside him; "here you lie sleeping half the day, and when you get up it is only to teaze, teaze, for some one to open and shut the door for you; now answer me, lazy Dash!"

Dash shook himself awake, wagged his tail, and fixed his eyes so knowingly on the boy, that it seemed as if he was cogitating a reply.

"I think, Edward, said his mamma, "that Dash looks much inclined to ask *you* of what use *you* are in all this wide world?"

"Oh, a great deal, mamma, or I shall be useful enough by-and-bye, when I grow a man; but you know I am only learning now."

"And I hope, Edward, you will remember your lessons as well as Dash does his," said his mamma, laughing, and pointing to the dog, who, evidently conscious that he was the subject of their conversation, and perhaps fearing he should be turned from his favorite lounge on the hearth rug, had reared himself up on his hinder legs, and drooping his fore paws, stood looking imploringly into his young master's face.

"Dash is a cunning fellow, and an honest, loving dog, at all events," continued Mrs. B., "and he sets us a good example of affection and fidelity. I dare say if he had been well trained, like many of his brother spaniels, he would have excelled in the chase, and other doggish accomplishments, for he is sagacious enough, and even now can bark bravely at the cats and dogs, which prowl about the yard."

"What a pity," said Edward, "that he was not trained; he is so pretty and so funny!"

"Yes, Edward, it is always a pity when either dogs or children are petted into mere playthings, instead of being trained to usefulness. And then dogs are so gifted with intelligence—their powers are so wonderfully varied—so capable of ministering to the comfort and convenience of man. I remember a dog that your uncle H. had, many years ago; he was one of the mastiff breed—Old Growler was his name—and he looked surly enough. He was trained for a watch dog; but what with indulgence and good feeding, and having little to do, he grew so fat and lazy, that he seemed good for nothing. So he dozed his life away, and people often said, 'why does any one keep such a good-for-nothing brute?' But Growler had the spirit of a dog in him, for all that; and besides he had been so long a part of the household, that no one cared to part with him.

"One night when the family were all in bed, and fast asleep, Growler came to the window of your uncle's bed-room, which was on the ground-floor, and scratched and barked furiously. Your uncle, thinking he only wanted to come into the house, and creep into his snug corner, sent him away, and laid down to sleep again. But your aunt, who you know is always on the *qui vive*, felt uneasy, and was quite sure something unusual had occurred. She wished to rise and look about; but your uncle only laughed at her fears, and would soon have been asleep again, only she and the dog were both so restless that it was in vain to seek repose. Presently, however, Growler came back, and uttered such unusual and dismal howls, that your uncle began to think something must be wrong, and dressed himself in haste to ascertain. Growler manifested great joy, wagged his tail, and trotted on towards the kitchen, which was found on fire, the flames just bursting through the windows.

"The instinct of the faithful animal had discovered the danger, and his affection led him to seek his master, and give him timely warning."

"Good, brave Growler," said Edward; "he was worth something after all, was he not, mamma?"

"Yes Edward, he was indeed; the instinct of a dog seldom fails him in a moment of peril, and his service to man cannot be over-estimated. Almost every kind of these animals may be trained to some useful purpose; and they present as great a diversity, both in species, and in degrees of intelligence, as are found in the various tribes of mankind.

"Many years ago, a gentleman, who lived near my father, imported a large flock of Saxony sheep; a breed greatly valued for the fineness of their wool, and then, very rare on this side of the Atlantic. Along with them came a German shepherd, and two or three shepherd's dogs, so well known in the pastoral districts of Europe. They were all objects of great interest and curiosity to us; the sheep were pastured in several large fields, separated from our own enclosures, only by a rocky declivity, covered with pretty trees, and perfectly carpeted with flowers and mosses. Your aunt E. and myself, often wandered to this little grove, and sat there for hours, watching these strangers, who had come from afar, to enrich the manufactures of our own land with their fleecy treasures. The shepherd so foreign in his appearance, in his short blue frock, woven from the fleeces of his own flock, his grey hose, drawn up above the knees, an odd-shaped cap on his head, and a long stick, bent at one end, called a crook, in his hand, reclined under the shady trees, during the day, smoking or ruminating, the dogs lying by his side, but with ever watchful eyes, guarding their numerous charge, and ready to start on the least alarm.

"It was a sweet picture, Edward, such as you may find described by the old pastoral poets, when you get into the classics, only the sheep, though so soft and well formed, unfortunately, always looked very dirty; a peculiarity of the breed, which is caused by the extreme oiliness of their wool, and though a sure indication of its fineness, it gave them a very slovenly appearance; but the very small lambs frisking about, and as yet unsoiled, were perfect little loves.

"But the prettiest sight was at sunset, when the shepherd gave a signal, by blowing on his reedy pipe, and instantly the dogs started up, and began very composedly to marshal the flock in order, running here and there to collect them into a solid body, ready to conduct them to their nightly folds. It was wonderful what order they maintained, and how readily the sheep submitted to the accustomed discipline.

"If any of them straggled or loitered on the way, one of the dogs immediately went up to it, and intimated by a sharp bark, that it must fall into the ranks; or if any one was missing, the dogs directly perceived it, and searched till the stray one was found, and brought into the flock again. Two or three dogs, thus conducted several hundred sheep, without the least confusion, the shepherd walking behind in perfect confidence that those trusty guardians would perform their duty faithfully."

"How wonderful! mamma" exclaimed Edward. "I should like so much to see some of them! Are the shepherds' dogs large and handsome?"

"No! they are rather small, thick, and shaggy, and quite ordinary in appearance; but they have such intelligent faces, such sagacity of expression, that one might almost believe them guided by something higher than mere animal instinct."

"Thus you see, my dear boy, that in regarding the lower animals, as well as man, we should not judge merely by the outward appearance. The noblest intellects, and the most virtuous dispositions, are often found under a mean, and even repulsive exterior; and neither the courage of the kingly lion, nor the strength of the mottled tiger, can compare in usefulness with the unpretending industry of the bee, and the ingenuity of the beaver; nor the gay plumage of the brightest bird, or the gaudiest butterfly, with the productive labor of the silk-worm, which, disgusting reptile as it seems, yet spins its silken web in silent contentment, and prepares a rich material for the robes of fashion, and the halls of state.

"This equal distribution of the gifts of Providence should lead us to look always, without prejudice or pride, on every member of the human family, and to regard with admiration and tenderness, the inferior orders of creation, whom God has so wisely gifted with faculties, suited to the wants of each, and whose various powers he has made tributary to man, that he may rule over them, not tyrannically, but in mercy and kindness."

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE FIRST,

WHICH TELLS MY YOUNG READERS SOMETHING ABOUT THE VALUE AND IMPORTANCE OF KNOWLEDGE GENERALLY.

YOU will, I dare say, my dear young readers, like to know something now and then from me about the country you live in. I shall be very glad, I assure you, to know that you are so good as to desire such useful knowledge; and both you and I will find out, I hope, as we go along, that this knowledge may be made vastly entertaining as well as instructive, and both of us be wiser and better for it. And this is the great aim and end of all knowledge, you know. Oh! it is a fine thing, my young friends, to gain all the good knowledge you can; for you must know that is just so much power you are gaining, to make yourself and many others all the happier and better. And you will soon find out, depend upon it, if you try, that to gain knowledge in this way does the heart real good; it gladdens you and makes you happier—and then you become so much more amiable and dutiful children to your parents, teachers, and friends. And when you grow up to men and women, and are called upon to fill a place in society, and mix in the real business of life, people will soon find out how much true knowledge you have gained, and all really good people will esteem and love you so much the more, and then it will be that you will fully find out how much good, how much happiness, and how much power this useful knowledge hath gained for you. You will feel your heart gladdened within you, and be delightfully rewarded for having spent some of the precious and fleeting hours of youth in gaining useful knowledge. You will not only feel gladdened in heart, but your whole intellectual being, your entire soul, will become uplifted and purified; and if you have happily gained, along with your moral and intellectual acquirements, the Christian graces and spirit, you will have added a lustre to your character, and consequently a greater power to do good to all within the sphere of your influence in a degree and manner which it is impossible I should imagine for you at present to conceive. But do you, I beseech you, my dear young readers, remember and ponder over what I have wished to say to you. I do think that if you do that, that you may most likely, in after years, when you grow up, be able to look back with some real pleasure upon this little talk we have had together. You may then be able fully to conceive the extent of the great victory you may have achieved, and of the value and importance, I might almost say *immensity*, of the power you have acquired, in having gained useful true knowledge. You will then have found out fully how great a power is knowledge, and how very great and good and noble victories knowledge can achieve; how much it gives the power to subdue the many evil and vain thoughts within our own hearts, and how it further operates in elevating and purifying, and enobling and making happy. And not only is it a power that thus represses the evil and elevates the good within ourselves, but it acts in the self-same manner, and with a thousand-fold more force and scope, in repressing the evil, and elevating, and enobling the good, over the whole wide world where its blessed influence extends.

It hath made bad rulers tremble, and conferred the sweets of liberty to oppressed nations. It hath shaken the fetters from the poor galled slave. It hath shed light into the dark mines of the earth, and shortened and lightened the toil of the weary dwellers there. And in the work-shops, and around the homely hearths of a toil-laden people, its cheering light and sweetest influences are gladdening thousands of hearts. And not only is knowledge doing all this in lessening human suffering and toil, and increasing human happiness, and in elevating, and purifying, and making man better, and happier, and kinder to his fellow men, but its power, its victories, stop not here. It hath enabled the mind of man to soar into the vast firmament so far far above him, and to show him worlds upon worlds there very much larger than even this very large-looking world of ours. It hath given man the wonderful power to build those huge ships, you may have seen or heard of, that ride safely and bravely over the wild and stormy billows of thousands of miles of ocean, and take the traveller so far from his home, to see strange countries, and bring him again safely back.

But I shall tire you, I much fear, my dear young friends, in giving you even these few glimpses of the vast and almost illimitable power of knowledge, and of the victories it has already, and is still constantly gaining. I am sure that you will say with me, What, compared to those, were the power and victories of the Wellingtons, and Napoleons, and Alexanders? "*Oh! nothing*, nothing at all," I am sure you feel generous enough to cry out with me; and yet how comes it—your keen enquiring glances ask of me—how comes it that the world has called these "glorious victories?" The world is now getting wiser, my children. And blessed be the sweet influences of knowledge. Oh! who would not among you all then love to gain useful knowledge, that gives so much good, so much happiness, so much power, and gains so *really* "GLORIOUS VICTORIES!"

I am quite sure now, because you all are so young, and so open to generous thoughts, that you do feel within you a real love and desire to gain some of the power, and to help with all your might to gain some of the good victories of knowledge. Then in the name of all that is good, and generous within you, I enlist you all, and with a willing and open heart, we shall go all of us onward, sometimes fighting valiantly on our way, and sometimes taking it easily, and most delightfully indeed, in wandering through the fields, and up and round about the really delectable hills of knowledge. And you shall have, I promise you, many grand

and beautiful prospects to greet your eyes with, and do your hearts good.

And first of all we begin with a subject which I am sure will interest all of you very much; this subject shall be "THE COUNTRY WE LIVE IN." I am very sure all of you who are really good young folks, and who desire to grow up to do good, and be of some use to yourselves and to your friends, and to as many round about you as you can, will be very glad to know something now and then, from me, about Canada. I shall just give you nice short stories after this, for I would not for the world weary you with long dull things. But you must endeavour to remember what we have now been speaking about. And as you are to have just nice short stories, you will be able to think on them well, and to store them up in your mind, and in your heart, and as you grow in years, you will find them getting to be more and more useful to you, and you may find out fully, that knowledge is power, and happiness. And it may be, perhaps, that if you are truly successful in gaining some goodly share of that useful power, you may be privileged—and oh! it is a noble privilege to generous minds—TO DO GOOD TO THE COUNTRY YOU LIVE IN.

And then if you reflect how this piece of good, perhaps it may seem very small in itself too—may, like a little piece of leaven go on leavening good to other countries, and may turn out in the end to have been a great piece of happiness, conferred upon the whole world, and which may go on spreading, and yielding fruits of real happiness, that will blossom and bloom fair and beautiful, long, long after you are gone—and as it were we may say—*live for ever.* Oh! is not this a prize worth the striving for—a victory indeed—yes, indeed, a very, very *real* "glorious victory."

Now, my very dear readers, this is not fancy at all, it is all real truth, and I wish you to lay it up in your heart, for it is the only way to get at things rightly, and to be able to impart the good which you have got to others. Now, as I am just about to bid you good bye, I wish to reward the attention you have, I hope, all given me in this rather long talk we have had—so I will wind up as it were with one of the nicest and shortest stories I can think of. It is about one of these really good men whom I would wish you all to imitate, and the story will show you, how, out of what may seem a very small source, may issue a large stream of happiness. There is just now living in England, one Mr. Rowland Hill, who in looking about him to gain useful knowledge, observed that very many poor people in England, were not able to receive letters from one another because the Post Office asked so much money for sending their letters. Sometimes a sixpence, sometimes a shilling, and sometimes more, which was too much money for poor people to pay for letters. And poor people who were sick and far away from their friends, were not able to let their friends know, when they would have been so very glad to have heard, and to have sent them some kind of help, or just one or two kind words of sympathy, or perhaps would have tried to have gone to see them; and this was a very hard case, as I am sure you can imagine. And Mr. Rowland Hill who had gained knowledge through his heart, thought just in this way. And so he brought out his power of knowledge, and aroused the public mind, and at last got the Government to tell the Post Office people to take no more than one penny for poor people's letters, and the Post Office in England now carries all the letters for a penny a piece. There was great rejoicing at this, and Mr. Rowland Hill was felt to be a real benefactor to his country, in having gained such a victory for the poor and indeed for all. What a deal of happiness this one man has conferred. And like the small lump of leaven, Mr. Hill's piece of good is working its way even in this country—and people are talking loudly to the Post Office to give them *cheap postage;* and for myself I do hope we shall have it, and I am sure you will all rejoice to see it; for then you may all send letters to me, and pay the Post Office for carrying them, out of your own little gatherings. And then I shall know all that you wish me to do for you, and I will feel so glad to hear from you. I should almost wish Mr. Hill would come over here and see us or would write to us about it. Or we may perhaps hope that another such man would start up in Canada, and gain such another victory for us here. It would be a real "glorious victory," would it not?

Good bye to you all, my dear readers, and forgive me if I have told you too long a story this time. When we meet again, the next will be nice and short.

SUBMISSION.

GRASS, according to Herodotus, was the symbol of *submission*, because the ancient nations of the west, to show that they confessed themselves overcome, gathered *grass* and presented it to the conqueror.

THE

THE FIRST

On Friday, the 3d A
from Palos, a seaport on
his voyage of discovery. T
which they considered ominou
ber they lost sight of land, with te
fearing never to see it again. A
crew began to murmur against that
prayers and promises. Suddenly he ca
land!" but it proved but *clouds*. The murmurs we
now very great, and the crew determined to wait b
three days more before they would return. The first of those days he perceived by the *sunset* that land was near; in the night he espied light, and two hours after midnight Rodrigo di Friara descried land on the 10th October. They went on land when it was day, and termed it San Salvador, called by the inhabitants Guanhani, one of the Isles Lucasos, 950 degrees from the Canaries.

The howling winds forbid us to trust the fatal main,
Oh! turn our wandering vessel to harbor once again;
Why to this bold Italian, our lives, our hopes confide?
No golden land awaits us beyond the shoreless tide!
How long shall he deceive us with boasting vain and loud?
And when we gaze for land he can show us but a cloud!"
The gallant leader heard, but he listened undismayed,
Though he saw their furious glances and their daggers half
displayed.
No fear was in his soul, but his heart was wrung with woe,
Shall he yield before their murmurs, and his glorious meed forego?
Had he braved the ocean terrors in tempest and in might,
And shall he furl his sails, with the promised goal in sight?
For he looked towards the horizon, and marked the setting sun,
And by its ruddy light he knew that all his toils were done.

ielding wave,
or to save,
rd course they steer,
mering lights appear ;
watch the opening sky,
rapturous certainty.
leaming extends the welcome strand
mountains before their view expand.
surges, and, shouting, leap ashore,
ers 'God and St. Salvador!'

A PRETTY GAME FOR CHILDREN.

BUFFY AND THE SHADES.

SUSPEND a fine sheet or large table-cloth at the end of the room, so as to be capable of receiving objects from a magic lantern placed at the opposite end. One of the company is then to sit on a low stool with his face to the screen, from which he is not, under penalty of a forfeit for each offence, to turn his head. The lights being all extinguished, the party, one at a time, pass silently before the lantern, so as to reflect the person's shadow on the sheet. The director now questions Buffy, (the one on the stool), whose figure is then before him. He is allowed but one guess to each shadow. If he guesses right, the person pays a forfeit, and changes place with Buffy; but if he names a wrong party, then Buffy pays a forfeit, and thus the game proceeds.

The blunders poor Buffy is led into, prove a prolific source of mirth, for by changes of dress, stooping, and other manœuvres, he soon gets confused, and is then almost sure to name the wrong person.

A CORRESPONDENT OF "THE SNOW DROP" TO ITS YOUNG READERS.

My dear young Friends,

Will you allow me to introduce myself to you in this familiar way? I know you, Kate, Jessie, Harry, Bob, and all, but you don't know me yet; you have formed, perhaps, some idea of me, but you are not quite sure whether you can be really friendly with me; I seem a little like a new governess, or a private tutor; you look shy, and askance at me, as if you thought I should be rather strict, and keep a watch upon all your little faults; you fancy I have a sharp keen voice, that will scold quite shrewishly, when I see any trait of selfishness, obstinacy, or ill temper; but it is no such thing. I am not the least like any of the frightful figures you dress up with your own little fancies, and call teachers; but you have all played the game of "follow the leader," have scrambled up hill, and rolled down, jumped over fences, and waded into brooks, in eager pursuit of your chosen captain; now I want very much to be your LEADER for the next twelve months,—a long time it seems to you, I know; but it will quickly pass, and if you will be only willing to go with me, we will ramble together in the country, pick the wild flowers, and listen to the birds, as they chat in their leafy bowers; sometimes we would visit together a menagerie, and make acquaintance with the wild animals; I will tame them for you like Herr Driesbach, so that we can examine them well, and study their habits and customs. We will not wait for the completion of the rail-road through Oregon, but will take a trip in a way of our own (for which perhaps we can get a patent) to China, see how tea is prepared and how the poor Chinese carve with patient labour the hard white ivory into beautiful forms; we could learn many a lesson from them too. Then from China one broad leap should take us to London, like the pretty "Pussy Cat" in Mother Goose's wise melodies, "to see the Queen." There is no end to the variety of curious and amusing things we may see together if you are only willing to "follow, follow, follow;" if you will not turn back if you think I am leading you into any dark holes or corners. If I could be quite sure you would all go with me, then I should start off with a good spirit.

I should very often be willing to go just where you liked, if you would only tell me where it was; I am very deaf, and could not hear if you spoke ever so loud, so you must write to me, what you wish. Any place you want to see, any questions you want to ask, just write to me about it. Why, little Susey, the very youngest of you all, could write to me, if her sister Fanny would only show her how; perhaps direct her tiny hand for her.

I wish you would feel that I am indeed your friend, your companion, a little older, and perhaps wiser than yourselves. Often, I dare say, you do not know what to do. Willie or Sandy has been unkind to you; you want to make him feel it, but do not know how; you wish somebody would tell them when they were wrong and make them sorry for it. Now if you would write to me all about the circumstances, you need not tell me who Sandy and Willie are, because I do not wish to know who of my followers are unkind, for I trust all will learn to act upon the golden rule;

"Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you,
And neither do or say to them,
Whate'er you would not take again."

But if I knew what wrong has been done, I could tell them a little story, or a fable which should show where they were wrong, and make them resolve never to do so again.

Little heads like yours sometimes make very good charades and conundrums; now I dare say you could make some that even *I* could not guess; will you try it, and if you succeed, send them to me, and I will puzzle all the other little people with them? I am writing you a long letter for a first one, my dear little friends, but it is because it makes me better acquainted with you; while you are reading it, I am looking into your faces, learning their different expressions, now smiling into this laughing eye, blue as the heavens, now catching a peep at one black as a mazard cherry, and now at another very like our grey cat's with her huge hazel orbs. I shall know you all well, and hope you too feel by this time quite acquainted with

COUSIN LIZZIE.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

Our little work is now in the hands of our young friends, and we must ask them to interest themselves in circulating it, and procuring subscribers. This is the first year of its existence, and its very life depends upon the kind care of its friends. It has come up, like its own fair flower, in the very commencement of a Canadian spring, and the frosts of neglect will easily blast its delicate leaves, while kindness and culture will develope it into greater beauty. On the subscribers will depend the continuance of the work. Should a sufficient number be obtained, our young friends may expect to receive another "Snow Drop" on the first of May.

The Editors hope to receive many communications from their readers; any description of places, or scenes, calculated to interest those of their own age; answers to the riddles, and enigmas which will from time to time appear in the work, will also be expected. All such communications must be directed, post paid, to Messrs. Lovell & Gibson, Montreal, or Messrs. Scobie & Balfour, Toronto.

As there is a good deal of introductory matter in the first number, the Editors have thought it proper to issue 40 pages of reading matter instead of 32 pages, to which the numbers will in future be limited.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. MAY, 1847. No. 2.

THE BROKEN FLOWER POT.*

CHAPTER II.

AT length Catherine set out for the country, where she expected to remain a month or two, and as soon as she was gone, Susan prepared for her visit to her aunt. She had for several days, been looking forward to it with much pleasure, for she loved her cousins, and was always happy with them.

They had a beautiful garden, a variety of pretty books, ingenious games, and puzzles; besides a great many fine pictures, and curious shells, which their brother had brought with him from India. But what was better than all these, they were well behaved, and sweet tempered, and when Susan was with them, she always resolved to be as amiable as they were; but she too often forgot this, and flew into a passion, when she happened to be vexed or disappointed about any trifling thing.

How much more than ever did she wish on this afternoon, that she was indeed like them. But though they did all in their power to amuse and make her happy she could not enjoy her visit. She was constantly thinking of all that had passed in the morning, and she was so anxious lest she should not get the flower pot home in safety that she hurried away as soon as the sun was down, though her aunt and cousins were surprised at her haste, and urged her very much to stay till eight o'clock, when her uncle said he would go home with her himself. But she persisted in going, so they bade her a kind good night, and watched her till she turned the corner of the street.

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*Continued from No. 1.

As soon as she was out of sight she began to walk very fast till she got to Mr. A's shop, when she went in, drew forth Mrs. Martin's dollar with a sigh, and paid for the flower pot. The man offered to send it home for her, but she thanked him, and said she could as well take it herself, though it was so heavy she came near letting it fall several times.

However she got it safe home at last, and ran up to her own room with it; when she transplanted the rose bush, and then took the pot down, and placed it on the stand with the other plants; "no one would ever know it, I am sure," she said as she stood at a little distance looking upon the new flower pot; "and what harm can there be in seeking to hide a naughty action from mamma? It will be taking my own money in the end, and I do not think Mrs. Martin can suffer for a dollar before another month."

Thus Susan tried to quiet her conscience, which still kept whispering to her that she had acted wrong; and that night her sleep was not so sweet as usual, nor did she rise with a light heart the next morning.

"Mamma will come home to-day," she said to herself, and for the first time in her life she dreaded her mother's return. But she came, and Susan was not the first to welcome her. She heard her ask, "Where is my little girl?" and still she held back. At last she was called, and again she was deceitful, in appearing as though she did not know that her mother had got home."

"What! have you come mamma?" she said in an accent of pretended surprise, and ran into her mother's arms, as if she was overjoyed at her return, but in reality to hide the confusion she could not help feeling.

"And you have been a good girl, my love, Sally tells me, and done all I wished you to," said Mrs. Henderson, fondly kissing her. "My plants look very smiling, so I suppose you have been constant in watering them; and I see by these stalks you have had abundance of roses on my favourite bush, but they must have been very transient, for the buds were scarcely formed when I left home. How was it, my dear? did you let them stand in the window when the sun was bright, that they have shed their leaves so soon?"

Poor Susan's face was as red as scarlet; she could make no answer, and she held down her head to hide the tears that were starting to her eyes. Mrs. Henderson looked at her with surprise, and fearing she had said something which sounded like reproach, she immediately added;

"I am delighted to see my plants look so well; and as for the roses, I care not for their loss, we shall soon have more, and those which bloom on this innocent cheek are fairer than any we have lost;" and she kissed Susan tenderly as she spoke.

There was silence for a few moments, and Susan suffered so much in thinking of her past conduct, and how little she deserved her mother's love, that she was on the point of confessing all; but while she hesitated whether to do so or not, Mrs. Henderson began to give an account of her journey, and to tell of so many interesting things which she had seen, that Susan became amused; she felt almost happy, excepting when her eye glanced towards the flower pot, and when night came, she went to bed saying to herself, "I am glad I have not told mamma; she believes I have been good, and all will be well enough yet."

But Susan found she had much to suffer in consequence of her fault; when her mother kissed her, she thought how ill she deserved it, and if ever she praised her for any act of good behaviour she said inwardly, "If mamma knew all, I fear she would not love me as she does now."

Neither could she enjoy the little allowance of pocket money, with which her father was so kind as to supply her. She saw many pretty things which she would have liked to purchase; but she remembered poor Mrs. Martin, and resolved if she had done wrong in spending money that was not her own, to do right in paying it as soon as possible. She could bear to see her young companions indulge themselves at the toy shops or confectioners, and even heard their jokes with good temper, when they laughed at her, and called her a little miser.

But one day, when Mrs. Martin's little girl was ill and wanted an orange, which her mother could not purchase for her, because she had that morning paid the baker the last shilling, Susan thought of the dollar she had kept back, and she held down her head ashamed to look Mrs. Martin in the face.

But notwithstanding all the mortifications Susan endured, and all the good resolutions she made, she was still too apt to forget them, when any new temptation fell in her way.

One day a large caravan of animals arrived in town, and in returning from school, Susan passed the place where they were kept. On the outside of the walls, there hung the picture of an elephant, a lama, and many other animals, which the children stopped to look at. While they stood there the door opened, and they heard music playing within, and saw a great many people come out, who were all talking of the wonderful feats performed by the elephant, and expressing their admiration of his sagacity.

"O! how I should like to see him," said Susan, who had listened attentively to what the people were saying. "And so should I—and I," cried several little girls who were with her.

"Well, let us go in then," said one; "I have money enough to pay for the entrance, and so have you Susan; it is but seven-pence halfpenny, and I saw more than that in your basket this morning."

"But I want that money for another purpose," replied Susan, who began to recollect she had none that she could justly call her own. "I cannot spend what I have for the sight; but you may all go in without me if you choose."

"That we will not do," said the little girl who had first spoken; "so do come along with us, Susan; for see, they are just going to shut the door again;" and she pulled her forward, followed by the other children, who crowded on behind her.

Susan at first held back, and persisted in saying she would not go in, but as her companions pushed her nearer she heard the music more distinctly, and when the door opened she caught a glimpse of the elephant with half a dozen children mounted on his back.

"It is but seven-pence halfpenny," she said to herself, and I can soon make it up again by saving."

But she had besides to lend enough to two of the little girls who were with her, to gain them admission, and thus nearly half a dollar was taken from her little hoard.

"Poor Mrs. Martin!" thought Susan, as she saw the contents of her purse thus rapidly decreasing; "I fear she will not get her dollar at the end of this month," and she sighed deeply as she followed her companions into the large tent where the animals were kept.

The caravan was one of the largest that had ever been exhibited in the city, and the elephant was regarded by the children with the greatest wonder and delight; he was so large and powerful, and yet so perfectly docile, he would permit any one to approach and caress him, though had he been ill treated, it is probable he would have exerted his strength and destroyed them in an instant; with his huge proboscis he would take up the smallest thing from the ground; even a pin which was scarcely to be seen, he picked up and handed to a lady. There were also several monkeys that played many diverting tricks, and a lion which the keeper caused to roar so terribly, that his voice shook the hangings of the tent.

But Susan, though she had never seen these animals before, could not now enjoy the sight, for she felt she had done wrong; and who that has wilfully committed an error, can be happy? She wished to go home, but it was in vain she urged her companions to come away; they would not quit the place, and at last she was obliged to go without them.

The clock had struck one before she reached home: her mamma was surprised that she staid so long, and when upon questioning her as to where she had been, Susan confessed the cause of her delay, Mrs. Henderson reproved her for going to such a place alone, and without her knowledge.

"Your papa intended to have taken you there himself this afternoon," she said; "and how much more you would have enjoyed it, had you gone with him—he would have told you many anecdotes about the elephant, and given you much information respecting the other animals, which would have been instructive and interesting. But as you chose to go with those rude little girls, you must be content to remain at home, while your brother and cousins go with your father and myself to see the caravan."

Susan hung her head and burst into tears, but she said nothing, for she knew she deserved it all; and that her mother never suffered her commands to be disputed, because she never imposed any that were not just and proper. She eat her dinner in silence and then sat down to her work, which she endeavoured to do very neatly; she wished also to do a great deal, that she might please her mother, and by her diligence and patience under correction show she was sorry for her fault, and desirous to make some amends for it.

But when her cousins came in, looking so pleased and happy, and she saw them with her parents and brother setting out to visit the caravan, the tears filled her eyes, and though she would not put down her work yet she could not see where to place her stiches, and pretending to pick something from the floor she hastily wiped her eyes, and bade them all good bye in as cheerful a voice as she could.

"I wish you were going with us," said her cousin; cannot she go, dear Aunt?"

"O pray mother, let her go," said her brother George; "I am sure she will not soon do wrong again."

"Oh no, mamma is right," exclaimed Susan, no longer able to conceal her tears; I have been very, very naughty and thoughtless, and she ought not to let me be happy with you this afternoon."

So saying she kissed them all and ran up stairs to her own little room, where she cried bitterly for a few moments, not because she was obliged to stay at home alone, but because she felt she deserved to be so punished, and she was grieved that she had given her kind mother such cause to be displeased with her.

However she soon became composed, and accomplished so much work during her mother's absence, that she praised her industry when she returned, and not only told her much about the animals that composed the caravan, but permitted her to read aloud that evening, Goldsmith's history of the elephant, which afforded her even more pleasure than she had derived from the sight of the noble animal in the morning.

The next day, her mother's kind kiss told her that all was forgiven, and with a lighter heart she set off for school. When she arrived there, she was surprised to find the school-room empty; but hearing voices in the next apartment, she knocked softly at the door to enquire if there was to be no school that day. It was opened by Mrs. Martin, who said as soon as she saw Susan:

"Ah! my dear, I am sorry you have come, for my poor little Mary is so ill I cannot attend the school to-day, and have been obliged to send all the young ladies home."

"I am very sorry she is sick," said Susan; "can I do anything for her Mrs. Martin?"

"Nothing, I thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Martin, "I make her as comfortable as I can, with what God has given me, and if it pleases Him to spare her life, I shall I trust be truly grateful for his goodness."

At that moment little Mary awoke and began to cry, her lips looked dry, and parched, and she kept repeating, "give Mary more orange, mamma."

"Mary has eat it all," said Mrs. Martin, at the same time offering her some herb tea, and trying to quiet her, by promising she should have one tomorrow.

But the child continued to cry for an orange, and Susan, young as she was, guessed truly that Mrs. Martin had not the means of getting her one. She thought of the dollar that was due so long ago, and which she had so unjustly kept back, and how bitterly did she repent having committed an action which had been, and still was, the cause of continual suffering to her.

A single sixpence was all she now possessed, but she determined to apply it to a good use, and slipping out unobserved, she ran to the nearest shop where oranges were sold, (for at this season they were very dear and scarce,) and bought the largest which she could get for the money. She then returned to Mrs. Martin's, and softly opening the door, gave it into little Mary's hand, and ran out directly. When Susan went home she begged her mother to send Mrs. Martin such things as were comfortable and necessary for the sick child, which Mrs. Henderson cheerfully did, for she was always willing to relieve the sick and afflicted. She was not, however, content with sending; she went with Susan to the house to see what things were most needed, and she bade Mrs. Martin send to her for whatever she might want.

Susan was very glad when she heard her mother say this, and she thought within herself, "Since mamma is so good, Mrs. Martin cannot suffer for any-thing, so I will not tell her about the dollar, but wait till I have saved it from my pocket money, which I shall certainly be able to do, before the end of this month.

Thus she tried to quiet her conscience, but still she could not feel happy and light-hearted as she used to do, when she told her mother every thought, and feared nothing so much as to deceive her.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

CURIOUS CLOCK.

About the middle of the last century Le Dras, a celebrated mechanic of Neufchatel, presented a clock to the king of Spain, with a sheep and dog attached to it. The bleating of the sheep was admirably correct, as an imitation; and the dog was placed in custody of a basket of loose fruit. If any one removed the fruït, he would growl, gnash his teeth, and endeavor to bite until it was restored.

A MAY SONG.

Another year has passed away,
A joyous band we've met to day,
To celebrate the blithesome May,
The bridal of the Spring.

Oh! welcome, welcome, merry May!
With joyous shout, and garlands gay
Of all the year the blithest day,
The bridal of the spring,

In this merry, merry way,
We choose our lovely Queen of May,
And crown her on this joyous day,
The lovely bride of spring.

THE MENAGERIE.

Many of our young readers doubtless remember the menagerie, which, with its long train of covered waggons, passed through the streets of our good city of Montreal, one day last summer; and most of them, we presume, visited the spacious tent on the field above Beaver Hall Terrace, where the animals contained in those strange looking vehicles were exhibited.

What a grand collection was there! from the lion, that king of the forests, down even to a little white mouse with its pink eyes, a creature scarcely bigger than the end of one's thumb. The tigers with their brindled coats were very beautiful, the leopard too with his spotted hide, and the zebra with stripes so uniform and richly shaded, that you would almost think the hand of some great artist had painted the covering which adorned him—and so indeed there had—but it was a heavenly artist who gave to the poor dumb animal of the desert a robe of beauty which the skill of man might vainly hope to equal.

The ugliest and most unhappy looking creature in the whole company was a hyena, a fierce untameable beast, as naturalists tells us, and so he seemed, as he paced up and down his narrow cage, grinning maliciously at every one who went near him, and snarling at the boys who poked sticks through the grating to vex him; for like all ill-natured things, he was considered fair game to all who strove to teaze him. The keeper said, nothing would please him, and if he could find no one else to growl at he would vent his spite upon his mate,—for she was shut up in the cage with him and by her grins and low growls, we thought her just as cross and ugly as himself.

It was wonderful to see how some of those lordly and savage beasts obeyed even the look of their keeper—how the lion harnessed to a car, drew him as gentle, as a pony, and how the tigers, when by one stroke of their tremendous paws, they might have destroyed him, yielded to his slightest word, lying down as if dead at his command, or playing and leaping about him as harmless as though they had been tame domestic cats. It made one almost shudder to look at them, knowing that if they chose to exert their strength, nothing could save him from their fangs.

Yet for my part, I could not but pity the poor captive brutes which God had made to enjoy the wide freedom of their forests, brought into such subjection by man, for they could not have been made to perform his bidding so rapidly without a long course of training. Blows, and hard words, and hunger, they must have suffered before their fierce natures yielded to his force; and all this I thought of, and ever do, when I see animals made to enact parts which are not natural to them; and it greatly mars the pleasure which might else arise from the sight of their docility.

Even the enormous elephant, that with his powerful trunk, could have crushed all within his reach, had learned to yield his strong will to that of his master. But with him such sway could only have been gained by kindness, and therefore it was beautiful to note his obedience. Do you remember how, when the people pressed forward into the middle space within the tent, the keeper turned him out, and how immense he looked as he walked slowly round the whole circle, waving his long trunk to and fro to drive back the crowd? And then how he knelt down as gentle as a lamb, for that little band of half frightened children to mount upon his great back, and how quietly he carried them round till he came back to the same spot, and then knelt again for the rogues, proud of their courage, to jump off. Why, his legs were almost as large as the pillars of the bank in St. James Street, and looked indeed very like stone posts,—and his ears, what long flapping things they were " but his eyes were very small, yet bright and expressive almost as a human eye, for he is said to approach nearer to man in intelligence than any other animal, and is called therefore, the "half reasoning elephant."

I could tell you a great many wonderful stories about him, but must defer them to some future opportunity, as I wish at this time to speak more particularly of another animal which we saw in that collection. All indeed have their peculiar habits and traits of character, an account of which I have no doubt would interest you and with many of which I shall strive from time to time to make you acquainted; for there is no subject more instructive than Natural History, none which shews us more plainly the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father, of whose care even for the smallest creatures he has made, Mary Howitt, that sweet poetess, beautifully says,—

> "I saw that God regardeth them,
> Those creatures weak and small;
> Their table in the wild is spread
> By him who cares for all."

Among the various animals, were some beautiful birds—the tall ostrich which furnishes such rich plumes for ladies' bonnets, and parrots of different kinds—but none more delicate than the yellow-crested cockatoo, which with several of the species, was in a cage at the lower end of the tent. Of this bird you will have an interesting account in the next number of the "Snow Drop," so I shall say no more about it here.

The monkies were the drollest beasts there; they looked so like little old men, it was quite ridiculous to watch them. How they leaped and scampered about, grinning and chattering to each other, as though they were in high glee, and how funny it was to see the monkey mothers take up their young ones and nurse them in their arms as though they had been real human babies. One of them, which sat mumbling a piece of gingerbread, gave her child a smart box on the ear, because it went teazing around her, as she seemed to think, in an improper manner.

But I forget that I wished to notice particularly one animal that especially interested me, though it was overlooked by many there, or passed by as worthy little notice. This was the Lama. It looked so sad as it stood in the midst of so many fiercer creatures, full of wonder, as I fancied at the noise and bustle of the moving crowd, which filled the place. Its coat was so soft, its form so graceful, its stately neck was arched with such gentle dignity, and its large brown eyes were so melancholy and tender, that it made one love it only to look upon them.

Perhaps I felt more interest in it, from having known one intimately in former days; when a friend of mine, a naval officer, brought a pair with him in one of his voyages from South America. One died on the passage, but the other arrived with him safe, and lived most lovingly with the domestic animals at his country house. It used to go with the cows to pasture, and was a beautiful object to look upon, with its snow-white coat, and its stately head rising gracefully above those of its horned companions. The boys, however, would go in such numbers to see it, that Captain D. found the intrusion very troublesome, and the pretty creature was at last sold to the owner of a caravan—and great grief its departure caused to us all. Perhaps this, which we saw here, is the very one that grazed so peacefully in those green fields, but I think not, though exactly like it.

I once read an account of this gentle animal which I am sure would make you feel as much interest in it as I do, and almost persuade you, as it did me, that it possessed a human soul, were we not taught that the lower animals are not endowed with so glorious a gift, a gift which is bestowed by God only upon man. The account of which I speak is as follows, and may I think be relied upon:

"The Lama is the only animal associated with man and undebased by the contrast. The lama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy towards sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off in an attitude of humility, waves his hand coaxingly towards the Lamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tone and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-ic-ic-ic*. If the Lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humor, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker—but remain motionless huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions—all give them an air at once noble and sensible. It must be so, in fact; for the Lama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain either by force or threats, what the Lama will not willingly perform, the instant this animal finds itself affronted by words or gestures, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill-treatment by flight, (the Lama is never tied or fettered) he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely from his eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires. Happy creatures who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians amounts to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burden on his back. If he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading. If the burden exceed a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordelleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the Lama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtasked."—*For. Quar. Review.*

THE BOY, AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A gaudy butterfly, one day
Was gaily with the flowers at play,
His graceful wings, so lightly spread,
Were richly wrought with gold and red;
Now, on the lily's cup he hung,
Now, round the rose, he lightly swung,
And seemed to drink the gay sun-light,
With all a butterfly's delight.

A little boy, with gentle eye,
Fresh from the school, was passing by,
His satchel o'er his shoulder flung,
Careless he walked, and lightly sung,
Pleased that his daily tasks were o'er,
And he was free to play once more,
Free, for a time, from book and rule,
And all the tedious forms of school.

He stopped, and with admiring eye,
Gazed on the fluttering butterfly;
Well pleased, his airy form to trace,
His well-poised wings, and changing grace.
"I would," he said, in accents low,
"That I, like thee, could come and go,
"Could pass my careless life away,
"No work to do, and naught but play."

The butterfly, in quiet rest,
Folded his wings upon his breast,
And to the boy's astonished ear,
Uttered this admonition clear.
(For he who lists aright may find,
Some language in the tiniest kind,
And birds, and flowers, and insects too,
May pretty lessons give, and true.)

"My little friend," he seemed to say,
"You see me, on this joyous day,

" Among the flowers, with gilded wings,
" The brightest of all shining things.
" But think not, without toil and pain,
" This happy freedom I could gain.
" For many a weary month I spun
" The web, which round me closely hung.

" For *others'* use, with patient toil,
" I wove around my mortal coil,
" The silken threads, with dexterous care,
" I twined, for *other* forms to wear.
" Content to gather round the gloom,
" Which shut me in my little tomb,
" For then, I knew, my task well done,
" With new-born life, I'd greet the sun.

" From me, a useful lesson take,
" Your *duty*, let your pleasure make ;
" Whate'er your conscience says, is right,
" Do it, with all your heart and might.
" Employ each fleeting moment well
" Let every hour, of *progress* tell ;
" So, when in dust your body lies,
" On glorious wings, your soul shall rise."

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE SECOND.

WHICH TELLS MY YOUNG FRIENDS WHAT KIND OF A COUNTRY CANADA IS; AND TEACHES THEM WHY THEY SHOULD LOVE IT, AND TRY TO DO IT GOOD.

A MERRY month of May to you, my dear young readers; and as I promised you some nice story about Canada, I will, now, in the hope of your being all attentive listeners, just begin.

Canada, as I dare say most of you know, is a very large country—much larger than England, or Scotland, or Ireland, countries we hear so much about, and where so many people live, and where many of us have friends, and where many great and good men have lived—men who have done much good and much honour to themselves and to their country, and to all the world besides. Thousands of years ago great and good men lived in England, and it was chiefly the *power of knowledge* they had which made them able to help their country to become great. So you see how much depends upon what we were talking about the last time we met, whether a country is to be a great country or not. It is the *people* who make the country. If the people are industrious and good, you will most likely find a good thriving country; and in the same way, if a people are indolent and vicious, these qualities will show themselves, and give a character to the country. All of us then you see, who live in Canada are interested, just as if we were one family, to have our country become a good one. And each one of you, my dear little friends, who choose to try, can give your country some little help. I am sure it makes you glad to know this, and I can tell you I feel very glad myself to think how many of the young people who live in Canada are likely to love it so well.

Though Canada, as I have told you, is large, there is not very many people living in it yet—not near so many as in England or Ireland, or even Scotland. The reason is these are old countries, and this is a very new country; and yet when I tell you that it is just about 350 years since Canada was found out—you may wonder that I do not call Canada *old*. But you must know, my dear children, that it takes a long, very long time indeed, until a country gets to be called old. The history of some countries in the world, you know, begins some thousands of years ago. You all know I dare say how many hundreds of years it is ago since England came to be known. So you see that 350 years is after all not a long age for a country, and so the world calls Canada young, quite a young new country. The people of England who live two or three thousands of miles across the great ocean, and the people of the other old countries there, so far off from us, look upon Canada as quite young and new indeed. They do not know however so much about it, as they ought to do, because if they did know how very large, and how fine a country we have, more of them would come and see us, and live amongst us, and our country would grow the faster. And if all of us who live in it were to try more, we could make Canada greater and better than it is now, and it would be more known.

Now I think I have told you enough of a story to make you have a very good opinion of "THE COUNTRY WE LIVE IN," and to cause you to love it, and take an interest in it, and have a wish to do it good. I have told you how large a country it is, how fine a country it is, and why you ought to feel thankful that it makes you so comfortable as you are, and gives you the happy home you have. I should think now you would like much to hear more about Canada from me—when the people of the old countries found it out, and any nice stories I may be able to tell you of things that have happened to it since.

But as I am not to weary you upon any account, and as I have, I hope, just got your feelings interested with me, the next story will tell you, who was the fortunate traveller that found out Canada, and when this exactly took place. And I will tell you too something of the other travellers who came to it afterwards from the old countries, and wrote to their friends all what they saw, which made a great many people have a wish to come to Canada. So you will see in this way how Canada began to be peopled, and to grow what it now is, with its towns, and farms, and roads and coaches, and steamboats, and all that. For first of all, before the great travellers found it out, Canada was just one great forest, you know, and there were no fine houses then, and no roads, and no steamboats, and no large vessels upon the great lakes and the rivers. Just imagine what a still quiet scene it was then. Some bands or tribes of savage Indians who knew nothing about fine houses or good roads and such like, had all the country to themselves then—and all they did was to roam about the woods, or sail their canoes upon the waters. To get food to eat, they killed beasts and birds and fishes, and where they slept these Indians made themselves in the woods little bits of huts, as they are called, of the branches and bark of trees—and there, in these kind of dog houses, as you might call them, these poor ignorant Indians—whole families often I warrant you—had to sleep and to eat, and to pass all their lives, excepting the time they were engaged in hunting or fishing. Oh! how these poor Indians wanted knowledge.

But of this and other things we will talk again. In the meantime, good bye to you all my dear young friends.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN GRANDFATHER GOODMAN AND HIS TWO GRANDCHILDREN, WILLIAM AND LUCY, ABOUT TREES AND PRETTY FLOWERS.

Grandfather.—Now Willie, my good little grandson, please get out of my arm chair and let me sit down; for I am tired walking through the garden. There put my crutch in the corner; and you, Lucy, my white-haired pet, can you find Grandpapa's spectacles?

Lucy.—Oh! yes sir; here they are on the table.

Grandfather.—Very well; now look at this small branch of an apple tree in bloom in my hand. I brought it from the garden.

Lucy.—Oh what beautiful flowers it has on it, and how sweet it smells.

Grandfather.—Yes, its beauty is exquisite, its sweet smell delightful. How good God is, to give us so much pleasure in the delights of this season of bloom. The cherry trees, the plum trees, the apple trees, and pear trees, are now in full bloom. Do you like to look at those pretty trees and their pretty blossoms?

Lucy.—Yes, Grandpapa, I'm so glad, that I could walk in the garden all day if mamma would let me.

William.—How soft and pure the white part of the bloom looks! how delicate the reddish tinge! But, Grandpapa, are flowers of no use but to look at as pretty things?

Grandfather.—These pretty flowers shew how kind a father God is; who gave them to us for while it delights us to look at them, they remind us that He will give us fine fruit. Every blossom here is capable of producing an apple.

Lucy.—And if there were no bloom, should we have no fruit?

Grandfather.—Every vegetable first blooms, and then produces fruit. If there were no pretty flowers in the spring, there would be no fruit. Look at these little things in the middle of each blossom: some dust falls down from them upon the soft part in the centre. This makes the beginning of the apple, and in a few months it grows large and gets ripe and sweet. Now you understand the means God uses to produce apples. How delightful—how simple—how useful are the ways of our Heavenly Father. The bloom of the cherry, plum, and pear, have the same things in the centre of the flower as the apple. Botanists call those little things *stamens,* and the soft part on which the dust falls is called the *pistil.* Now let me tell you, children, God's goodness is seen in all vegetables as well as in this apple blossom; by the same curious contrivance all seeds are produced, such as wheat, barley, oats, rice, &c., &c., which make our bread, puddings, and nice cakes.

William.—Then it is because the wheat and oats blossom that we get their seed to eat.

Lucy.—But I never saw wheat in bloom.

Grandfather.—Those plants that produce grain for us to eat, do not have pretty flowers when they bloom: their blossoms are very small, and of a greenish colour and are not much noticed; but all vegetables produce their seed from their bloom. When the wheat grows tall next month, we will walk out into the field and see the bloom.

Lucy.—If we had no seed to put into the ground we should have no more pretty plants.

Grandfather.—You are right, my dear; God gave us seed for vegetables, and this brings them new every year, besides he gives us their seed for food. Now you see how he gives us each day our daily bread.

Both children.—Thank you, Grandpa, and now when we see pretty flowers, or eat nice fruit, or good food, we will try to remember that God is very good in making the bloom, which is so full of beauty and sweet odor, and gives such good food for hungry people. We say right when we call him "our Father who art in Heaven." For he takes care of all people just like a Father, and makes every thing give them pleasure.

Grandfather.—And when I tell you about the leaves of the apple tree you will learn that God is good to us also in producing so many pretty green leaves; but we have talked enough to-day.

HOPE AND MEMORY;

OR, THE PRESENT MOULDS THE PAST AND FUTURE.

A LITTLE girl dreamed that, as she was passing through a delightful garden, she saw a beautiful being behind her, and another as beautiful before her. Wherever she went these figures attended her. Whenever she did wrong, the figure behind her looked dark and frowning, and the figure before her grew so dim as to be hardly visible. When she behaved well, both figures brightened up, and were delightful to look upon. What surprised her was, that she could never get near enough to the figures to touch them. If she went backward, the figure went back also; and if she ran forward, the other figure ran ahead of her.

When she awoke she told her mother her dream, and asked what it could mean.

"The garden," said her mothor, "is human life; the figure behind you is Memory, and the figure before you is Hope. If you do a good action, the memory of it will be pleasant, and you may hope for the smile of pleasure; but if you do wrong, Memory will grow dark and unpleasant, and Hope will grow dim and unpromising. You cannot catch them, for you cannot go back and alter Memory; you cannot go forward and catch Hope. How important, then, that you should so conduct yourself that both *Hope* and *Memory* may always look pleasant and smile upon you.

CHILDREN'S MIRTH.

(Stolen from little Ellen's Album.)

Oh, 'tis sweet to see the sports and glee
  Of childhood's joyous throng,
Of the young and gay in mirthful play—
  And listen to laugh and song.
Run about girls, run about boys,
Make yourselves merry, make a noise.
    In the sunshine of youth,
    Be jovial and gay,
    Be quick at your studies,
    And sprightful at play.
Puss in the corner—blindman's buff—
Little Jack Horner—hit him a cuff—

Dance all about—who's the best skipper?
Hide-and-go-seek—hunt the slipper!
There, now sit down, munch nuts and cake,
And chat and laugh till your bosoms ache.
With the feast of fun, then off to bed,
Happy and glad with moments fled.
    Up in the morn as the sun peeps out,
    Scrub your faces, scamper about,
    Till the clock tells all, the happy rule,
    Play when you may, but first go to school.

A CORRESPONDENT OF "THE SNOW DROP" TO ITS YOUNG READERS.

My dear young Friends,

I will begin one of my ramble-scrambles to-day, and if you follow after, why well and good; and if you don't, what then?

I took up the newspaper a short time ago, and saw that Laura Bridgman had given the price of a barrel of flour to the starving Irish. I felt immediately a great curiosity to know who Laura Bridgman was, and to see her if I could, and I am sure you feel the same desire, for you have all been interested in the suffering poor; some of you have sewed for them—got up bazaars—and in that way given your mite to aid them, and have enjoyed it too, I dare say, feeling that you were doing a kind act, which always yields pleasure. But *you* had eyes, and ears, and a voice—while this poor girl, the notice said, was deaf, dumb, and blind.

You know I told you we should perhaps find a new mode of travelling, by which we could get on faster even than by railroad. Well, I have it—the patent is not yet secured—I must wait till we have tried it well, and if it does not make us sick or weary, we will sign a round robin to the Government, get a patent, and all the *profits* arising from it. We will call this new mode of travelling the "Thought-flyer," and by its aid we will start each one from our own homes, and meet at the same moment in Boston, not the Boston of good old England, but the capital city of Massachusetts —(suppose you find it on your map before you leave, you will understand the route better).

We are all there—I see you all. Come Kate and Susey, you are the youngest, and I will lead you. Toss away the curls from your bright little eyes, and we will trot along, two by two. Ah! here are the omnibusses, those long things that look like the wooden Noah's arks you have all had to play with. We will get into them, and ride to Laura Bridgman's home. There, just in front of you, do you see it all of you? that large white house standing on the summit of a beautiful sloping hill. Ring that bell, Henry, for the omnibus to stop. Now up we go this long flight of steps. Just look round you a moment at the lovely prospect. There is the beautiful harbor of Boston, dotted with snow-white sails; on the other side a hill country, green and fresh with pretty villages, and just below the noisy city. Now, do you know what this house is for? It is called an Asylum for the Blind. Asylum is a hard word—do you know its meaning? That's right, Frank—a refuge, a place where those who are deprived of many of the blessings of life can be taken care of. There are many kinds of asylums—those for the insane, for the poor, and even some for the wicked—but this is for the blind.

And now just think for one moment—look round this glorious prospect—you can see and enjoy it all; but those who live here can never open their eyes to its beauties. They hear people say "What a magnificent view!" but they cannot understand what is meant. I hope you will feel grateful, as you enter this building, to Him who has given you eyes to see—and determine in your own heart that they shall be always employed for good.

Now come in. What is it you hear? such sweet music! many voices singing a joyous blithesome song. We will follow the sound; and here we are in the music-room. There sits a blind performer at the organ, and look at all those on the benches before her; their upturned faces are full of soul and expression, but their eyes are covered with a green shade, as it would be painful to look upon the sightless orbs. Ah! here is a chubby-looking rogue; he is blind too, but I will speak to him. Why does he not answer me? Ah! I see it is Oliver Caswell. Why look, boys! he has as bright and intelligent a face as yours, but he is deaf, dumb, and blind, just like poor Laura; but he has one advantage over her—he can smell and taste. I will give him this bouquet of flowers. See how delighted he looks, and how he snuffs up the delicious fragrance of the roses and clove pinks. Do you see how rapidly he is making letters in his teacher's hand with his own little fingers? He talks in his quiet way quite as fast as you can.

I see Laura's teacher coming towards us, and we will ask her to go with us to see the dear child. Here she is—how lovely she looks!—the expression of her face is so sweet—her hair is braided by her own hands, and fast bound around her finely-shaped head. Who could believe, to look at her, that she has only one of what are called the senses—*feeling* is the only mode through which she can distinguish external objects. She cannot hear or see us, but she feels our presence; and do you see a little convulsive shudder pass over her, and she makes a painful sound; but her teacher touches her lips, and it quiets her. We will ask her a question. No, she cannot hear us: we must get her teacher to put it to her. Just watch her, and see how rapidly she is moving her fingers in her teacher's hand. Ah! she is asking why so many persons are round her, —what they are here for—and see how pleased she looks as she is told that it is a troop of boys and girls, who have left Canada just to visit her. She loves children. Oh! Fan, she has felt your little curly head touching her arm, and she asks who you are, and wishes to know you. She will always remember your name, now she has even had your hand in hers. We will get her to write her name several times for us, and then we will leave her, and if you will come out in the garden with me I will tell you about her life. Just see how fine and straight she writes; better than many of you with your eyes. She kisses her hand to you to say good bye.

Here we are under an elm tree. Just sit down around me, and I will tell you some anecdotes of her. She was born with bright blue eyes that could see as well as any of the sparkling ones before me—in every respect her senses were perfect; but when a few months old she was taken sick. It was long before she recovered; and when at four years she had regained her strength, she could neither hear, see, speak, taste, nor smell. It was most sad to see her in this state. She was restless and unhappy. She had an active temperament; but all avenues of communication were closed, and she was fast becoming a wretched ungoverned child, miserable herself and making others so. Fortunately, Doctor Howe, the benevolent head of this institution, heard of her. He immediately went to see her, and obtained her parent's permission to bring her here, and by his kind care, she has learned almost all without her senses, that children generally learn with them.

I will just tell you how he taught her the first word, and then you will understand how she has learned so much. They took articles like a spoon, or key, and fastened upon them labels with their names, in raised letters. She felt them, and soon learned to distinguish the different articles and words. Then they taught her how to represent the different letters with her little fingers on the hand of her teacher, as you see her do. It was a slow process, yet she soon acquired the alphabet and names of all common things, and then to spell out and put together the sentences and words she had acquired. Every day she grew brighter and happier. She became frolicsome as a young kitten, but yet found her highest happiness in learning—the conquering any difficulty gave her the greatest pleasure. Is not this a lesson for you, little ones? I know full a dozen of you that did not know your lesson yesterday. Does it not shame you to think of this darkened child loving study so much better than you do?

She is as imitative as the parrot or monkey. She has been known to sit for half an hour with her book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as her observation has taught her people do when they read. She one day pretended that her doll was sick, and went through all the motions of tending it; gave it medicine, placed it in bed, and put a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time; and when Doctor Howe came in, she insisted upon his going to see the doll, feeling its pulse, and giving it medicine.

She is most kind, generous, and unselfish; has much love for every one. I could tell you many sweet and lovely traits in her character; but I see the sun is going down, and we shall not, even with our "Thought-flyer," be able to reach home before our friends are anxious about us, if we stay much longer. So, away! away! But before we part we will each of us take one of Laura's chains or purses, that we may have something to remind us of the goodness of Him who has given us the blessings of seeing, hearing, speaking, and let us use these privileges for our own improvement and the benefit of others. And now, good night. pleasant dreams.

Yours affectionately,

Cousin Lizzie.

A RIDDLE.

Two little windows, without glass,
Through which there may be seen
The wide, wide sky, the hills and trees,
Rivers and meadows green;
The largest and the smallest things,
Through these black windows peep;
And the snows and stars of winter bright,
Shine through their arches deep.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

Encouraged by the approbation which has so far attended their efforts, the Editors send forth to their young friends, as a May-day offering, the second number of *The Snow Drop;* but they must express the hope that the readers of the little work will endeavour to interest their friends, and obtain, each one in their own circle, other subscribers, as this can alone secure the final success of the Magazine.

The Editors have been disappointed not to receive any answers to the riddles in the last number; they hoped some of the young people would try their ingenuity to unriddle them; but as they have not, the answers, according to promise, must be given.

In our noble *river*, which has more falls than we can tell of, and which is now calmly waiting to disgorge the ice which clogs it, can be seen the answer to the first. And if our young friends would notice the clear and fine web, in the middle of which sits the lady spinner, waiting to entrap some poor unguarded fly, they need hardly be told that in that web they could read who was the weaver murderess.

The next number of the *Snow Drop* will be issued on the first June.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. JUNE, 1847. No. 3.

THE BROKEN FLOWER POT.*

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Henderson was going with a party of friends to spend a week or ten days at Quebec, and as Mrs. Martin would not probably be able to resume her school within that time, Susan received permission to accompany her mother. She was delighted at the idea of so pleasant an excursion, and could talk of nothing but the delightful drives she should have around the country, and the pleasure it would give her to visit the Indian village of Lorette and the falls of Montmorency.

The weather proved very fine during their absence, and it is true she enjoyed herself greatly, though she had some sad thoughts every night when she went to bed, and she could not help feeling some fears that poor Mrs. Martin might suffer for the dollar, now that her mamma was absent, and there was perhaps no other lady to whom she would like to apply for assistance.

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* Continued from page 50—Conclusion.

At length they returned home, having been gone nearly a fortnight, and that very evening a poor woman came to beg of Mrs. Henderson a blanket and some oatmeal for her sick child. She was readily furnished with what she wanted, and the next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Henderson bade Susan put on her bonnet, saying they would first visit the poor woman who was there the night before, and then go and see how Mrs. Martin and poor little Mary did.

Susan, whose allowance of pocket-money had been rather larger than usual during her absence from home, had resolutely saved all she received till it amounted to more than a dollar. She now put it into her little bead purse, rejoiced that she was at last able to pay a debt which had so long troubled her.

They went through many dirty narrow streets before they reached the place to which the woman had directed them, and then such a wretched looking dwelling as it was, Susan had never before entered. The woman, who met them at the door looked miserable with dirt and rags, and began in a whining voice to bless the goodness of the lady, and express her fears that her poor dear Sally would never be any better.

Mrs. Henderson made her way through a confused and filthy apartment into the little room where the sick child lay. She found her bolstered up with rags rather than pillows, though the bed was decent in itself, and might have been made comfortable with a little care and neatness. The girl was about ten years of age, and appeared to be in a deep decline. There was a hectic spot on her cheeks, and she had a dreadful cough, which almost suffocated her when she attempted to speak. Mrs. Henderson mixed some of the jelly which Susan had brought, with water, and gave it her to drink, after which she seemed much easier, and spoke with less difficulty.

While her mother was attending to the sick child, Susan sunk back into a corner, overwhelmed with shame, and confusion, for she had no sooner cast her eyes upon the girl, than she knew her for the same one, who had been the occasion of the anger, which led to her breaking the flower pot.

When Mrs. Henderson looked round for Susan she was surprised to see her standing silent and with downcast looks, in a distant corner of the room, and supposing she had retreated there to avoid the sight of sickness and distress, she went towards her, and taking her hand, said:

"Come here, my dear, and look upon this poor child; see how very ill she is, and thank God, who has given you health, and kind parents to instruct and take care of you."

"O! Mamma, I cannot look at her; pray, pray, let me stay here," said Susan, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing aloud. But Mrs. Henderson would not permit her to indulge what she supposed a foolish weakness, and leading Susan gently towards the bed, she said, "You may yourself soon be laid upon a bed of sickness; why then, my dear, should you not bear to look upon those, who are already there."

"Ah, mamma, it is not that, which makes me wish to hide my face; but I have been so naughty that I fear you never will forgive me," said Susan, and she sobbed more violently than before.

The sick girl had been looking earnestly at her all this time; and she now said in a low and feeble voice:

"You do not know me, Miss, but I remember you very well. It was I who stopped under your window, and asked you for a rose; and when you denied it to me, I was very saucy; and laughed when you broke the pretty flower pot, because I was angry that you bade me go to school, instead of idling about the streets begging. O! if I had minded you I might now have been well perhaps."

"And you would have minded me," sobbed Susan, "if I had spoken kindly to you. Ah! mamma, you do not know how wicked I have been! I have deceived you, I have wronged Mrs. Martin, and provoked this poor girl to be idle and mischievous, instead of persuading her to go to school, and be good."

"How is all this, my dear?" said Mrs. Henderson. "I do not understand you; surely you cannot have been so very naughty as you say."

"But I have indeed, mamma," said Susan. "I will conceal nothing from you; let us go from here, and I will tell you all."

Mrs. Henderson knew not what to expect, but without making any reply, she turned to the woman and gave her some directions respecting the sick girl. She then left the house, after promising to send a physician to them that afternoon, and to come again herself on the following morning.

On their way to Mrs. Martin's, Susan, with many tears, told her mother the story of the broken flower pot. Mrs. Henderson listened to it with real concern, grieved that a child, who was in other respects so amiable, and loved so well to do right, should suffer a passionate temper to lead her into wrong actions, and cause her so much unhappiness."

"I do not value the flower pot," she said when Susan had finished her recital; "I would give twenty such to see you govern your temper as you should do. Even when the provocation is great you will find that a 'soft answer turns away wrath;' but in this instance there was no cause sufficient to excite your anger, and I should think the miserable looks of the girl, who begged only a rose from you, would rather have called forth your pity,—that you would have remembered with gratitude, how much your Heavenly Father had made you to differ; that he had surrounded you with plenty, and given you kind parents, and a comfortable home; while this poor child, ragged, hungry, and without instruction, was left by an idle mother to roam about the streets, and associate with the vicious, who taught her only to be wicked. O, Susan! how could even the impertinence of such a being, rouse your anger, and lead you into so much sin.

"O, mamma! pray, pray forgive me," sobbed Susan. "I hope, my dear, God will forgive you," said her mother, "and may the sight which you have witnessed this morning be a useful lesson to you as long as you live. If instead of anger you had used kind and gentle words, this poor girl might have been persuaded perhaps to quit her idle ways, and return to her school; and then it is possible she would have escaped this sickness, and grown up into a useful and industrious woman."

"Oh, mamma! who knows but she may yet get well?" said Susan, "and if it pleases God to let her live, how hard I will try to teach her, and how much I will strive to be mild and patient and forbearing."

"I am willing to believe you, my dear," replied her mother; "and if you sincerely strive, God will assist you to gain a victory over this ungovernable temper. And what a victory it will be, and how much dearer will Susan become to her parents, her brother and her sister, when she shall be always amiable, kind, and sweet tempered! But we have almost reached Mrs. Martin's; tell her candidly the fault you have committed, ask her forgiveness, when you restore the money you have kept from her, and then, my child, remember always to watch over yourself, and check the first rising of anger in your breast."

"Mamma," said Susan, modestly, "I have so often made promises, and broken them, that I know you cannot believe me, and so I will only say that I have now made good resolutions, and I hope you will see that I can keep them."

They were now on the steps of Mrs. Martin's door, and Susan felt that her trials were not yet over, for she loved her schoolmistress, and she blushed with shame when she thought how mean and unworthy she must appear to her, after the confession she was about to make.

Mrs. Henderson knocked, but no one came to the door, and after waiting several minutes she attempted to open it, when she found it fast; the windows were all closed, and there seemed to be no person in the house. Presently, however, a woman who lived on the opposite side of the street, saw them and came out. She told them that Mrs. Martin had moved away from there more than a week since; that her landlord was a hard man, and though her rent had only been due a few days, he declared he would wait for it no longer; he must have the money or she must quit his house.

"The truth was, ma'am," said the woman, "somebody had offered him a higher rent, and so he must needs turn her, poor soul, out of doors, though she was in sore trouble, for she had just buried one dear child, and the other two lay sick of the same fever."

"Buried one!" exclaimed Susan, shocked at all she heard.

"Yes, Miss," replied the woman; "poor little Mary died ten days ago, and a sweet pretty lamb she was."

"Oh, mamma!" said Susan, whilst the tears streamed fast down her cheeks, and her voice was almost choked with sobs.

"We will go to her, my child, and see if we can comfort and assist her," said Mrs. Henderson; and after getting a direction from the woman, they set out to seek Mrs. Martin, in her new abode. They were not long in finding her, for she had not removed far; when they reached the place, they were shown up a narrow but very clean and white flight of stairs into the room she occupied.

They found her very busy at work, for though always industrious, she was now more hurried than usual in finishing some shirts that were to be sent home that night. Her children had nearly recovered, but they were still very pale and thin. One of them was warming some gruel for her old grandmother, who sat bolstered up in an arm chair, and the other lay asleep on the bed.

Mrs. Martin looked very sad, but she seemed pleased to see Mrs. Henderson, and took Susan kindly by the hand and kissed her. When she saw Susan's tears, who could not help crying, Mrs. Martin supposed she was thinking of little Mary, of whom she was very fond, and again kissing her affectionately, she said:

"Our sweet Mary has gone from us, my dear; but she is now an angel in heaven."

Susan could not speak; she thought of Mary, and of all that was wrong in her own conduct, and she sat down upon a low cushion, and cried bitterly, while her mother motioning Mrs. Martin to leave her alone, began to talk with her about her affairs.

The woman had given a correct statement of them. In consequence of her children's illness, Mrs. Martin had been obliged to give up her school, and when she was again able to take a few scholars, they had found other teachers.

What money was due to her, and it was but little, she collected, and soon spent, to supply the wants of sickness, so she had none left to pay her rent when the quarter day arrived, for her infirm mother and feeble children required so much of her attention and time, that she could earn but a trifle by her needle. Since they had grown better, she had been able to complete two shirts, for which she whould receive a dollar when she took them home; but that sum was already due for the rent of the house she now occupied, and when it was paid she should be left without a farthing.

"Yet I do not complain, madam," she said, as she finished her mournful tale. "God has given me health and strength, and if it pleases him to restore my children, I shall again try to get a little school, which, together with the profits of my needle, will enable me to support them, and my poor old mother comfortably."

Susan listened attentively while Mrs. Martin was speaking; every word sunk to her heart, and seemed to reproach her with robbing the widow and fatherless, of that which might have furnished them with many comforts in their distress. True it was but a small sum, which she kept back, but it would have been much to them in this time of need, and the fault in her was as great, as if, instead of one dollar, it had been one hundred.

Wiping away her tears, and with a look of true penitence, Susan went towards Mrs. Martin and laid the dollar which she owed her upon her lap, together with three shillings besides, which by means of resolution, and steady self-denial, she had been able to add to it, by way of interest; and then without concealing one circumstance, she confessed all that had been wrong in her conduct from the day she had broken the flower pot, to the present moment,—how much she had suffered from the consequences of one fault, how many resolutions she had made and broken,—and begged Mrs. Martin to forgive her for all the wrongs she had been guilty of towards her.

Susan had always been a favorite with her schoolmistress, who was sincerely grieved to learn that a little girl, so well instructed, and generally so good, should have erred so greatly from the indulgence of a passionate temper, which she well knew how to govern.

Mrs. Martin, however, was affected by Susan's humility and candor, and while she kissed and truly forgave her, she cautioned her to beware of falling into a similar fault in future; at the same time she would have returned the half dollar which was not due to her; but neither Susan nor her mother would permit it.

Indeed Mrs. Henderson not only insisted upon her keeping that, but made up the sum from her own purse to two dollars. She also promised to assist her in getting another school, and engaged to furnish her with needlework for the present. Mrs. Martin was greatly cheered and consoled by this kind visit, and she expressed her gratitude in the warmest terms to Mrs. Henderson, for her timely and benevolent assistance.

Nor was Susan less happy than before; she left the house with a lighter heart, inwardly resolving as she walked home, to watch over the first risings of ill temper, and be always on her guard against its indulgence. When she entered the parlor, her father sat smiling beside a table, on which lay Miss Edgeworth's Parent's Assistant, and a set of Mrs. Opie's Tales. She had long since been promised one of them, and they were now brought from the bookseller's that she might take her choice.

"Which will you have, my dear?" asked her father.

"O, neither, papa!" she exclaimed; "indeed I do not deserve such a gift now; but if you would be so very good as to give poor Mrs. Martin the money that one of them cost, I will do without the books, and willingly send them back."

"What does this mean?" asked her father; "you have been very anxious to possess these books, and when I am willing to purchase them, you no longer desire to have them."

"I do wish for them, but not now, papa; mamma will tell you why I do not think it right to accept them, and then you will no longer wish to give them to me;" and as Susan said this she burst into tears, and ran out of the room. The matter was soon explained by Mrs. Henderson, and willing that Susan's repentance should be confirmed by some sacrifice, her father sent back the books, and permitted her to bestow the money on Mrs. Martin.

As for the little sick girl, who was the cause of Susan's ill-timed anger, she never recovered, but she lived several months; during that time Susan frequently visited her, and had the pleasure to see that she profited by her instructions, while the poor sufferer's last days were made more easy and comfortable by her kind attentions.

And from this time Susan learned to govern her temper, to abhor deception, and to love gentleness and truth, as the most amiable of virtues. But so fearful was she of falling again into the same errors from which she had suffered so much, that she kept constantly in her room a memorial, to recall the faults of the past, and teach her to shun them in future.

It was this. Mrs. Henderson one day observing in Susan's window, a very pretty rosebush, in a pot that had been joined in many places with putty, but which was still much broken and defaced, asked her why she suffered so beautiful a bush to remain in such a worthless pot, which looked as if it were just ready to fall in pieces.

Susan blushed, and was silent a moment; then looking up, while the tears started to her eyes, she said;

"Mamma, I would not exchange this shabby thing for the most elegant vase that Mr. A. has in his shop, for it constantly reminds me of the sad consequences of anger, and ill temper; and whenever I am vexed, I have only to look at it, and be calm. Mamma, do you now understand me? THIS IS THE BROKEN FLOWER POT."

THE VILLAGE GIRL'S SONG.

WRITTEN BY A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

I love the bird's sweet song, that ringeth
From yonder shaded bower,
I love each merry bird that singeth,
To charm the listless hour.

I love the clear cool brook, that leapeth
So lightly down the hill,
I love the stream, that silent creepeth,
When all around is still.

I love each fair sweet flower that groweth,
The lily and the rose,
I love each beauteous tint that gloweth,
When the young buds unclose.

Dearer my home, where woodbine twineth
Around the cottage door,
Where the bright checquered sunbeam shineth
Upon the sanded floor.

OUR happiness depends principally on ourselves, and on the goodness or badness of our dispositions; that is to say, on our being virtuous or vicious.

GENIUS AND PERSEVERANCE.

A FAIRY TALE.

It happened once upon a time, long ago, when fairies were supposed to cast their spells over mortals, that the wife of a young peasant in the very midst of fairy land,—the glens of Scotland,—presented her husband with two fine boys at a birth. This unexpected generosity excited some anxiety in the breast of the young father, who, though proud of the lusty little fellows, was rather perplexed in looking forward to their future maintenance, as he had literally, and hardly too, to earn his *crowdie* by the sweat of his brow. But Alice, the mother, had a woman's hopefulness, and a mother's fondness; and though lowly born, she had also an ambitious spirit, and an aspiring temper. Her heart swelled with hope and pride, as she looked upon the helpless little innocents, nestled fondly in her bosom; and she called earnestly on the good fairy who had long presided over the humble fortunes of her family, entreating her to come, and endow the children with her fairy favors.

To her great surprise, the fairy instantly appeared; with very little show or ceremony, she glided into the lowly cabin, and perched her tiny figure upon the homely coverlid of Alice's bed. She was as plain and unpretending a little fairy as was ever seen; her garments, though of lighter texture, were like those woven in the Scottish looms; she carried a distaff in her hand, and her features expressed great shrewdness and good-nature;—she looked, in short like one of the best and *canniest* of the little people.

If Alice, at first, felt some astonishment, and even terror, at this sudden answer to her call, she was relieved by the fairy's friendly smile, who, in the kindest manner, assured her that she came at her bidding, and would, if possible, do whatever she desired. Alice, greatly elated, told her that she wished fairy gifts for her children, such as would enable them to rise from obscurity, and give them a name and fortune in the world.

"Were they girls," added Alice, "I would ask for them, beauty, and accomplishments; but for boys, genius, which will surely bring wealth and renown, is all I covet."

"You ask what may be a rich blessing, but is more likely to prove a bitter curse," said the fairy thoughtfully; "the gift is in my power, but on Sandy alone will I bestow it. To Willie, I only give the best endowment of his peasant lot, a double share of the good Scotch virtue of *perseverance*."

Before Alice had time to remonstrate, or even reply, the fairy disappeared, leaving behind her a sweet fragrance, as of the opening flowers of the purple heather; and as Alice awaked at early dawn, with the song of the linnet, and the sweet breeze fanning the cheeks of her sleeping children, she rubbed her eyes, and was never quite satisfied whether she had seen the fairy in a waking or sleeping dream. However that might be, the boys were robust and healthy, as all children are likely to be, when left to the free exercise of their limbs, and the fresh influences of nature; but, as they advanced in years, though almost exactly alike in features and person, their characters were strongly marked by the different endowments of the fairy.

Sandy, his mother's petted favorite, was undeniably a genius, with a versatility, a grace and richness of mind, that gave promise of abundant honors in maturer years.

The boyish verses of the peasant poet were repeated from house to house,—the graphic sketches of his pencil were sought for, far and wide, and the melody of his voice and his flute, made him a welcome inmate in the circles of wealth and fashion. He became disgusted with his humble home,—wearied with the daily toil, so sweet to a contented heart, and without any fixed principles of action, or any high aim or pursuit, his genius was debased by selfishness, and his youth frittered away, in vain and thoughtless folly.

Willie too was ambitious,—but it was the wise ambition of improving himself and others; of advancing the humble race to which he belonged, of lightening their toil, by elevating their minds and characters, and leading them by his own efforts and example, to seek, in the intervals of labor, which the poorest may enjoy, a degree of mental culture which the meanest may aspire to. Without one spark of genius, so called, with only his own energy to sustain and carry him on, he laid the foundation of an ample fortune, he originated plans of extensive usefulness, and was regarded as a benefactor by all the country round.

Sandy, always planning, yet never performing, filled with lofty aspirations which he never realized, because always irresolute and changing; with genius to conceive, yet wanting firmness and perseverance to execute,—after a weary wandering of many years, returned to the home of his childhood, a worn-out, disappointed man, mourning too late that he had wasted his youth in vanity, and spent his best days without any aim which could satisfy a rational and immortal mind.

As Alice sat one evening in the glimmering twilight, thinking over the events of the past, and particularly the early promise of her children, the little fairy again appeared before her; she was unchanged, except that she looked more sad and pitying, and once more her gentle accents fell on the ear of Alice.

"Alice," she said, "I granted thy early wish, and behold what it has brought thee! Thy undue partiality to thy favorite son, engendered in him the seeds of vanity and selfishness, and the genius which thy maternal care should have encouraged him to cultivate, for the service of God and man, has been wasted in sloth and folly. This is thy reward! Teach thy children's children, to be contented with the station wherein Providence has placed them, to covet no vain gifts, but to improve all the powers of the mind, and direct all their efforts to promote the best interests of mankind; this is the true glory, and the loftiest attainment of humanity."

"Yes, my little darling," said Alice, to Willie's eldest born, who had climbed on her knee unheeded, "may you learn from your poor uncle's example, that genius, without principle, can never make one happy or respected; and may your father's experience teach you that good sense, and steady perseverance, may effect great results, and bring much happiness, even in the lowliest state of life."

My young readers, this simple Fairy Tale is ended; and if not so wonderful or interesting as the Arabian Nights, it yet contains an important moral, which, if well considered, may serve as a friendly hint to you; and this is our only aim.

THE BIRTH DAY.

"Come Anna, Willie, Susy, all
The sun is shining gay,
And cousin Charlie waits for you,
As this is his birthday.

Pray Biddy make them very clean,
And fasten all their strings;
And see that they are strong and neat,
They are such romping things.

Now put your hat and bonnets on,
And give a kiss to me,
And do not play along the way,
For gathering clouds I see.

And, Anna, love, pray take good care
Of little sister pet,
She is a tiny thing you know,
Not used to visits yet."

Away they go, a merry band,
Their hearts are full of joy,
And every thing looks bright to them,
Fair girls and laughing boy.

And though on household cares intent,
The day seems long to me,
I miss their pretty playful ways,
And voices full of glee

But twilight comes, and then they all
Return their homeward way,
With weary feet, and talking o'er
The pleasures of the day.

And what a din of prattling tongues!
Say's Willie,—"Oh mamma,
I rode on Charlie's rocking horse,
And went so fast and far!

And such a cake aunt Mary made
All sugar'd o'er like ice,
And full of plums and sweeties too,
Indeed 'twas very nice."

"And bantam cock did fly at me,"
Says little Susy dear;
"And tried to peck my marbles too,
And *me* did cry for fear."

"But Anna, you are very mute,
Pray what have you to say,
"Methinks your brow looks grave and sad,
Have you enjoyed the day?"

"Mamma, the little girls from town
Were dressed so very fine
That I indeed felt much ashamed,
Of this old frock of mine."

"And is this all my love! well now
I'm quite ashamed of you;
I think your frock is very neat,
And very proper too."

"But Isabelle, and Jane, mamma,
Had pretty plaided frocks,
And ribbons tied in bows behind,
And beads around their necks.

And such sweet earings as they wore,
And satin slippers too,
Just like the waxen dolls we see,
So very nice and new!"

"And did they happier feel, think you,
For being dressed so fine?
Oh! do not for such foolish things,
My little girl, repine.

"If gay, fine clothes would bring content
And jewels virtue win,
Then might you crave a goodly share
And covet without sin.

"But coming years full soon will tell,
Virtue's not bought with gold,
And many an heart with sorrow swells,
Beneath a silken fold.

"Let neatness and simplicity
Be all your aim and care,
For these are chidhood's fairest dress,
Attractive every where.

"While gentle thoughts, affections sweet,
Beam on thy modest brow,
I ask not for thee costly gems,
Or aught of glittering show.

"Let not vain pride, my precious girl,
Your childish fancy move,
But seek of God a willing heart,
His blessings to improve."

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE THIRD.

WHICH TELLS HOW CANADA WAS FIRST DISCOVERED; AND SOMETHING ABOUT JOHN CABOT, AND HIS SON SEBASTIAN.

I AM glad to find myself with you again, my dear young friends. It is now the leafy month of June, and the fields, the trees, and the flowers look so sweet and pleasant; and the whole face of nature seems rejoicing in beauty and loveliness. I dare say you all like to see fine trees and flowers, and it is very natural and beautiful for you to love such objects.

Now as I have got something to tell you, as I promised you last month, we shall just fancy we have met together this time, in a pretty garden in the cool of one of these sweet summer evenings which June brings to us. And I am sure, when we look around, and behold the beauty and the goodness of the fair country we live in, you will feel glad that we are to have another of the little talks about our country, Canada, and the great and bold travellers, who, a long time ago sailed across the broad ocean, and first found it out.

I told you, if you remember, the last time we met, that it was just about 350 years since Canada was discovered. And it was then only the coasts or outskirts of it, along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, down towards the island of Newfoundland, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. If you will look into a map you will see where I mean, and the map will show you besides a great deal about Canada, and the other countries near it, which we may by and bye have to tell you about.

The first travellers from the old world on the other side of the ocean who discovered the coast of Canada, were two celebrated men, named John Cabot, and his son Sebastian. John Cabot we are told was a Venetian Pilot, who resided in Bristol, England, at the time the celebrated Columbus, of whom you have all heard, I dare say, made his great discovery. Columbus you know had sailed from the old world, in hopes of finding a new and great country—and so he did, for the perseverance and knowledge of this great man, brought him safely and with joy, after many perils, to the West Indies, and this happened in the year 1492, just 355 years ago. But regarding Columbus we may perhaps have to speak another time.

It is of Cabot, and his son Sebastian we have to speak now. They lived as I told you in England, at the time Columbus made his great discovery; and just as any one would feel who had a mind, and a strong desire to do great deeds, this John Cabot seems to have felt when he heard of what Columbus had done. The discovery of America made very naturally a deep impression upon Cabot's enthusiastic spirit, and he wished to perform some deed like it. So he asked the king of England for permission to sail in search of new countries.

Henry the Seventh, who was then king, knowing Cabot to be esteemed a skilful navigator, willingly allowed him to go in search of unknown lands, to conquer and people them. Cabot was very proud to have the king of England grant him this, as you may well believe, and so in 1497, three years after Columbus discovered the West Indies, John Cabot set out from Bristol. He took with him his son Sebastian Cabot, and a small fleet of five ships, and off they all sailed on their voyage of discovery. Success attended them, for on the 24th of June, the same year they left England, they came to an island, they called St Johns, because they landed upon it on St. John's day, that being the 24th June. This island is now called Newfoundland, which you can see on the map; and its chief town is called, St. Johns.

But besides the island of Newfoundland, Cabot and his son discovered the Coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and so these great and skilful navigators may be called the first discoverers of Canada, and this took place as I have already told you, just 350 years ago. How proud must Cabot and his son have been when they returned home to tell the king of England, they had found new lands! And the king too must have been proud that he had such skilful, and successful men as subjects. King Henry seemed glad to show that he was indeed proud of John Cabot, for he made him a present, which looks small now a days, but was thought more of then, in those far back times. The king presented Cabot with *ten pounds* from his own privy purse, and besides bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and he was ever after called Sir John Cabot.

You see in this instance, how great, persevering and good men come to be honoured and rewarded, and have their names, and great deeds spoken of in admiration, hundreds of years after they have died.

But I have to tell you of Sir John's son Sebastian; it would not do to forget him, for he became even a greater man than his father. Sebastian received early instruction in all the knowledge required by seamen, and when he was only seventeen years of age, had made several voyages. After returning from their successful voyage of dicovery the old man died, and Sebastian though only twenty, was promoted to the command of another expedition, which the king of England wished should be undertaken, for the purpose of finding a passage to the South Seas, and of making other discoveries. So in 1498, the year following their return, Sebastian set out again with another fleet of ships, and very soon came out to Newfoundland.

But as he could not pass through this way to the South Seas, which was the chief object of the expedition, he sailed further to the South, and came to a beautiful country now called Florida, which you can find also on the map—so you see, success attended the young Sebastian, at the very outset of his career, and he afterwards became a great man, and lived in more renown and honor than even his father.

It would take me too long to tell you more of Sebastian's history just now; only this much, he had some difficulties and disappointments, as all great men have in their struggles of perseverance; but even these very difficulties, trials as they are, seem to have their use in making them even greater than they were before these trials; they strengthen their minds, and in many cases better their hearts also.

In the reign of king Edward the Sixth of England, our hero, the great navigator, Sebastian, was introduced by the Protector Somerset, to the young king, and it is related that Edward took much pleasure in his conversation, and settled a pension upon him as grand pilot of England. Think of this now; was not this an honour and sweet reward to Sebastian Cabot, after all his bold adventures? Ever after this his course in life seems to have been pleasant. He won the esteem of all good men, and was consulted on all questions relating to trade and navigation, and in the year 1552, he was made governor of a company of merchant adventurers, and greatly distinguished himself in this capacity.

He lived to an advanced age, and died full of honours leaving behind him a high character, as a skilful seaman, a man of shrewd sagacity and penetration, and of great general abilities. He is said to have been the first who noticed the variations of the compass, and he also published a large map of the world. Sebastian's father was a native of Venice, but resided in Bristol, England, where Sebastian was born in the year 1477, and he died in 1557, which makes him to have lived just 80 years.

Now I have told you a long story this time, longer than I thought it would be when we sat down together. But I hope you have liked it, and will think of it, and try to become better for having been told it. You see how knowledge and perseverance have gained honors, rewards, and a great name for their possessors, that will live as one may believe while the world lasts.

So much then for John and his son Sebastian Cabot, who were the first discoverers of Canada, 350 years ago.

I will now, my dear young friends, bid you good bye; and I shall be happy to meet you all again, when I shall have another nice story to tell you.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a man who makes a wager of penny like a person recovering from illness?

Why is an unpaid bill like the moisture in the morning?

Why is a thing purchased like a shoe?

Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight?

THE DAUGHTER'S GIFT.

A TRUE STORY.

"WHAT can be the matter with Papa, Rosa?" said Fanny Bute, to her fair haired gentle little sister who was sitting on a low ottoman by the fire, leaning her head down upon her lap in a most thoughtful position. "I never saw him the least as he is now; he is not like himself, he does not care for us at all."

"Hush, hush, don't speak so Fan, it is not right; our dear papa, so good, and kind! something troubles him I know, for he cannot talk even with mamma, and he has not asked her to sing for a week."

"I heard him say, just as I came out of the room to night, that he did not know what he should do, 'times were so bad.' I don't know exactly what that means, but I think he wants money."

"Oh! if that is all," said Rosa, raising up her face with a bright smile, "he need not be troubled any more. Why, Fan, we can make him happy, we have so much, all that was given us at Christmas; I am so delighted we have not spent it, for I am sure I had rather papa had it than to buy the prettiest thing in the world—had not you, Sis?"

"Why, yes if it would make papa smile again; but I did wish to get a paint box with it, and have got just the money for the handsome one I saw the other day," said Fan.

"Oh! but then dear papa is so good to us; I will get my money and count it," said Rosa, and the dear little thing glided in her gentle quiet way out of the room. She soon returned with the small steel net purse, through which glittered the bright silver pieces.

She counted them out, placing them in piles,—"Good, good," she exclaimed clapping her little hands in delight "just three dollars—oh! I am sure that will make papa so happy; but where is yours, Fan—will you not give it too?"

"Oh! yes indeed! I did not like the thought at first of giving up all my treasure, but yours looks so bright that I am sure it will do papa good, and that will be better than all the paint boxes in the world."

The characters of these two children were perfectly marked by their voices and movements. Rosa was gentle, thoughtful, reflective; the expression of her face was sad when not animated by some passing feeling; her hair was a soft light brown, and lay quietly without braid, comb, or net to confine it, as if imbued with a portion of her quiet disposition. She was never in a hurry, never late, and was called by all who knew her, the "gentle girl," while Fan, full of life and animal spirits, bounded about, and was never still for one moment. She could not walk but was always on the hop, skip, and jump, ever in a flurry, and her long hair, though closely braided, and tied, always looked as if it was aiming to fly up and down, and break through its bonds. She had great energy of character, which promised well for the future, but it must be confessed her restless spirit made her a wearying companion. Though she was three years older than Rosa, she depended upon her counsel, and was often guided by her. She was now excited by Rosa's enthusiasm, and bounded out of the room, to get her little treasure. She soon returned, and opening the pocket-book with a half suppressed sigh, she counted it out, by the side of her sister's glittering piles.

"Five dollars—oh! is not that a little fortune? I am sure papa will not be troubled any more when he gets that; but how shall we give it to him?"

"I think he is alone," said Rosa, "in the dining room. I heard mamma go up stairs just now; we can go in and see."

With noiseless steps they entered the room. Mr. Bute was leaning his head upon his hand, and did not hear the light motions of the two girls: they glided behind his chair. Then Fan laying her hand gently upon one arm, and Rosa on the other, both said "Papa, Papa."

Mr. Bute did not raise his head, but with somewhat of an impatient gesture said, "Go away children, I am busy now, and cannot be disturbed."

"But papa," said Rosa in her gentle voice, throwing her dimpled arms around his neck, "Papa, you are troubled; Fan and I think it is because you want money, and here is some; we do not want it, take it Papa," and she pressed it into his hands.

The tone and manner of the child touched the father to the heart; he raised his head, threw his arms round both his girls, and pressed them warmly to his breast.

"How can I be troubled or disturbed with such treasures, left to me?" he said. "Thank you my dear, dear children; you have made me feel that I am a truly happy man, and that it is wrong to let little things annoy me so much, but it shall be so no more. I will take your money because I know you will be happier to have me do so, and you shall not again see me so apparently indifferent to you. Now run, and call mamma, and we will have a little music. I will take my flute, and you shall sing with me."

Away bounded the two girls as bright and buoyant as if they had received a treasure, rather than parted with one; and so they had, the very brightest treasure, the approval of their own consciences, and the giving pleasure to the dear father to whom they owed so much. And Mr. Bute did not forget their disinterested thoughtfulness; he was soon relieved from his business perplexities, but he kept their little gift till the next Christmas, when it was returned to them with interest, in many a kind token of a father's love. They learned too, the sweet lesson, that to contribute to the happiness of those to whom we are indebted for all the protection and enjoyment of our earliest years, yields the most unalloyed pleasure, the richest delight.

A CORRESPONDENT OF "THE SNOW DROP" TO ITS YOUNG READERS.

My dear young Friends,

You were promised in the last "*Snow Drop*" some account of the beautiful bird called the "Cockatoo," I should like to have you visit one with me; he is a long way off, but we can speed along rapidly; you need not take any cards for I am quite sure we shall find him at home, he is a sculptor's pet, and we shall see him at his studio. Do you know what a studio is? What? no! Then I must tell you before we go there. It is the room where an artist works, where he studies, and paints his beautiful figures, or carves and moulds his graceful statues; by and bye you will enjoy going to the studio very much. This one we are to visit, belongs to a Mr. Hughes, an English sculptor, who came over to the United States many years ago; he lives now in Boston.

Are you all ready. Come, Anna; here is the entrance; a queer looking place it is; we must ascend this long flight of steps, and knock at that rough door; a gentle voice says "Come in," and a young girl, pretty and modest, opens the door. She is astonished to see so many faces, she cannot imagine what such a troop have come for, however she asks us in, and we will enter. There are a few pictures in the room, but only one statue, you can see it, is it not pretty? Can you tell me who it is? "Oliver Twist." "Yes, Harry, you are right; it is he,—I see you have read Mr. Dickin's beautiful history of poor little Oliver; he has fainted on the door steps. See his crushed cap—his torn clothes, and his little innocent face,—it is a beautiful art, is it not, that out of the rough stone can carve such a perfect figure? Perhaps some of you who are now looking at it may become sculptors—you may have the spirit now within you.

But you are looking all round for the Cockatoo; it is not in this room, I must ask for it. There did you hear that "Good, good."—"Give Poll cracker."—"Let me out."—"Let me out." Oh! our little friend has gone to get the bird.—What a scream of delight! it is so pleased to get out of the cage. There, there it is, but see it is frightened by so many persons; keep quiet, all of you.

Did you ever see a more beautiful creature? it is white as our own Canadian snows, with that beautiful gold coloured crest, which it raises and depresses so gracefully, as if it acknowledged the caresses of its young mistress. What a keen bright eye it has! it is a little larger than the parrot, and so much prettier. See it does not like us very much, it seems as if it was going to defend itself. I will try to take it. Oh! what a scream—it is absolutely a yell—and how it flies from one part of the room to the other, and with such a look of anger and passion; it is hard to soothe him, when once angry, but it does not look so badly to see him in a passion as it does a child. I hope none of you ever get angry; if you do, just remember this poor bird and you will soon control it.

Miss H. is coaxing him into good humour with a cracker. "Give Poll cracker." "Poll want ice-cream." He is very fond of ice-cream and custards, and will eat them with a spoon.

"Where's Robert? Where's Robert?" That is his master; he always calls him so, he is very fond of him and when he is at work on his statues, will sit by him, hour after hour, chatting with him occasionally, and apparently interested in the work. He is sometimes mischievous about it and injures his casts; after Hughes had completed the statue of the celebrated Bowditch, the bird picked all the head to pieces.

It is so fond too of looking into drawers and baskets. It was lost once, to the great distress of its master; it had been absent several days, and he could hear nothing about it, till one day a friend mentioned that a bird of the Parrot species had been found in a neighbouring town; he immediately set off in pursuit of it, arrived at the house where it was, and asked for his bird. He was told there was a bird answering his description, but how could he prove it to belong to him? they said the poor creature had done nothing but scream, and fly in agony, from one part of the room to the other, ever since he had been caught.

"Let me see him," replied Mr. Hughes, "and you will soon be convinced he belongs to me." As they approached the room where he was, they heard the most mournful cries, and as they opened the door, the bird turned as if to fly at them, but the moment he saw Mr. Hughes, his whole manner changed. "Ah! Robert, how d'ye do, how d'ye do?" it cried, and flew to him, nestling in his bosom, touching his face with his tongue, clapping his wings, and with his bill half opened, panted with happiness.

This bird, as you will see, my dear young travellers, is much more graceful and delicate than the common parrot, and the contrast between the deep yellow of the crest, and the snowy white of its wings and body, is most beautiful. It is found only in the south of Asia, the coast of Africa, and the islands scattered in the Indian Ocean.

The name, Kokatoes, Cotacua, or Cocatoo, is derived from the peculiar cry they utter. There is an island near Sumatra where the air is filled with them, it is called Cocaton. This one we are now looking at was brought from the coast of Africa. They say it is more difficult to teach the cockatoos how to prattle than the common parrot; but I think the words are more distinctly uttered. They are generally more easily educated, and more docile than the parrot, but this one has been so petted, that it absolutely rules the whole house; it is as bad as a spoiled child. It does not answer as well to the expressions of others as the green parrot. I remember reading an anecdote of one of these that amused me much, it shewed such quickness. A gentleman owned a parrot, who had been very well educated; often when a person would say to it, "Laugh Poll, laugh," it would obey; but immediately checking itself, would say—"What a fool to make me laugh!"

Another, who had frequently heard his master complain of illness, when asked, "How d'ye do, Poll?" would reply in a doleful tone: "I am sick"—"Poll very sick."

I am sure if we had time to remain we should hear many interesting anecdotes of this pretty Cockatoo, for he is such a pet that every thing is remembered that he does and says; but it is time for us to be returning home; we cannot take this bird with us, but it is now the sweet summer time, and we are almost surrounded with others of a hundred different kinds, we can watch them, learn something of their habits, hear their songs. You can see that wondrous work,

"A bird's nest, mark it well, within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife that cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join! *His little beak was all*,
And yet how neatly finished,"

and learn from it a lesson of perseverance and neatness. And now adieu, little friends; I thank you for your pleasant company, and am,

Yours affectionately,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

The Editors are quite sure that their young readers must have guessed the riddle in the last number of the "Snow Drop," but they suppose they will feel better satisfied to be assured that they are right in their guess. Each one of them owns two eyes, which are the little windows through which they peep out, and see the bursting flowers, the green mountains, and the deep blue river; and, dearer than all, the faces of those they love.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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THE PRIZE MELON.

GEORGE HARVEY and Edward Sandford were cousins, of nearly the same age, but very unlike in their tempers and dispositions. George had early lost his mother, but her place was supplied to him by a maiden aunt, who tenderly loved him, and spared no pains to instruct and make him happy. He, in return, treated her with respect and obedience, for he was a generous, good-tempered boy, whom an excellent and well-principled father had trained to speak the truth, and to love the rule of right.

Edward, on the contrary, having lost his father when an infant, had been left to the care of a weak mother, who spoiled him by her foolish indulgence. He was allowed to do just what he liked, and so his temper, naturally hasty, became passionate and fiery; he grew utterly selfish, and never scrupled to tell a falsehood in order to escape difficulty for himself, though it brought trouble upon his companions, by whom, for his injustice and his grasping disposition, he was greatly disliked.

When he was about ten years old his mother died, and then Mr. Harvey took him home to bring him up with his own son. George was very glad to have a companion, though he soon felt that he could not love Edward as well as he wished to do, yet he took his part against his school-fellows whenever he could, for it was not long before they all hated him ; but George knew that amidst all his faults he had some good qualities, and he generously pitied him for the neglect, which had left him to become so bad a boy.

Indeed his kindness and forbearance to his ungrateful cousin were remarkable, but he wished to improve him as much as possible, and he saw that he was gaining an influence over him which might lead him to become more studious, truthful and obedient. And indeed, Edward often yielded to the advice of George, when he would give heed to no one else, and sometimes forbore to commit a revengeful act, or applied himself diligently to his lessons in order to please one, who was so uniformly patient and kind to him.

Still, his selfishness often got the better of purer feelings, and in one instance which we shall now relate, exposed him to the contempt of the whole village, though the shame and remorse which it awoke in him, led finally, it is hoped, to his repentance and gradual amendment.

Mr. Ludlow, the village pastor, took a great interest in the welfare of his flock, and particularly in the younger portion of it, whose improvement he aided by every possible means, and for whose hours of recreation he even condescended to plan amusements which combined both usefulness and pleasure. He was especially fond of cultivating in them a taste for gardening, which he thought not only a healthful occupation, but also one well calculated to promote early habits of industry and order. He well knew the ease with which a boy of no more than ten or twelve years of age, could manage a considerable piece of ground, for when himself no older, he had taken the whole care of his mother's garden, and rendered it both productive and ornamental by his skill and attention.

He therefore requested a number of his parishioners to allow each of their sons, who were so inclined, a small piece of land, which they might call their own—a request which was readily granted, though some were inclined to smile at Mr. Ludlow's plan,—but others, more rational, were much pleased, and saw at once the wisdom and usefulness of his purpose. He, himself, directed the first arrangement of each garden, for there were about a dozen immediately commenced, and the boys set diligently to work, each anxious that his should surpass that of his companions, and all stimulated to exertion by the prizes offered by the good clergyman—namely, a miniature set of garden tools to him who should produce the earliest and finest melon, and in the autum, a Bible, gilt, and bound in morocco to the boy whose garden should have been kept in the best and neatest manner through the season.

Mr. Ludlow furnished those who could not elsewhere procure them with various seeds, cuttings and roots, and soon every little garden began to assume a pretty and thriving look ; and it was pleasant to see the boys early in the morning, or at the close of a fine day, weeding the long green rows of vegetables that ran so regularly across the beds, watering the young plants or looking carefully among the tender vines for the in sect which is so destructive to them before they attain strength and size.

A small corner of each garden was set apart for herbs and flowers, and these Emma Ludlow supplied from her own store, for she said she could well spare them, as she should no longer have to cultivate them for others, now that so many gardens were to contain them. Her flourishing beds of herbs, and her beautiful flowers nicely tied up to prevent their being broken by the rain, had long been the admiration of the village children, who would stop every day as they went to and from school to look at them through the paling.

Emma was so kind that she often gave them little nosegays, especially to the girls, whom she loved to see fond of flowers. Her choice boquets, too, were always carried to the sick, who received them with gratitude and pleasure, and many a feverish child or ailing mother had been made well by a decoction of the fragrant mint or cooling balm, of which she cultivated an abundance for all the invalids who might need them.

Some of the boys, however, who began the most zealously to plant and tend their gardens, soon grew weary of the task, and suffered them to become choked with weeds,—but of these negligent ones there were happily only two or three, and among them, we are sorry to say, was Edward Sandford.

His garden was separated from that of his cousin, only by a slight fence, and for some time he imitated George in working cheerfully and industriously; but soon he fell into his idle habits, and would throw himself lazily on the ground, or steal slily away to play with the village boys upon the common. George said a great deal to him to prevent this conduct, but his words had no effect, so that while his garden under his constant care was improving every day in beauty, and the vines which were to produce the melon that might win the prize, were spreading and blossoming in rich luxuriance, Edward suffered the grass to overgrow his alleys, and the weeds to shoot up much higher than the vegetables which had promised so well when they first appeared.

In the meantime several melons began to show themselves on George's vines, and soon one was seen nearly as large as a fameuse apple, which Edward observed with envy, because every one said that it would obtain the prize, which he wished much should be his, though he took no pains to win it. He ill-naturedly declared that his land was the worst in the village, and that nothing would grow in it, but George mildly told him the cause, and even assisted him to put it in order upon condition that he would not again suffer it to fall into such neglect.

So once more he began to clear away the weeds and water his vines, which were but just beginning to blossom. Soon, however, he discovered one melon hid under a broad leaf, but it was not half the size of George's, and the selfish boy, notwithstanding all his cousin's kindness, secretly hoped that something might destroy his fine melon. But his wishes were vain, for it grew very fast, and George watched it with pleasure, and plucked off several smaller ones from the same branch, that the whole strength of the vine might go to nourish this one. He was such a favorite in the village, that many came to look at his thriving melon, and to congratulate him upon the prospect of obtaining the prize, which even the other boys were willing should be his, in case they failed to win it for themselves—all, excepting Edward, who from that time became sulky and ill-tempered, and would neither go into George's garden, nor ask him, or any one else into his. Mr. Ludlow once looked over the fence as he was passing by, but shook his head reprovingly at its disorder, and said:

"Ah, Edward, these weeds do not speak well for your diligence; you, who can do so well, should not suffer yourself to be outdone by your cousin."

Edward made no answer, but looked down sullenly; he was envious and angry that even this praise should be bestowed upon George, and when Mr. Ludlow passed on, he sprang over the fence, and purposely walked across a fine bed of radishes, to where George was at work, though there was a smooth alley, not choked with weeds like his own, in which he should have gone.

George was more grieved by the ill temper Edward displayed, than troubled at the injury done to his radishes, though he did not like to have them trampled on, and he said very mildly:

"I will thank you to walk in the path when you go back, Edward, for you have trod down some of my finest radishes; and I intended to have them pulled for aunt to-day."

"Never mind, since you will not get a prize for them, as well as for your precious melon," said Edward tauntingly.

"But I shall please my aunt," replied George, "and I wish to do that even more than to gain the prize, for she is very kind to me; and besides I intended to carry Miss Emma a bunch, for I know Mr. Ludlow has none so large in his garden."

"Oh, it is Miss Emma, then, after all, whom you want to please," said Edward, with a sneering laugh; "but I shall take good care, Mr. George, not to come into your fine garden again, since you make such a fuss because I happened to step upon a paltry radish."

"I did not intend to make any fuss," said George quietly; "but you know, Edward, if I had purposely trampled on one of your beds, you would have been vexed at it. We should always try, I think, when we are going to do wrong to remember those lines which my aunt so often repeats, and calls the golden rule:

> "Be you to others kind and true,
> As you'd have others be to you;
> And neither do nor say to them,
> What e'er you would not take again."

Edward knew that he was in fault, but he had not generosity enough to acknowledge it, and he went sullenly away without making anyanswer. But Mr. Ludlow as he was passing on,had seen Edward leap the slight railing into the other garden,and unperceived by the boys he had stopped to listen to the little dialogue between them, which gave him an insight into their different characters, and heightened the good opinion he had long entertained of George.

The day at length approached for the shew of the melons, and owing to the fine weather, Edward's grew so well, that he had several which were tolerably large; but none that could compare with George's, which after the exhibition, he intended to present to Mr. Ludlow. On the evening previous to the appointed day, George went out to gather it, but his father advised him to leave it on the vines as long as possible, so he gave it a last look, and seeing Edward in his garden went over to him, and asked him which of his melons he intended to show.

"Some of them are quite a good size," he said, "and even if they do not get the prize, will prove that you have taken some pains for it, and this will please Mr. Ludlow."

"Oh, I shall certainly carry one, perhaps two," said the artful boy, "for they will appear much larger when gathered,—besides I have some treasures hid under the leaves, which you have never seen, but which may surprise you to-morrow."

"Why have you not shewn them to me?" asked George, pleased that his cousin was after all likely to gain some credit, and stooping down he began to look among the leaves in search of the concealed melons.

But Edward rudely pushed him away, saying he cared no more to have his vines handled, than George did to have his radishes trod upon; that he knew where to find the melons without help, and he would show him the next day that there were others, who had a right to boast as well as he. George who had no wish to quarrel, did not even allow himself to answer, and soon after the boys went in to their tea.

(To be continued.)

ENIGMA.

"We are little airy creatures,
Yet of different form and features,
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
One of us is set in tin;
And the fourth a boy is in,
If the last you should pursue,
It will never fly from you."

THE BOY AND THE BEE.

BOY.

I will chase after thee, little idle bee,
  As you rove from flower to flower,
For I've nothing to do, but to look at you,
  For a long and happy hour.

BEE.

Then look at me well, and truly tell,
  If you think me an idle bee;
And open your eye, very curiously,
  My beautiful work to see.

BOY.

In truth, saucy bee, I only can see
  How fast the sweet nectar you drink,
And many a lad would be joyful and glad,
  Such sweet work to do, I think.

BEE.

Nay, nay little boy, I only employ,
  My delicate taste to discern,
The sweet honey dew, lying hidden from view
  In the field flower's balmy urn.

And safe in my bag, (don't think me a wag,)
  The nectar distilled I enclose,
And back again fly, gay, and happily,
  To the hive where we work and repose.

BOY.

Then prithee why, if so far, you fly,
  You burden your little wings,
And cover your legs, such tiny pegs!
  With the dust of these flowery things.

BEE.

We gather with care this dust so fair,
And bear it with toil away,
And the waxen cells, where the honey dwells,
We mould of the precious clay.

When summer's past, and the wintry blast,
Has chilled the balmy air,
We rest from toil, with our honied spoil
Safe sealed, from want and care.

Now open your heart, I a truth impart,
Learn prudence and wisdom from me;
In the spring time of youth, seek the honey of truth,
A store for the future to be.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON PRESENTING HER A NEEDLE BOOK.

List to the *needle*:—its brightness it owes,
To constant exertion, and not to repose;
Thus the mind will be healthful, and active and bright,
If industry orders its actions aright.

List to the *thread*—as it courses its way,
Putting fragments and peices in comely array;
So consistency gives to the character grace
And bestows on each part its due balance and place.

List to the *thimble*:—its steel never fails,
To defy the sharp point that its surface assails;
So a conscience at peace, knows no fear of the dart,
Which envy and calumny aim at the heart.

List to the *scissors*—They sever and rend,
All reckless, where order and harmony blend,
So the soul's dearest treasures are sundered and riven;
When the mission goes forth from *Our Father in heaven*.

SOMETHING ABOUT CATS.

OUR little friend Margaret is inclined to think us very partial to the canine race, in having devoted some of our first pages to those animals, quite to the neglect of her mottled favorite, which sits so demurely purring by her side, or frisks about in such frolic gambols, with her long whiskers, her bright yellow eyes, and her graceful tail. For my own part, I feel a strong sympathy with all such predilections, having, in fact, a sort of hereditary partiality for the feline tribe, which inclines me to look with a loving eye on cats of all degrees and colors, black, white and grey.

My earliest recollections carry me back to the pretty black cat who shared my mother's caresses with myself; she was daily fed with sweet cream and minced meat from her own hand, and in her declining years—and they reached the unusual number of sixteen, I believe—was privileged to occupy the cushioned rocking chair, which no one else, save my mother, ventured to approach.

Poor old Negro! she outlived both her beauty and her usefulness; but she was a famous mouser in her day, and kept pantry, closet and cellar free from all mischievous intruders. Her beauty and good qualities were transmitted to many of her numerous progeny, but, I think, not one of their coats equalled the downy softness and unspotted lustre of her jet-black fur.

In all my experience with cats, I must say that I have not found them equal in intelligence, in strong affection, or useful sagacity, to the dog. Yet every creature which God has made, is perfect in its kind, and exactly fitted for the purposes of its creation. The cat has not the powerful teeth, the courage, or the strength of the dog,—therefore it is not intended to guard its master's house, or to aid him in danger.

Nor has it the strong affection, which renders that noble animal so vigilant in his master's service, and so watchful of his safety,—therefore we may conclude it was not designed by nature to perform such important services for man. But it has cunning and skill given it to seek and ensnare its prey, and those qualities render it a useful favorite in almost every house.

The Catamount, or Wild Cat, is one of the most ferocious beasts of the American forest ; and its sharp claws, its surprising agility and strength, render it a formidable enemy when assailed, or when impelled by hunger to attack, as it sometimes does, even the human species. But the common, domestic cat, which is the same genus of animal, is a gentle and inoffensive creature, timid and docile, and evincing much gratitude for kindness.

It is frequently called spiteful, treacherous and thievish ; but the ill-treatment it often receives would justify the meekest of the grimalkin tribe in lifting a defensive paw against the cruelty of its persecutors. Often are these useful animals the allowed subjects of cruel sport to a family of thoughtless children ; and many an elder person, who would be surprised to hear himself called *unjust*, will laugh at, and encourage such barbarous treatment.

Cats, I believe,—at least well trained cats,—will seldom steal if they can find sufficient prey, or have food enough given them to satisfy their hungry appetite. Besides, the love of hunting is an instinct of their nature, and they will follow it as a pastime, even when not urged to it by necessity. Their attachment to places is wonderfully strong, and it is difficult to wean them from a house where they have once been domesticated.

We have often attempted to give away a full grown cat, but it invariably returned to us, always manifesting the most lively pleasure on finding itself again in its old haunts. I have known a cat carried many miles, so closely confined, that it could not possibly see any object on the road,—yet, by its singular instinct, it would find its way quietly back again and present itself with much joy, purring by the fireside, or on its sunny seat by the window.

There is the same diversity in the dispositions and habits of cats, as we observe in most other animals: some are much more cleanly,—more grateful for kindness,—more faithful in their attachments, than others. I had a favorite cat, called Minnette, whose snow-white fur, mottled by a few black spots, was the admiration of all beholders. She was indefatigable in her ablutions, and never suffered a stain to rest upon her coat. She was very social in her habits, and would follow us about the house, and always lie down and dose on some soft, comfortable spot near where the family assembled. She luxuriated in the green fields and among the shadows of the old trees, and whenever we went to our flower garden or rambled about the fields, she was sure to follow us, generally attended by another petted favorite, and often by a train of frolicsome kittens.—They would leap from rock to rock, hide among the bushes, and spring upon us like a band of playful children, exhibiting a thousand merry and graceful gambols.

When we went to the neighboring village, distant half a mile, our way to which lay through a winding lane, fringed on both sides by the sumach, sweet-briar, and other pretty shrubs,—the cats generally followed us till we came near the broad highway, where the busy hum of the village reached the ear, when they would hide under the covert of the bushes, and often remain there waiting till we returned, sometimes late in the evening, when they would spring out to meet and follow us home.

They were both, too, expert hunters; though Minnette cared not much for rats and mice, but loved to chase after the birds and little chirping squirrels that lived merry lives among the fine old trees that shaded the house. We have often watched her as she climbed with stealthy pace to the topmost branches of an ancient elm and there remained, hour after hour, crouching with half closed eyes, looking so sleepy and innocent, but really watching with evil intent, the little nestlings of a Fiery Hang-bird, or American Goldfinch.

These lovely songsters, with curious art, constructed their pendant nests on the extremity of a lofty branch, with unerring instinct, placing it beyond the reach of all hostile intruders, where even the agile cat would not venture upon the bending twig to molest them.—There from year to year the parent bird deposited her glossy eggs, and reared her feathered race, which came forth, poising their new fledged wings in security, charming the eye with their brilliant plumage and filling the air with their sweet melody.

Minnette also was often seen lurking beside the margin of a tiny lake, which was filled with gold and silver fish, whose shining fins were so attractive to her as they glided round and sported in the element, that she was sometimes tempted to thrust her paw in, to catch one ; but she always drew it back in terror, when she found it wetted, for cats have a peculiar aversion to water. Sometimes, too, for variety's sake, she was known to catch one of the sturdy bull-frogs, that frequented its borders to croak at night-fall.

The habits and disposition of the other cat though equally petted, were very different ; she cared little to be with us, except in our rambles, and disliked all noises, and the voices of strangers particularly. If any sang, or laughed aloud it seemed to distress her ; she would jump into their laps, put her paws on their shoulders and look into their faces as if asking an explanation. She always secreted her kittens under the bushes, or in some outbuilding, and if any one molested them, she was sure to fly at the intruder with teeth and nails, and often inflicted severe wounds. This was not malice in her ; but from a tender regard to her offspring, she used the weapons providedby nature for their defence, believing that evil was intended them.

I suppose these traits of character are common to all cats ; but it is pleasant and instructive to observe the different habits and peculiarities of the inferior animals, and we are thereby led to regard them with more kindness and consideration. In the organization of the meanest animal, we must perceive the same creative power,—the same divine wisdom and goodness which endowed man with reason and intellect, and breathed into him the spirit of immortality.

If we view them aright in their various faculties,—their powers of enjoyment, and their fitness to fill the place assigned them in the universe of God,—we shall learn to respect their rights, nor seek to mar the happiness of their brief existence,—but while we acknowledge with gratitude our own superior advantages, we shall feel tenderness even for the worm that crawleth, and ever remember in the words of the humane and gentle poet, that

> "— the meanest things that are
> Are free to live, and to enjoy that life,
> As God was free to form them at the first,
> Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all."

THE IVORY TABLET.

BY A. G. QUINCY.

LITTLE Anna was constantly asking questions. Some questions are proper. A very great man when asked how he became so learned, answered, "by never being ashamed to confess my ignorance, and by never neglecting to ask for information of those wiser than myself."

But there is another kind of questioning which is improper and annoying. This sometimes proceeds from a meddling and curious disposition, and sometimes from mere indolence. Anna did not, half the time, care about the answers she received; she was not inquisitive when particularly busy; but when she had nothing to do she leaned listlessly upon the table, or on the sofa, and with a vacant air asked question after question.

At length her mother, quite wearied, told her that some punishment must be inflicted if she continued so troublesome, and gave her a week for trial. But Anna was so heedless that she hardly thought of the warning she had received. The time had expired, and the next day, as her mamma was sewing, Anna began :—

"What did we have for dinner yesterday, mamma?"

"Veal, my dear."

"O, yes. You liked it, didn't you, mamma?"

"I did."

"Roasted, wasn't it, mamma?"

"It was."

"You said you liked it, didn't you?"

"I did say so."

Mrs. Marston left the room, and soon returned with a square piece of ivory fastened to a black chain.— Without a word she threw the chain round Anna's neck.

"O, mamma!" exclaimed she, bursting into tears, "do forgive me this time. Indeed, indeed, I forgot!"

"You forget so often, Anna, I should be obliged to forgive you every five minutes. Take your pencil and put a figure 4 on the tablet. That is the number of useless questions you have asked me."

With streaming eyes Anna obeyed, and then shut herself in her chamber, where she remained the whole morning. The dinner bell rung. "How can I see papa with this hateful thing on," she exclaimed. She waited until her mother sent for her, and then sorrowfully entered the dining-room.

Every one kindly forbore to notice the badge of her disgrace, and she followed the family to the sitting-room. Several hours passed, and having finished her lessons she sat idly beside her mother.

"What a pretty belt you have got on, mamma.— Don't you think it's pretty.

"Rather pretty."

"Where did you get it, mamma ?"

"At Mr. Brown's."

"Had he any more, mamma ?"

"He had. But why do you ask ?"

"I don't know, mamma, I am sure, for I do not care to know.

"I think you must put a figure 3 on your tablet."

"How could I forget ?" sighed Anna.

The evening came, and Mrs. Marston took a book.

"You've read that book almost through, mamma, have n't you ?"

"Yes, Anna."

"How long do you suppose it will take you to finish it, mamma ?"

"I do not suppose any thing about it."

"It's a large book, isn't it, mamma ?"

"Your eyes will enable you to answer that question."

"Fine print, mamma, isn't it ?"

"Get your pencil, my dear."

"O, mamma ! mamma !"

"Could you be benefitted by an answer to any of the questions you have asked ?"

"No, mamma."

"Then you must add a figure 5 to your column."

"O dear," thought Anna.

The next day and the next passed, and still a greater or less number of figures darkened the ivory. But effort is always rewarded, and in a short time Anna was allowed to lay the ivory tablet entirely aside.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE FOURTH.

WHICH TELLS SOMETHING OF WHAT TOOK PLACE AFTER THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA BY THE CELEBRATED CABOTS, AND REGARDING THE IMPORTANCE OF THAT EVENT.

OUR last story you remember was about the celebrated John Cabot and his famous son Sebastian. I dare say you will now and then call to remembrance the pleasant little peeps we had into the history of these two brave men, who were the first discoverers of this continent of America, on which we live. It was a great event to the people of Europe, who lived on the other side of the ocean then, that great discovery. Just fancy, for a moment, how we, living in this country at the present time, would think and feel, were news all at once to come to us, that some one who had lived amongst us, had found out a new and very large country thousands of miles off, which people had never known any thing about. What a delightful surprise! How we would all long to hear about the new country.

Just such another surprise, and another such longing, no doubt, had the people of old Europe, when first Columbus, and then John Cabot, with his son Sebastian returned from their voyages, to tell them, that they had found out this great country.

It is a long time ago, when all this happened—350 years since—and yet what a lively interest we have to know everything about the event, and how one bold adventurer after another, set sail across the ocean, to learn more of the new country, and carry back all the news they could about it to their countrymen. You may be sure there was no little wondering, and no little longing to hear every story these brave voyagers had to tell of the newly discovered land which was to open up a new, and great commerce to them. Commerce as you may know, is the trade one country has with another and is of the highest importance to the prosperity of a country. What a deal of good, not only to themselves but to all the world, has the commerce between America and England done. America sends to England ship loads of flour, and England sends back to America ship loads of those beautiful goods you see in the shops, which you know very well are of so much service in adding agreeably to our comfort in dress, and making our houses, with all their little conveniences, so delightful as they are—for I hope you have all got happy homes, my dear young readers, which you very tenderly love, as you well ought to do.

When you think of this, I wish you also to think well of commerce which does so much good by the wealth it produces, in furnishing the people with money for trading, thus enabling them to supply each other's wants. It likewise enables the good people of these enterprising, commercial countries, to do very many great and good deeds to the rest of the world, such as sending missionaries and other good men to spread Christianity and useful knowledge, and to diffuse the means of comfort among poor ignorant people, who live far off in places of the earth little known, and who very much need to be taught, and made happier and better.

I have thought it right to explain to you all this, and I would request that you try and remember it, for by keeping it in mind, you can conceive something of the importance which the discovery of America was, and has been to Europe, and indeed to all the world. How very instructive and very pleasant is History. Were it not for these histories, I should not be able to carry you back, as you can fancy I now do, 300 years ago and more, and let you have nice peeps into all that was going on then, as to how the people felt and thought, and what they did.

Well then to return to Europe; after Columbus and John and Sebastian Cabot had completed their successful voyages, in discovering this new country, other bold and ambitious men wished to set off on voyages of discovery too. Amongst those, one Gaspar de Cortereal a native of Portugal, under the patronage and support of the King of that country, set sail with two ships from the port of Lisbon, in the year 1500, just three years after John Cabot had returned from his first successful voyage. Gaspar Cortereal after sailing as he considered in a course not pursued by any former navigator, came to a country to which he gave the name of Terra Verde. It is now called Labrador, and you can see it on the map, lying along the northern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

After exploring the new country he had reached, for upwards of 600 miles along the coast, Cortereal in the keen spirit of commercial enterprise, appears to have turned his attention to the trading advantages which it offered. He observed with a great deal of satisfaction, that the natives of that country had abundance of salmon, herring, and similar kinds of fish; and that there were also large quantities of pine timber, suited for the masts and yards of ships. This was all very well, and had Cortereal's views not taken the more selfish, and very cruel turn they did, he might have been handed down to us by history, as a successful and praise worthy discoverer. Fish and timber, have since become two great staples in the trade with this country and Europe. But Cortereal's discernment and enterprise, we fear, had not been tempered with a good heart; for we find him engaged in the base and wicked traffic of carrying off the natives of the country, and contemplating a regular trade in these human beings, just as if they were so many cattle, or so much fish or timber. Was not this very cruel? I am sure none of you will ever have any regard for Cortereal after being told this, and you can never pay his memory the tribute of affectionate remembrance and admiration, which you can towards such men as Columbus, and John and Sebastian Cabot.

Cortereal brought away to Portugal a great number of the simple natives as slaves, among whom were men, women, and children, torn forcibly from their homes, and from their many dear friends, never again to meet them, nor to see them more. Was it not very cruel? But Cortereal, besides having his memory held in just odium by all who regard the rights of their fellow beings, appears to have been pursued, as it were by an avenging justice, for having engaged in this inhuman and unchristian traffic. On the 15th May 1501, he departed on a second voyage, and as we are told in history—*he was never again heard of.* "A similar dark and unhappy fate," says the historian, "befell his brother, Michael de Cortereal, who sailed with two ships in search of his lost relative, of whom no accounts ever reached Europe. The most probable conjecture seems to be, continues the historian, that they both fell victims to the just indignation of the natives, whose wives, children, and fathers had been stolen away during the first visit to the coast."

Here now we shall end our story, and pity it is we should have to end it as we do. But we have a useful lesson afforded us in closing it thus. We parted with a good and wise man in our former little history, and saw him leave the world at a ripe old age loaded with honours, the sweet reward of virtue and of good deeds to his fellow men. It is another sort of picture this, over which we may now silently let fall the curtain.

Adieu my dear readers, and I would that you ever bear in mind while cultivating the intellect, that you do not overlook the cultivation of the heart, for those kindly sympathies are implanted in our nature for the wisest purposes, and we shall ever find our best happiness in allowing them to direct our conduct in every duty of life, and in our intercourse with all around us.

THE PIC-NIC TO LORETTE.

"To-morrow is a holiday, what shall we do?" said Jessie Talbot, to the little group of sisters and cousins, who were clustered about her.

"We will have the best fun we can," said Harry, "I wish we could go out in a little boat, and catch fish all day."

"I had rather go into the woods, and make birch baskets, and gather flowers," said little Susy.

"I wish girls could play cricket, or do any thing nice," said Robert, "then we could have glorious fun."

"We might just as well wish boys could play with dolls," said Jessie, "but I am sure they would make but bad nurses even to wax and wooden babies. But it is very certain we can never decide among ourselves what to do to-morrow, and if you are willing, we had better leave it to mamma, she always knows what is best for us."

"Oh yes, yes," shouted boys and girls, "leave it to her, and here she comes."

"What are you all looking so earnest about little ones?" said Mrs. Talbot kindly, "I should think you were deciding the affairs of the province; what can it be?"

"To-morrow is a holiday, dear aunty, and we cannot tell what will be the very nicest thing to do."

"What do you want to do? each of you shall say what you would most prefer, then I will choose for you. Come, Clara, you are the youngest, you shall speak first." The little toddling thing crept close up to her aunt, and whispered that she would like to play "come and see," all day. Mrs. Talbot called upon each one to express their wishes, and they were as various as the characters of the little groupe.

When she had listened to all, and they were eagerly waiting for her decision, Mrs. Talbot said that she would not tell them till the next morning at breakfast, but they were at liberty to puzzle themselves as much as they liked, and a whispering and a wondering there was among all the little people; curious indirect questions were put to Mrs. Talbot, to draw out what she intended them to do, but in vain, and they were finally obliged to go to bed unsatisfied, each one to dream of their favorite pleasure. They were all awake betimes the next morning, and a beautiful one it was, so bright and clear, not a cloud to be seen, and the birds singing so joyously.

When they were seated at breakfast Mrs. Talbot asked them if they were all quite willing to submit to her decision.

"Yes indeed," was the prompt reply, "we are ready to do just what you say."

"Well then suppose I tell you, you must study all day?"

"Ah but you are too just for that, dear aunty," said Harry, "you will choose some nice pleasure for us."

"What do you say to a pic-nic to Lorette?"

"Oh beautiful, just the very thing, why did not we any of us think of that?" said the children.

"Mamma always knows said Jessie, I was certain she would choose for us better than we could ourselves —but how shall we get there mamma, the dennet will not hold us all?"

"Never fear Jessie, you shall all go; after you have finished your breakfast, you can go to your own rooms, and prepare for the country, and at ten we will all be ready."

Away bounded the children; but precisely as the clock struck ten, they met in the hall of Mr. Talbot's comfortable house, it was one of those large pleasant mansions, in the suburbs of Quebec, not at all like a city residence. At the door was a dennet, a jaunting car, and three ponies, the latter for the boys, who were soon mounted; while the girls sprang into the carriages, under the seats of which they found nicely covered baskets, which gave the promise, they should not at least be a hungry party.

They rode along with merry hearts, the boys now at their side, and now before them, the road winding by the green and tree shaded banks of the St. Charles, which now stole lazily along like a tardy school boy, and now went prancing and dancing, playing leap frog over the stones, and bounding, hop, skip ,and jump, over every obstacle.

It is nine miles from Quebec to Lorette, but the road is so pleasant that it does not seem half that distance, and the children were both surprised and delighted when their mother pointed out to them the few houses, and the simple little church which form the village of Lorette. As they rode into it, little children came running out from every direction, some with baskets of ripe raspberries, some with moccasins, purses, &c.

They stopped at the inn of the village, the girls sprung gaily out, the baskets were taken in, and the horses put up—and then they began to look eagerly about them. They were delighted with the Indian babies, funny little things that they are, with their coal black eyes, straight hair, and grave faces. Harry and Jessie wanted very much to go to the chief's house; they thought they should like to see a real Indian, for these children were of a mixed race, and only looked as if they had been thoroughly sunburnt. Their mamma was quite willing they should go, and so, followed by the whole troop of little ones, they set out.

They walked up the principal street of the villlage and soon came to the house pointed out as the residence of the chief, it was a simple small house, not at all like their idea of a chief's residence; the door was open and they went in; by the window was sitting a very tall thin lazy looking man smoking a pipe, who was introduced to them as the chief, but the children were very much disappointed, for he was as white as their own papa, and had nothing but the features and careless dress to mark him as an Indian; but his squaw, who was embroidering a beautiful belt, was a true copper coloured Indian, she was quite lively and very proud to show her work.

Mrs. Talbot bought from her, two or three pair of moccasins, and some baskets, and then after chatting a little while, they bade them good bye, and guided still by the children, went down to the Falls of Lorette.

Such a pretty place it was too, so wild and picturesque the river foaming, and dashing over high rocks, then, falling into a quiet little basin, then finding other rocks to tumble furiously over. The children gazed in perfect wonder and delight, they seated themselves on the banks, and even their restless spirits seem quieted by the spectacle. They begged their mamma to let them have their little table spread there, where they could hear and see the falling waters, and she consented, on condition that none of them would attempt to descend the slippery half-broken steps, which led down almost to the foot of the Falls.

The Indian children were sent up to the inn for the baskets, and they watched with curious interest the spreading the rustic table. While they were eating their dinner, Mrs. Talbot mentioned something of the history of the little village of Lorette, and of the great people whose descendants now inhabited it. The children could scarcely believe that the persons they had seen were really the remains of the powerful Huron tribe, which formerly extended over almost the whole of Canada;—they were at the time of its settlement, second in power and extent only to the Algonquins, and now they are scattered and destroyed, this little settlement of two hundred, being the principal one. They are still, like their fathers, fond of fishing and hunting, and do not like to cultivate the land, or advance in civilization.

Many anecdotes of Indian economy and sagacity did Mrs. Talbot remember with which to enliven their dinner, and the children enjoyed them much, and felt while they were enjoying, that they were improving too.

The day was indeed a joyous one, and they were sorry enough, when the sinking sun warned them it was time to return; and all declared that they never had a happier day, or a pleasanter excursion than this to Lorette.

THE KATY-DID AND THE WHIP-POOR-WILL;*

OR GREAT TALKERS ARE IMPATIENT HEARERS.

A Katy-did kept up a constant noise in the same tree with a Whip-poor-will, until at last the Whippoortwill began to complain. "What is the use of your noise?" said the Whip-poor-will.

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* In the forest is often heard the note or scream of a bird of the hawk kind, which sounds like *Whip-poor-will*, and by this name the bird is familiarly known. There is an insect called the *Katy-did* from the supposed resemblance of the noise it makes to ts name.

"What is the use of yours?" said the little Katy-did. "You have said *Katy-did* until I am tired," said the bird; "pray change now, and tell us what she did."

"And you," said the insect, "have been telling us to *Whip-poor-Will.* Will you just be good enough to tell us what we shall whip him for?"

"What fools you are," said a grave owl on the next branch. "When one of you speaks, he does not speak to the other. It is a good rule only to speak when you are spoken to; but it is also a good rule only to *hear* when you are spoken to. Mind this rule, and you may continue to live in peace."

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DORP TO ITS YOUNG READERS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLLOWERS,—

I was passing an afternoon with a friend not long since when a large package was brought in directed to her, she could not imagine what it was, and eagerly cut the strings to get at its contents. Now what do you think was in it? I am sure you could not guess, for I could not. It was an eight sided box of a black shining wood, painted with rich colors, and inlaid with ivory; it was very beautiful; we opened it and found it full of other little boxes, all finished in the same way, and closely fitting into one another. Now what do you think was in these boxes? Why, they contained different varieties of teas.

Tea is a very common thing, we see it every day; but do we ever think where it comes from, how it is prepared, and of the many hands through which it has passed before it is fit for use? I dont believe it has ever popped into one of your little heads to enquire about it, for I am sure even my wise pate had hardly thought much of it till I saw this beautiful box, with its great variety, and then I thought I should like to learn a little more about it. I was particularly engaged, and I could not fly away just at that moment, but I found a book which had an account of its growth and manufacture; it instructed me very much, and perhaps it will you, too, so if you like I will give it to you.

The tree, or rather shrub, from the leaves of which tea is made, is a native of China and Japan. (Look at your maps.) It is an evergreen, and resembles the myrtle; it grows from three to six feet high. The seeds are planted in little holes drilled in the ground at regular distances, and great care is taken to water them. The leaves are not fit to use till the plant is three years old, and from that to seven—just about the age, I suppose, some of you, my young friends, are—then it is in its best state for using.

The process of gathering and preparing the tea is one of nicety. Each leaf is plucked separate from the stalk, the hands of the gatherer are kept carefully clean, and in collecting some of the finer sorts, he hardly ventures to breathe on the plant. At a place called Udsi, in the island of Japan, is a mountain, the climate of which is particularly suited for the growth of tea, and the whole crop which is raised upon it, is reserved for the sole use of the "Sun of the World," as they call their Emperor.

There are three or four gatherings of tea every year; the first towards the end of February, the last in April, in June and August. From the first gatherings are made the nicest teas. After the leaves are all gathered then commences the process of drying. Some are only exposed under a shed to the sun's rays, and frequently turned. But the green teas are prepared in a very different manner. A long low hot house is erected, and in it are put a number of small furnaces, on the top of each of which, is a flat-bottomed and shallow iron pan, and also a long table, covered with mats, on which the leaves are spread after they have gone through the first stage, which we might call baking.

When the pans are heated to the proper temperature a few pounds of the fresh leaves are placed upon them, they crack as soon as they touch the heated metal, and the person who is watching them must turn them over with his bare hands, till they become so hot they cannot be touched without pain. Then he lifts them off with a little shovel and fans them on the mats, where persons called rollers, take them up and roll them in their hands, while others stand by, fanning the leaves, so as to cool them as rapidly as possible. This operation is gone through with, two or three times, that there may be no possibility of the leaves not being perfectly dry.

It must be a droll thing to go into one of these tea drying establishments and see those bronze colored men in their white robes, fastened round their waists, their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, and little round caps on their heads, baking, and rolling and fanning the leaves; and little do we think when we drink it, what a trouble its preparation was to these poor Chinese.—When tea was first brought to England, which was not quite two hundred years ago, people did not know how to use it, and a story is told of a lady who had received, as a great rarity, a present of a small box; she thought it was some outlandish vegetable, and boiled it until it was tender, then throwing away the water, eat the leaves, as we should spinnage. We should consider a person who would do this now, as very ignorant and stupid, but we must always remember that we are, perhaps, all of us, just as ignorant of the real uses of many things we should know, and so I hope you will each of you try to learn all that is in your power.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

We gave you in our last number a few conundrums, my dear young readers. We have not received answers to any of them, though we do not doubt but you have very readily found them out. Perhaps you do not know exactly what a conundrum is. It is a humorous comparison between two very different things. The resemblance is made out by a play on words—sometimes by a little false spelling. Now for the answers:—

1st. He is a *little better*.

2nd. It is *due*.

3rd. It is *sold*.

4th. It is a *simple-ton*.

Several articles kindly furnished by our friends have been unavoidably postponed for future numbers.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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THE PRIZE MELON.*

ON the following morning George took his garden knife and went out to cut his melon from the vine, anxious to see how large it would look when gathered; but what was his grief and surprise, on reaching the spot where he had so long watched it, to find it gone! There were a good many rinds lying about on the ground, which George supposed to have been thrown there by some person who had eaten his precious melon. He took them up sorrowfully one by one, and joined them together, but in doing so, saw plainly that they were the rinds of an unripe melon, and one evidently much smaller than his had been.

They had been doubtless left there by the thief, in order to deceive him, and while he stood thinking what course he had best pursue, in order to find some trace of his lost treasure, he saw Edward at a little distance going hastily along the road, and he ran after him, wishing to tell him of his misfortune, and called upon him to come back. But Edward without even looking round, walked on still faster, and when George loudly repeated his name, he began to run, though he could not have failed to hear his cousin's voice.

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* Continued from page 112—Conclusion.

This strange conduct excited some suspicion in the mind of George, who now remembered the conversation which took place between them on the preceding day. He knew that Edward was envious of his large melons, but he could scarcely believe, that he would be so bold as to take what did not belong to him, even if he were wicked enough to do such a thing. He resolved, however, to question Edward closely about it, in private, and for the present to say nothing of his loss, but take the largest melon he had left, and carry it to the show. Neither, did he, now, give up all hope of obtaining the prize, for he did not know any among the competitors who could display a melon exceeding this one in size.

It was saturday—the melons were to be exhibited in the afternoon, and with a heavy heart, George went to school in the morning. Edward was not there, and his absence made George distrust him still more. He went home to dinner, and still Edward did not make his appearance, and as soon as it was over, George took his second best melon, and went with it to Mr. Ludlow's, where, on the green lawn before the house, was placed a long table, around which all the boys were assembled.

At its head, stood Mr. Ludlow, waiting to pass his judgment upon the melons, while on the grass beside him, lay the promised prize, consisting of a small spade, hoe, rake, wheel-barrow, and all the implements necessary and useful in gardening.

"And here comes George Harvey," cried one of the boys, who saw him approach,"with as large a melon, I warrant me, as any that are here."

George walked slowly up to the table, where each boy stood, with his own melon lying before him, when the first thing which he saw, was his own lost melon in front of Edward, who had brought it there as his own, and now held up his head with a look of bold defiance. George started and changed colour, for though he could not help harboring a secret fear that it was Edward who had robbed him, in order to prevent his gaining the prize, he never once supposed, that he could be so hardened, as to offer the stolen melon before his very eyes, for his own.

Nor would he have dared to do so, had he not so well known the generosity of George, that he was sure he would never betray him. And he was not mistaken, for this noble hearted boy felt far more sorrow at this convincing proof of Edward's wickedness and ingratitude, than he had done at the loss of his melon, or than he now did when he knew there was no chance of his obtaining the prize, which all had said would surely be his.

Grieved indeed he was, yet he regarded Edward with far more pity than anger, for he knew by his changing cheek and restless eye that he already repented of the base act he had committed; he feared to look at him lest he should cause him to betray his guilt, and so expose himself to the anger of Mr. Ludlow, and the contempt of his companions. He resolved to represent to him when they were alone, the wickedness of his conduct, and the dreadful consequences to which, if repeated it must lead.

"Come forward, George, and let us see your melon," said Mr. Ludlow; "we are told you have produced the largest one in the village."

George made no reply, but he could not help feeling very sad, as he took his place at the table, and laid the melon before him.

"Edward Sandford's is the largest," said the boys, three or four at once, in disappointed tones.

"How is this George," asked Mr. Ludlow, "that Edward Sandford in his garden overrun with weeds, should have grown a larger melon than you have in yours, which has been kept in such nice order?"

Edward trembled, and grew very pale, but gained a little courage when George said in a faltering voice.

"He has taken great care of his *vines*, Sir."

"But when I last saw your garden," said Mr. Ludlow; "I am sure you shewed me a larger melon than this, did you not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what has become of it," again asked Mr. Ludlow, "I should think you would have kept the finest for this exhibition."

George was silent for a minute, but when Mr. Ludlow repeated the question, he unwillingly said, for he never told an untruth,

"It was stolen, Sir."

Mr. Ludlow in his turn now remained for a short time silent, then turning to Edward, whose confusion already made every one suspect him, he asked,

"Where did you get this melon, Edward?"

"I took it from my garden, yesterday, Sir," he said in a trembling voice.

"But when was it *placed* there," asked Mr. Ludlow, sternly, for the boy's guilt was now apparent to him.

"I planted my melons in May, Sir, on the same day that George did his," said Edward faintly.

"You do not give me direct answers," said Mr. Ludlow; "remember, Edward, that God both sees and hears you, and though you may deceive others, he reads the most secret thoughts of your heart."

Edward replied not a word, nor dared to look up, for he knew that every eye was fixed upon him with contempt, and George, pitying his distress, was about to intercede for him, when Mr. Ludlow continued.

"Edward, your pale cheek, and your trembling voice would convince me of your guilt, had I no other proof of it, but by this mark," and he pointed to a singular white spot, just below the stem of the melon, "which I observed particularly when I saw it lying in his garden, I know this melon, which you claim as yours, to belong to George Harvey."

Edward burst into tears, but George only, felt any pity for him, and Mr. Ludlow without noticing his emotion, went on to say;

"I am shocked, not only by the base and dishonest act you have committed, but by the selfish disposition which has led you to deceive and injure so kind and generous a friend as George has ever been to you. In this instance his conduct towards you has been truly noble, choosing rather to sacrifice himself, than expose you to the scorn you deserve; for you have before this, repaid his friendship with ingratitude, since I myself saw you wantonly tread down his radishes,—and knowing he would not expose you, you have now taken from him by mean stealth the melon he watched and tended with such care, and for which he hoped to win the prize he so well deserves, and which I now, with heartfelt pleasure present to him."

"So saying, Mr. Ludlow begged George's acceptance of the neat set of garden implements which were spread upon the grass, which, with modest and grateful thanks he received, though at the same time, he glanced at Edward with a look of sorrow and compassion. The boys all crowded round, to admire the prize, and to congratulate George upon obtaining, what he so well deserved, while Edward, conscious that he was despised, and completely humbled and ashamed, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud. George was deeply grieved for him, but he hoped the sufferings which he had thus brought upon himself, would teach him a good lesson which he never could forget.

Emma Ludlow now placed upon the table, several kinds of fruit which she had gathered from her garden, some of the melons were cut, and Mr. Ludlow, after commending the boys for the specimens they had produced, desired them to sit round the table, and enjoy the little feast, as a reward of their good behaviour and industry. They placed themselves as directed, and mirth and happiness reigned among them.

Emma, and her two younger sisters, decorated George's prize melon with large bunches of flowers, plucked from their own borders, and set it in the centre of the table, where it was admired and praised by all. George then modestly asked Mr. Ludlow to accept it as a token of his gratitude and affection, which the good pastor said he should do with pleasure, and that on the following day, he was to have two old and very dear friends to dine with him, when it should make a part of the dessert, and that he would carefully preserve the seeds, in order to give some to each boy then present, and also keep some to plant in his own garden, in remembrance of this day, which with its warnings of evil, and its examples of good, should not be forgotten by any of them.

He then desired George to sit at the head of the table; but as he rose to obey him, he cast a sorrowful look at Edward, who stood apart quite neglected; Mr. Ludlow understood him, but he shook his head, saying,

"No, we cannot admit a boy, who loves only himself to share our pleasure. Go Edward, do not disturb our enjoyment by your presence—go, and let the lesson of this day, lead you to reflect seriously upon your evil habits and behaviour, and to ask of God strength to forsake your wickedness, that you may meet his approbation, and better deserve the love of such a friend as George. Think too, always when tempted to do an unjust and revengeful act, of that golden rule which I heard your cousin repeat to you, when you ill-naturedly trampled on his radishes, "to do unto others even as you would wish that they should do unto you."

Edward made no reply, but heartily sorry and ashamed, he hung his head, and walked slowly away, inwardly resolving to become a better boy in future,—and we are happy to say, this resolution was faithfully kept. Touched by the generous conduct of George, he confessed to him the wrong he had done, and humbly asked his forgiveness, which was readily granted, and from that day, his temper became so much improved, and his endeavour to do right was so earnest, that he won the love of his companions, the approval of his uncle and Mr. Ludlow, and the entire confidence of George. In short he was so studious and obedient in school, so kind and peaceable in all his plays and pursuits, that he was at length pronounced one of the best boys in the village, and the next season, saw his garden equal to any of his companion's in neatness and luxuriance.

THE BIRTH DAY GIFTS.

These gifts of love, my precious girl,
  With wishes fond and true,
To greet thee on thy natal day,
  We fondly bring to you.

No costly gems, from Indian mines,
  Or offerings rare we send,
But, twined with simplest gifts, sincere,
  Our heartfelt prayers we blend.

A chain we give, its simple links,
  Around thy neck entwined;
Bears it no symbol, just and apt,
  To teach thy asking mind?

The chain of love, to God and man,
  Its fitting sign may be;
Unsevered as its links, should blend,
  The cord of sympathy.

A wished for pencil, next thine eye,—
  A mother's gift—may view,
And "ever pointed" may it trace,
  Lines beautiful and true.

The purse, thy gentle cousin's gift,
In silk and steel enrolled;
Full well, I know, were hers the power,
'Twere filled with shining gold.

But she would tell, in simple truth,
Contentment needs not gold;
A loving heart, a well stored mind,
What treasures these unfold!

The days are fled, when fairy gifts,
On mortals cast their spell,
And wondrous lamps, with magic light,
On heaps of riches fell.

And thou, my love, the witching hours
Of early wonder past,
Art waking from the glittering dream,
Too beautiful to last.

Gird up thy mind with steady faith,
Keep life's great end in view,
Strong in thy weakness, if thou be
To God and duty true.

We would not carve thine earthly lot,
With rash and daring pride,
But trust thee to His guardian love,
And calm, that love abide.

He who with kind, paternal care,
The little songsters feeds,
With equal care, and watchful love,
Knows all His children's needs.

Seek Him while yet the dew of youth
Lies on thy peaceful head;
Trust Him, when life around thee shines,
When life's bright hopes are fled.

Trim well thy lamp; let all thy powers
Of heart, and soul, and mind,
Fulfil their glorious destiny,
Their end and glory find!

"I CAN READ!

"I CAN READ! I shall soon be able to read in any book," said little Edward Demarais exultingly, as he laid down a new book which he liked so well, that he had prevailed on his teacher to sit ten minutes after the hour of dismissal to hear him finish a story. "I can read," repeated he; "that is more than my father can do; I will be richer than he is, and have a much finer house than this."

His teacher, Adeline Bienvenue, raised her eyes from the needle-work she had just taken. "Who taught you to read, Edward?"

"You, Miss Adeline."

"Who brought me here to teach you?"

"My father."

"Who is it that gets for you books, and paper, and pens, and pencils, and everything you require for your studies?"

"My father."

"And what will you do to repay your father for all his kindness, and for all the expense he is at in your education?"

Edward paused; till then he had never reflected that he owed his attainments, or any part of the merit of them, to any one but himself, and arrogant and selfish thoughts had but the moment before been rising in his mind.

"You do not answer me," said Adeline. "Do you know," continued she, "the reason that your father cannot read?"

"No, Miss Adeline, how could I know?"

"Well, I will tell you. Twenty years ago the people of this country,—I mean the people in the country, those who lived by cultivating the soil,—did not think exactly in the same way they do now about boys learning to read. They thought it was no use for those who had to earn their bread by labor. They thought, too, that if those boys learned to read they might like reading better than work; and, Edward, how do you think we should do if every boy were to say, "I will work no more; I will only read and study; I will be an advocate, or a notary, or a clerk; but I will not help to plough and hoe, and gather in the harvest?"

"I do not know."

"Well, but tell me, when the fathers of those boys should die, or become too old to work hard, who would there be to plough, and sow, and reap?"

"Nobody?"

"And what would we do, then?"

"We would starve," said Edward.

"Well, twenty years ago, the people here, thought that if boys should learn to read they might pass their time at that, and be unwilling to work, they said, 'our sons must gain their living by labor, not by learning;' and your grand father thought as the rest did. An Englishman who lodged a few days at his house, thought your father a fine little boy, bought a book for him, and gave him a few lessons. I have always found you a good boy, Edward, and an apt scholar; but I know from what the gentleman said, for it was himself who told me, that your father would have learned even quicker than you have done, but the gentleman returned to town: before going he advised your grandfather to send his son to school—that advice was never followed

Your father had no opportunity of learning more, and soon forgot the little he had learned; he regrets it, because (besides other advantages, he would have gained by it,) if he had been able to read, he would have easily learned how to make his land produce more than it does; he knows that there are better modes of cultivating the soil than those his father practised, and one who can read can learn how land is tilled in different countries, and compare the climates and soils, and judge how far any of those methods might suit here. He has always regretted his own want of knowledge, and this was one of the reasons that made him desirous to have you taught."

As Adeline ceased speaking, in came Edward's cousin and schoolmate, and his younger brother, full of fun and frolic, shaking the snow off their blue *tuques* into each other's faces, and each trying to stuff some of the hard frozen apples they had been attempting to eat, within the shirt bosom of the other; but in their gambols Edward took no share: he leaned thoughtfully against the casement: again the questions that Adeline had put recurred to him, and to each as it rose his heart replied. Sleigh bells were heard; "Our own bells! papa and mamma are come!" cried Henry, and he and his cousin ran instantly out to greet them. Edward slowly followed. In ten minutes the horse was snugly lodged in the stable, the sleigh was in the shed, the candles were lit, and Demarais was seated with his wife at a small table in the parlor, counting his money, as was his wont, when he returned from market. That evening the task was soon completed.

"Papa, where is your new fur cap?" cried Henry.

"I have bought none."

"No fur cap, papa! You said that your's was too old to serve another winter."

"No fur cap, my son."

"What color is your new cloak, mamma?"

"I have bought no cloak, Henry."

"Why, mamma?"

"I will tell you why," said his father. "Every thing we have to sell is very cheap this season. The oxen brought little more than half the price they would have done last year. I paid your grandmother's annuity, I bought what we want for the house, and now my purse is very light. I have no more to spare—the cloak and cap are warm enough, old though they be."

Edward, during the conversation, had drawn nearer and nearer to his father, and was now standing close to him, taking hold of a button of his *capot*.

"But here is money, papa," said Henry, inspecting, as well as he could, without moving it, a Montreal bank bill, which was laid on the table, with a Mexican dollar and four English shillings above it.

"Here is more money."

"That money is not mine, Henry; it is for your teacher; her quarter's salary is due last week. I hear she wants it, and have laid it aside to give her before supper, and it is as much hers now as it was mine this morning."

"Papa," said Edward hesitatingly, "I said,—I said I would be richer than you."

"So much the better," replied Demarais, laughing, "provided always that you get your riches fairly."

"I will not be richer than you," rejoined the boy, with the emphasis of determination.

"Why not?" said Demarais, and laughing again he laid his hand on the dark locks of the child with a pressure which gave his countenance to view; but Edward's heart was full. There needed no second glance to be convinced of that. Demarais gently released his hold, and the smooth forehead of the boy was pressed against the gray vest that covered the bosom of his father.

"I will not be richer than you, papa; for if I get money I will make you rich, too."

Demarais folded his arm round his child. "God bless you my son!" was all the reply he made.

ANECDOTES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The instinct of animals is so wonderful that it seems to amount to reason. The following instances of sagacity appear more like the roguish tricks of a child, than the acts of unreasoning animals:—

A POODLE DOG.

A FRIEND of mine had a Poodle dog possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was however under little command. In order to keep him in better order, my friend purchased a small whip, with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return the whip was put on a table in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterwards found concealed in an out-building, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was however again lost, but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, which was suspected of being the culprit, he was seen to take the whip from the hall table, and run away with it in order to hide it.

THE REASONING SOW.

A gentleman had a sow, which, for some reason, was excluded from her usual stye, and the door was fastened by two pegs outside with iron rings. These pegs she removed with her mouth, and thus gained access to the stye. An iron bolt was then fastened on the top of the door beyond the animal's reach, her owner then watched her proceedings. On coming to the door she displaced both the wooden pegs as before, and then tried to get in. Finding herself baffled in the attempt, she took up the pegs in her mouth, and removed them a short distance off, appearing to imagine that in doing so she should obtain her object. She then returned to the charge, and failing again to open the door, she again took up the pegs and carried them farther off still, and this system she persevered in for some time, removing the pegs farther and farther, and then again attempting the door, till finding all endeavors futile, she abandoned her attempts.

BELLA'S SECOND THOUGHT.

A DEAR little child was Bella May, with her bright dancing eyes, her soft golden braids, and bounding form. A pet was Bella, with the whole household, for she was the last bequest of the loved and lost, and she was ever tenderly nurtured and cared for, all her little wishes anticipated, and not a real disappointment had she ever known; but like all other pets, Bella was a little unreasonable sometimes; she liked, like many an older person, to do just what she fancied, and when any one thwarted her, she would be quite vexed, and show more temper than it seemed possible could dwell in such a little creature; but she was very kind-hearted withal, and if in any of her little fits of vexation, she wounded the feelings of those she loved, she was always sorry for it, and shewed a tenderness of conscience which was most loveable.

One sweet spring morning Bella went into the garden with her Aunt Rosa, who picked her a bunch of early fragrant flowers; Bella was delighted with them, she arranged them with her own tiny fingers, and then asked her aunty for a glass to put them in; a little vase was given her, and with great delight, and evident admiration, she placed it upon the centre table; it was *her* bouquet, and was dearer to her than any flowers she had ever before seen.

But she could not enjoy anything alone. With the true child's feeling, which always seeks the sympathy of those it loves in all its little pleasures, she ran into the other room to call her dear grandmamma, the darling of young and old, to see how pretty they looked. She soon found her, and seizing her by the hand dragged her in in triumph; as she went into the room, she looked at the table, and the flowers were gone; she darted towards it, then cast a quick glance around, and there by the window stood her Aunt Mary, with the glass of flowers in her hand, admiring, smelling, and re-arranging them.

In an instant a frown darkened the brow of the fair child; she flew over to where her kind aunty was standing, and stamping her little foot, she sprang up to seize the flowers.

"I did not tell you, you might have them, they are mine; you shall not have them."

The gesture and look were more like a little fury, than the gentle, sweet child she really was; her aunt put down the flowers, but seeing the state of Bella's mind, thought a word of reproof at that moment would be useless; she looked at her with a kind, though half sorrowing smile, and turned away. The look seemed to strike instantly upon the child's heart, waking her conscience, and whispering that she had been unkind to one, who was always loving and gentle to her.

She hung her head, and passed out of the room. Her good aunty and grandmamma were soon engaged in pleasant chat, and had quite forgotton the little burst of passion, when they heard a sweet voice say,

"Aunty, Aunty Mary."

They both turned, and there, just peeping in at the open window, was Bella's rosy face, all covered with smiles, and looking full of happiness and peace. She had in her hand a bunch of flowers, very like the one it had so enraged her to see her aunt looking at.

"These are yours, Aunty, all your own; you can smell them just as much as you like." She gave her the flowers and held up her cherry lips for the kiss of forgiveness.

It seemed hardly possible the child could herself have thought of this atonement for the outburst of temper, it shewed so much thought and reflection, and her Aunt Mary supposed Rosa must have witnessed it, and prompted the offering, still she was pleased that the child was thus ready to acknowledge her fault.

When Rosa came in, she asked her if she had suggested to the child the giving her the bouquet, and was gratified to find her aunt knew nothing about it, and that it was only the suggestion of her own sweet nature. Such traits endeared Bella to all around her, and if all little children would be as willing to atone for the wrong they sometimes do, what loveable little things they would be.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE FIFTH.

WHICH TELLS SOMETHING OF THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF AMERICA AS THE OLD NAVIGATORS FOUND THEM—MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It is now holiday time with the most of you, I dare say, my young friends, and I am very glad of it for your sakes, and wish you much enjoyment in all your sports and employments.

I am not going to tell you a long story this time—no indeed—but one of the very shortest I can think of. Our last story you remember was about the Portuguese navigator, Gaspar Cortereal who was so very cruel as to steal away the poor natives of the new country he visited, from their friends and their homes. You felt, I dare say, a kindly interest in those people, and would be willing perhaps to hear something more about them.

It has been observed respecting the discovery of America, that among the advantages derived from that great event, one not the least important, was the opening of a new page in the history of man. The human race was here presented in a view very different from any which the wise men of the old world had before known. It was something altogether new to hear of nations consisting only of handfuls of men, if we may so speak, roaming through unbounded forests, and depending chiefly upon the precarious chances of the chase for subsistence. As it may be interesting to you to hear what was said respecting the natives of America just about the time the country was first discovered, I will show you a letter that was written only a few days after the return of Cortereal from his first voyage. The writer of this letter was one Pietro Pasquiligi who was then Venetian Ambassador at the Court of Portugal. Now here is part of the letter for you to read. It is addressed to his brothers in Italy—and he thus writes to them:—

"On the 8th of October, [1501,"] says he, "there arrived at this port (Lisbon,) one of the two caravels which were last year despatched by the King of Portugal for the discovery of lands lying in the north, under the command of Gaspar Cortereal. He relates that he has discovered a country situated between the west and north-west, distant from this about 2000 miles, and which before the present time was utterly unknown. They report that this land is thickly peopled, and that the houses are built of very long beams of timber, and covered with the furs of the skins of fishes. They have brought hither along with them seven of the inhabitants, including men, women, and children; and in the other caravel, which is looked for every hour, they are bringing fifty more. These people, in colour, figure, stature, and expression, greatly resemble gipsies:

they are clothed with the skins of different beasts, but chiefly of the otter, wearing the hair outside in summer, and next to the skin in winter. These skins, too, are not sewed together, nor shaped to the body in any fashion, but wrapped around their arms and shoulders exactly as taken from the animals; while they conceal the parts which nature forbids us to expose with strong cords made of the sinews or entrails of fishes. On this account their appearance is completely savage; yet they are very sensible to shame, gentle in their manners, and better made in their arms, legs, and shoulders than can be expressed. Their faces are punctured in the same manner as the Indians; some have six marks, some eight, some fewer: they use a language of their own, but it is understood by no one. Moreover, I believe that every possible language has been addressed to them. They have no iron in their country, but manufacture knives out of certain kinds of stones, with which they point their arrows. They have great plenty of salmon, herring, stockfish, and similar kinds of fish. They have also abundance of timber, and principally of the pine, fitted for the masts and yards of ships; on which accounts his serene majesty anticipates the greatest advantage from this country, both in furnishing timber for his shipping, of which he at present stands in great need, and also from the men who inhabit it, who appear admirably fitted to endure labour, and will probably turn out the best slaves which have been discovered up to this time. This arrival appeared to me an event of which it was right to inform you; and if on the arrival of the other caravel I receive any additional information, it shall be transmitted to you in like manner."

So this is part of the Ambassador's letter, written more than 300 years ago, which you have just read. Now there is just a little anecdote I have got to tell you, which I am sure will very much please you,—and then I shall have to bid you good bye.

There was a great navigator whom we have not spoken of yet, who visited America some time after Cortereal. Sailing along a certain part of the coast he came to a spot where he wished to make a landing, but the waves lashed so against the shore as to make it impossible for him to land at the spot in the ordinary way.

"In this perplexity," as the story goes, "a young sailor undertook to swim to land and accost the natives; but when he saw the crowds which thronged the beach he repented of his purpose, and although within a few yards of the landing place, his courage failed, and he attempted to turn back. At this moment the water only reached the waist; but, overcome with terror and exhaustion, he had scarcely strength to cast his presents and trinkets upon the beach, when a high wave cast him stupified and senseless upon the shore. The savages ran immediately to his assistance, and carried him to a little distance from the sea, where it was some time before he recovered his recollection; and great was his terror when he found himself entirely in their power. Stretching his hands towards the ship, he uttered a piercing shriek, to which his friends of the New World replied by raising a loud yell, intended, as he afterwards found, to encourage him. But, if this was sufficiently alarming, their further proceedings proved still more formidable. They carried him to the foot of a hill, turned his face towards the sun, kindled a large fire, and stripped him naked. No doubt was now left in the mind of the unhappy man, that they were about to offer him as a sacrifice to the sun; and his companions on board, who watched the progress of the adventure, unable, from the violence of the sea, to lend him assistance, were of the same opinion. They thought that the natives were going to roast and eat him. But their fears were soon turned into gratitude and astonishment; for they only dried his clothes, warmed him, and shewed him every mark of kindness, caressing and patting his white skin; and on observing that he still trembled and looked suspicious, they assisted him to dress, conducted him to the beach, tenderly embraced him, and pointing to the vessel, removed to a little distance to shew that he was at liberty to return to his friends. This he did by swimming to the ship's boat, which had been put out to receive him, followed by the kind gestures of the savages, who gazed after him till they saw him safe among his friends."

The spot where this very pretty incident happened is conjectured to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of New York—between New Jersey and Staten Island, as some people think. The beauty of this part of the coast of America at any rate is quite worthy of so pretty a story, and of the amiable people who then lived there.

CONUNDRUMS.

If bank notes could speak, what celebrated Roman name would they utter?

Why is a peach stone like a regiment.

Why is a woman churning like a caterpillar?

A SWINGING SONG.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Merry it is on a summer's day
All through the meadows to wend away;
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow
And the little fish twinkle down below;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing,
Oh! sure enough 'tis a merry thing—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing!

Merry it is on a winter's night,
To listen to tales of elf and sprite;
Of caves and castles so dim and old,—
The dismallest tales that ever were told;—
And then to laugh, and then to sing.
You may take my word 'tis a merry thing,
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing!

Down with the hoop upon the green;
Down with the ringing tambourine;—
Little care we for this or for that;
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat!
Away we go, like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! "Now for the Queen,"
This is the way we swing—we swing!

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is so light,—
Mount up behind him—there, that is right!
Down bends the branch now!" swing him away;
Higher yet,—higher yet—higher I say!
Oh! what a joy it is! now let us sing
"A pear for the Queen—an apple for the king!"
And shake the old tree as we swing—we swing!

Whenever we make promises, we ought always to keep them, for nobody will place any dependence upon us, when once we have broken our word.

A CHAPTER ON SPICES.

You know, I suppose, my dear readers, what spices are? perhaps you could not give me a satisfactory definition of them, though you might know them when you met with them. They are a vegetable production, fragrant to the smell and pungent to the palate, used for flavouring sauces, meats, cakes, &c. There are a great variety of them, and I imagine you would like to learn something about them, that when you taste them you may know where they come from, and how they grow, and are prepared.

I will begin with the nutmeg, as it is considered the richest of all spices. The nutmeg tree grows as large as a pear tree, its leaves resemble those of the peach tree, its blossoms have a pleasant odour, and are a little like the rose; the fruit is about the size of a walnut, and has two barks, the first thick, the second which is very thin is called mace, and is a rich and fragrant spice.

Nutmegs grow plentifully in the Asiatic Island of Banda, which belongs to the Dutch. The tree produces three crops annually, in the months of April, August, and December. The whole tree resembles in growth and height a peach, its leaves are very aromatic.

The Cinnamon tree grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, its leaves are oval, the flowers small and fragrant, and they are succeeded by a fruit, resembling the olive, but it is, as I suppose you know, the bark, that we use for seasoning; it is procured by making an incision on the under side of the branch which causes the bark to curl, and to separate itself almost voluntarily, when acted upon by the sun. It is the inner bark we use, the outer, having no flavour.

From this bark a valuable oil is extracted, and the roots of the tree yield Camphor, though this is not the only species of tree from which that drug is extracted. They manufacture the oil, found in the fruit of the Cinnamon tree, into candles, in the Island of Ceylon, where it grows most abundantly, though it is now cultivated successfully in Jamaica, and several neighbouring islands.

Cloves which rank next in the spices, grow abundantly in the Malacca or Spice islands ; when pulled from the trees, all the care they require is to dry, and preserve them from the air. When first gathered they are of a reddish colour, but become brown by drying, when fresh they yield by pressure, a rich oil which is much esteemed.

Allspice or Pimento, is not much valued as a spice, but still some persons like it occasionally, it is a native of Jamaica, and grows on a low shrub.

Ginger is an aromatic root much used both as a spice, and a medicine. The plant grows two or three feet high, its leaves are very large and of a dark green; the flowers form a kind of spike, and are fragrant and beautifully coloured. The plant grows wild in some parts of Asia, and is much cultivated in both the East and West India islands. The root does not grow deep in the earth, but spreads just below its surface, it is prepared for use in two ways. When intended for what is called ginger, it is picked, scraped, washed, and dried in the sun. Black ginger is prepared by immersing the root in boiling water. The last process is much more expeditious and less expensive than the other. When intended for sweetmeats, the roots are dug when quite young and tender, they make a fine preserve.

Pepper is the fruit of a climbing plant and grows in clusters of from twenty to thirty grains each. The berries are green when young, but when ripe of a bright red colour. They are considered fit to gather as soon as they begin to turn red, and are then spread on mats in the sun to dry, which renders them black and shrivelled, when ground in this state it receives the name of black pepper. To make white pepper, the best and soundest grains are selected, and steeped in salt water for the space of a week, at the end of which time the skins burst, and the grains are taken from the water, and spread to dry, the skins are then rubbed off, the pepper reduced to powder, and packed for sale.

Thus I have given you my young friends, quite a long chapter on the principal spices, you will remember the facts in it, I trust, and perhaps before long we will have another chat, on "Common things."

THE ROSE AND THE THISTLE

A FABLE.

"How much I am superior to you!" said the Thistle to the Rose-tree. "Where you have one thorn I have fifty, you rarely can catch hold of a passenger, but I catch all that pass.

"I have enough weapons to defend myself," said the rose," and it is contrary to my principles to molest those who do not molest me."

"But they break off your head continually," said said the thistle, because you do not resist it as I do, They never touch *me*."

"Perhaps they *esteem* me, more than they do you," said the rose; "and you may owe your being untouched to your worthlessness more than to your numerous thorns."

"It is modest in you to say so," but I prefer such neglect to the kindness that would kill me."

"We must all die sooner or later," said the rose, "and I would rather die in giving pleasure to my friends, and attended by their regrets, than to live neglected and useless, and die forgotten and unregretted."

CLOUDS.

OH! tell me, mother, what are clouds,
So wondrous strange they seem,
Floating across the summer sky,
As noiseless as a dream?
I watched one rising slowly up,
Of thick and inky hue,
That over all the landscape fair
A gloomy shadow threw.

But as I mourned, the sudden change
And brightness passed away,
A breeze sprang up, and o'er the cloud
There glanced a sunny ray:
And, lo! what seemed so dull before,
No longer shadow flings,
But, touched with light and glory, turns
To angels' snowy wings."

"My child," the gentle mother said,
With a quick starting tear,
"Clouds, both to young and old alike,
Dark mysteries appear.
But, oh! beloved one! may'st thou still
With pure undoubting eyes,
Through life's dark storms, however wild,
God's angels recognize."

E. J. D.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP.

My Dear Young Friends,—

You took a peep with me last month, at least I hope you did, into the tea-preparing establishments of China and Japan; I, for my part, like the climate of those regions so well, that I am inclined to stay there a little longer; you, who have all been complaining sadly of the heat the last few weeks, (I have heard you, though you did not know it,) would, perhaps, rather go to Siberia or Iceland; but I should like to visit the Coral Islands and Reefs which stud the Indian Ocean, and all along the coast of China and Japan.

Some of them are quite large, like Nuns' Island, others only forming a little circling outline; within is a smooth, pleasant bay, which might tempt the ignorant sailor to moor his vessel in its quiet waters, but woe to him if he does; he would be lost, indeed.

You have all of you, I am sure, seen the pretty branching coral of which these islands are made; many of you, I might almost say all of you, have worn it around your necks and wrists, cut into bracelets and necklaces; for what child is there to whom some kind friend does not present this coveted gift, and if not worn by you, you have whistled many a time, to the discomfiture of your friends, through the smooth coral mouthpiece of your whistle and bells, so that you should all feel an interest in the article, and I am quite sure you will be surprised when I tell you these ornaments and playthings, or rather the substance of which they are made, was formed by a tiny insect.

If you could really see those pretty islands and reefs which stud the whole shores of Asia, the Red Sea, and all the coasts of Africa, you would not believe it possible that all this work has been accomplished by a little insect, a thing which, perhaps, you would despise, were you to see it, and yet do you ever hope to accomplish half that those little creatures have done—aye, if you only believe it, you can do more, and better things. The work of this patient insect has destroyed navies, for ship after ship has struck upon the unseen, but fatal reefs, and gone down with naught but the coral insect to mourn over them. They have been the means of giving much unhappiness. You may, by being as persevering in good works, do as much good in your own circles.

There are three kinds of coral formed by these insects; the red, of which the ornaments are always made, and which is saleable chiefly for its brilliant color; it is also used in medicine. White coral is the most abundant, and black the most valued, because the rarest. An interesting traveller in Sicily thus describes the method practised there to obtain the coral:

The coral fishers make a great cross of wood, to the centre of which they fix a heavy stone, or any other weighty substance. Nets are tied to the arms of the cross, which are balanced by a rope to keep the whole steady. This machine they let down in the water till they feel it touch the bottom. The rope is then made fast to the boat, and the fishers row about over the coral beds. The stones breaks off the coral from the rocks, and it gets entangled in the nets. When they have taken a sufficient quantity they raise the machine and disentangle the coral.

You would think, I suppose, that a coral island must be a very funny looking thing, branching up in all directions, and rough and jagged; but it is not so; they often make the most beautiful islands. There are one or two on the coast of New South Wales which are described as being quite as pretty as our St. Helens. The little insect laborers cannot work out of the water; they build from the bottom of the sea to the top a solid wall, sometimes more than 200 feet high; as it comes to the surface they leave it, and descend again, or work it out in breadth; by degrees the reef, as it is termed, gathers loose substances, which form upon it a nice vegetable soil; then cocoa nuts get floated to it, land birds visit it, carrying the seeds of shrubs and trees; every high tide and every gale adds something to it; it soon assumes the form of an island, and before long it looks so tempting and pretty that man takes possession of it, builds there his cabin or his hut, gathers his family about him, and children dance and play, and find pretty shells, sponges and corals upon this island, not knowing that it has been raised wholly by the labor of bands of little creatures so small as to be called Animalculœ. It is a wonderful thing, is it not? I hope you will all strive to do as much work in your own way as these apparently insignificant little creatures, then will you never feel when your life comes to a close, that it has been lost or misimproved.

I will just tell you, too, my dear young friends, what some of you, perhaps, are not aware of, that the sponge which you see and use every day is also formed by a sea insect or worm, upon rocks in the sea. It is, as you well know, a most useful substance.

And now I hope you will look with more interest upon corals and the sponges; and that our peep at the Islands and Reefs will retain a pleasant place in your memory; and trusting you will all keep cool and comfortable this warm month of August,

I remain your affectionate friend,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

The Editors have not yet received any answer to the enigma in their last, though they know very well that their young readers have been constantly playing with, and using the little "airy creatures." In all their sports and games, in their quiet readings and conversations with their mammas, in their school hours they have fun in employing these fine little spirits, and in making them do just what they like. Do you doubt it? Try and see what sentence you can form without the *vowels*, and then acknowledge that they are essential.

The Editors regret that their Snow Drop did not unfold its leaves and open its buds quite as punctually the last month, as usual. Their friends at a distance must have thought the intense heat had parched and blighted it, but they trust in future that neither heat nor cold will retard its opening at the proper time.

The following is an extract from a letter, which appeared in an interesting periodical called "The Youth's visiter," published at Cincinnati.

"My little boy George, who is one of your subscribers was grieved to learn from the Visitor that your subscription list has been much reduced. He showed his grief by setting out at once with some old numbers of the paper to solicit new subscribers. In a little while he returned, filled with joy at his success. He had attained eight new subscribers, and the money which I send you, was paid cash in hand; I wish each one of you, young Subscribers, would go, and do likewise."

Most heartily do we echo the wish not only for our friend the Visitor, but for ourselves, as it is by that kind of interest alone, our work can be fully accomplished.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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THE FIRST THEFT.

EMILY ASCOTT was about ten years old; her mamma was in very bad health, and had for many months been wholly confined to her bed. She had no family but Emily, and a little boy about four years old. Emily was a very good little girl, up to the time I am going to tell you of; she had been the greatest comfort to her parents; she was very attentive to her lessons, tried as much as possible to avoid giving trouble, and to be as useful to her mamma in every way as she could. Every morning she made breakfast for her papa, sat at the head of the table and poured out his tea for him, and when his breakfast was over, she put away the sugar, marmalade, and all the things that had been used, locked the tea caddy, and the side-board, and took the bunch of keys into her mamma's room, before she went out to school at ten o'clock.

Emily was passionately fond of sweet things. Now it cannot well be called a *fault* for a little boy or girl to be fond of sweets; but I have often thought it was a great misfortune, both to mind and body, for it leads to many disgraceful faults, both in childhood and manhood. A greedy, self indulging child, will surely be a greedy, self-indulging man or woman.

For a long time after Emily was entrusted with her mamma's keys, she continued most strictly honest, though sorely tempted when she was taking out jelly or marmalade for breakfast and tea, to taste a little of it herself. One morning she was taking out sugar from the cannister into the bowl and a piece fell; Emily sought on the floor, but could not find it, but after she had taken the keys to her mamma's room, she observed the bit of sugar lying under a chair; she picked it up; it was a nice large piece; she thought "I'm sure it's not worth while to go for the keys just to put back this one bit of sugar—I think I'll just eat it." She did so, and thought it was excellent; but even while she was crunching it in her mouth, the thought rose in her mind, "I wonder if it was dishonest in me to eat this?" and she endeavoured to persuade herself that the sugar having *fallen*, made it not dishonest in her to take it. Next morning she purposely let fall another piece, and did *not* look for it, and then in the same way she picked it up afterwards and eat it; she found it very difficult to persuade herself *this* was not dishonest, so she tried not to think of it at all.

Once or twice her little brother came toddling into the room, when she was thieving in this little way, and she trembled from head to foot, lest he should notice what she was about. Once it occurred to her, "Oh! how wrong what I am doing must be, since I dread even an infant seeing me."

Thus, my young readers, did unfortunate Emily *begin*, and I beg you will observe that the misfortunes she came to endure, would never have happened but for this *trifle*, as some would call it; but nothing, however small, is a *trifle* that *begins a sin.*

She very soon gave up the ceremony of letting the bits of sugar *fall;* instead of that they were thrust into her pocket, not a lump at a time, but in whole handfulls. At length one morning when she was at this work, and had pushed more pieces into her pocket than she had ever done before, she felt herself rudely whirled round by a strong arm. Emily grew blind with terror lest it was her papa, and it was some relief to her to find it was only Sally, the housemaid.

This was a servant against whom her mamma had frequently warned her, and desired her to have no familiarity or communication with her. "Oh, ho, miss!" said Sally in an impertinent tone. "So I've caught you; that's the way you go on, is it, when your mother gives you the keys, instead of giving them to *me*, as she ought to do! I'm very glad I have found you out, however. I'll soon let your mother know what a fine steward she has chosen for the keys. Ha! ha! ha!"

Emily felt her heart burst with indignation at this insulting language, but what could she do? *She was degraded by her own conduct*, and dared not resent it. So far from it, she besought in a most humble manner, the insolent Sally, not to inform her mamma of what she had seen; but Sally was too cunning to yield to her entreaties, without making her pay dearly for it, so she pretended to be quite immoveable. Driven to desperation, the weeping Emily threw herself on her knees before her.

"Oh, Sally, *dear* Sally, do not tell mamma of me and I will give you all I have in the world, my four half crowns, Sally; I'll give you my four half crowns?"

"What do I care for your half crowns?" said the wicked woman; "tis not four crowns, that will make me let you go, I can tell you that, Miss Thief."

"Oh, Sally! tell me what you will have, and if I can, I will give it you," said the miserable child.

"Well, well," said Sally with a sneer, "rise up and dry your eyes, and in the first place let me see your half-crowns."

Away Emily ran, and brought her treasured half-crowns, her birth-day present from her father. How proudly had they been received, how proudly kept! and *now*, how were they going? To buy the concealment of her guilt? Was the poor pleasure of eating bits of sugar, or spoonfuls of jelly, or eating anything, worth such a sacrifice.

Sally deliberately put the half crowns in her pocket, and then said, "Now you must give me some tea."

"Tea," repeated the trembling Emily. "I have no tea."

"Haven't you the keys though, you little rogue?" said Sally with a loud laugh. "Haven't you the keys of the tea chest?"

"But Sally, that is mamma's tea; I dare not take it to give to you."

"Oh! ho!" retorted Sally, "you've grown *honest* all of a sudden, have you, Miss? Very well, good bye to ye; I'll go and tell your mamma this very moment what I found you doing;" and she walked towards the door. Emily flew after her crying,

"Oh don't, don't tell mamma, Sally—I beg you not to."

"Will you be a good girl then and give me some tea? Why do you make such a fuss about it, 'tis no more than your mother would do, if she were up. She often gave me tea, aye a pound at a time in a present."

"Did she, Sally?" said Emily, fearing it was a lie the woman was telling, and yet eager to believe anything that made her own conduct less culpable. "Did she really?" repeated she.

"To be sure she did," said the wicked Sally, with the greatest effrontery; "come, come," she added, "just give me the key and I'll take it, and then it will not be your doing, you know."

Emily's hand shrunk, and her conscience condemned her when she allowed Sally to take the keys, with which her good kind mamma had entrusted her, and help herself to a quantity of tea and sugar also. She did not dare to go to her mamma's bedside, to bid her good bye as usual. She laid down the keys on the table and shrunk out of the room.

All day at school she was utterly more miserable than I can describe, and many many were the repentant resolutions she formed, never never while she breathed, to be guilty of the smallest theft. Her thoughts were not upon her lessons, so that all went wrong, and all her teachers were displeased with her.

She had medals both in the French and Grammar classes and had kept them for more than a week, but that day she lost them both. She came home miserable, dejected, and humiliated. At the door she was met by Sally,—she started back with horror and disgust from her, but Sally was all smiles, and whispering to her she said: "Look in the little press in your own room, and see what I have put there for you!"

When Emily went to her room, and looked into the cupboard, she found there a nice large apple tart. Now Emily's mamma had most strictly forbidden her ever to accept sweet things, or eatables of any sort from the servants. This order she had hitherto strictly obeyed; but, alas! when we commit one fault, where shall we end? Had she strength but for one moment, she would have seen that to accept of presents of this sort from Sally, was to put herself more and more in her power, and must make it more impossible for her to keep to the good resolutions she had formed of never being dishonest again.

Too late did she find this to be true, for no sooner had she gone in the parlour next morning than Sally followed her, and told her she must have some coffee; and a glass or two of brandy for a sick cousin. Emily was quite unprepared for a renewal of these demands, for like a poor inexperienced child, she fancied that the half crowns, the tea and sugar of the day before had for ever silenced her. Poor little girl! she burst into tears, and begged and implored her not to oblige her to steal any more. Sally just tossed her hand and said: "Oh! that is the way is it? very well I'll just step up and tell your mamma what you have already done. There was no word of this mighty honesty, when you were eating the tart I prepared with the sugar you gave me—I put every grain of it into that tart. But I am sure I doesn't need to care for it; you may do just as you please."

"Oh!" thought Emily, "that I never had been so dishonest, and then I could never have been so very miserable."

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed. Sally left the room, and Emily heard her go up the stairs that led to her mamma's apartment, and unable to endure the thought she had gone to tell her, she flew up the stairs and beckoning to her told her she would give her what she wanted. Alas! alas! if instead of thus weakly yielding to the fear of her mother's just displeasure for what was past, she had gone at once to her room, and throwing herself at her dear mamma's feet, confessed all to her; how very different would that evil have been! no doubt a papa or a mamma's displeasure is hard to bear, the fear of paining them is a dreadful thing; but oh! my little readers! remember how much easier it is to make a confession, when you are at the beginning of your faults, than it can ever be again; and that a sincere confession will bring forgiveness with it. So well does every good parent know the value of a habit of sincerity in their children that a *great* fault *confessed* will sooner be forgiven than a *small* one *concealed*.

Thus it went on, however, for Emily had no one to advise or direct her, and from day to day Sally increased her demands, always taking care to pamper the child's appetite for sweets, and Emily always eating what was offered her, though her conscience constantly upbraided her. At length one morning Sally told her she must have the keys with her, instead of putting them into her mamma's room.

"Oh! Sally, how can I do that? You know mamma would notice, if I did not lay them on the table as usual."

"Oh! ho! no fear! you know your mamma's curtains are always shut, so all you have to do is just to jingle the keys on the table, as if you were laying them down, and then bring them out in your hand. I'm not going to do any harm with the keys; it's only in case they are wanted when you are out; it's so strange to say I never have the keys; I always had the whole keys I can tell you in my last place.

"I cannot do it, Sally; indeed, indeed, I cannot," said Emily, imploringly.

"Well, well, just as you please. I have a fine large pot of sweetmeats, I got in a present, and I meant to have given it to you; but if so be you won't do that much for me, I'll keep them to myself.

"What sort of sweetmeats, Sally?"

"Fine West India sweetmeats, to be sure."

"And how big is the pot?" said Emma, wistfully.

"As big is that," said Sally, holding up her two hands.

"Oh! dear me, I would like to taste them,—are they very nice?"

"Nice! you never tasted anything so nice in all your life; I meant to have given the whole pot to you, but I won't do it now, since you won't give me the keys, and it's only for your mamma's credit, I wished to have them, other people's servants laugh at her for her scrubbiness when they see I have not the keys. The sound of Mr. Ascott's step put an end to Miss Sally's speech, and sent her like a shot through another door.

(To be continued.)

As you cannot overtake time, the best way is to be always a few minutes before him.

THE DAISY'S MISTAKE.

A sunbeam and zephyr were playing about,
One spring ere a blossom had peeped from the stem,
When they heard underground a faint fairy-like shout—
'Twas the voice of a field daisy calling to them:

" Oh! tell me, my friends, has the winter gone by?
Is it time to come up? is the crocus there yet?
I know you are sporting above, and I sigh
To be with you and kiss you; 'tis long since we met.

" I've been ready this great while, all dressed for the show
I've a gem on my bosom that's pure as a star;
And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow:
And I mean to be brighter than crocuses are."

Now the zephyr and sunbeam were wild with delight,
It seemed a whole age since they played with a flower;
So they told a great fib to the poor little sprite,
That was languishing down in her underground bower.

" Come out! little darling! as quick as you can!
The crocus, the cowslip, and butterfly too,
Have been up here this fortnight, we're having grand times,
And all of them hourly asking for you!

" The cowslip is crowned with a topaz tiara;
The crocus is flaunting in golden attire;
But you, little pet! are a thousand times fairer,
To see you but once is to love and admire!

" The skies shine benignantly all the day long,
The bee drinks your health in the purest of dew;
The lark has been waiting to sing you a song,
Which he practised in Love-land on purpose for you.

" Come, come! you are either too bashful, or lazy,
Lady Spring made this season an early entrée,
And she wonders what could have become of the daisy—
We'll call you coquettish, if still you delay."

Then a still small voice in the heart of the flower,
  It was instinct, that whispered her; "Oh ! do not go !
You had better be quiet, and wait for your hour;
  It is not too late even yet for snow."

But the little field blossom was foolish and vain,
  And she said to herself, "What a belle I shall be !"
So she sprang to the light, as she broke from her chain,
  And gaily she cried, "I am free! I am free!"

A shy little thing is the daisy, you know,
  And she was half frightened to death when she found
Not a blossom had even begun yet to blow!
  Now she wished herself safe again under the ground.

The tear in her timid and sorrowful eye,
  Might well put the zephyr and sunbeam to blush;
But the saucy ligh tlaughed, and said, "Pray do not cry!"
  And the gay zephyr sung to her "Hush! sweet, hush!"

They kissed her and petted her fondly at first;
  But a storm arose and the false light fled,
And the zephyr changed into an angry breeze
  That scolded her until she was almost dead!

The gem on her bosom was stained and dark,
  The snow of her robe had lost its light;
And tears of sorrow had drained the spark
  Of beauty and youth, that made her bright!

And so she lay with her fair head low,
  And mournfully sighed in her dying hour,
"Ah! had I courageously answered No!"
  I had now been safe in my native bower.

MRS. F. OSGOOD.

When you set about a good work, do not rest till you have completed it.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

A LITTLE girl and boy were once seated on a flower bank, talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got, what a fine new jacket and trowsers, and what a fine pair of shoes It is not every one that is dressed so finely as I am."

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat. I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not as much as mine, I know," said the boy.

"Hold your peace!" said a caterpillar, crawling in the hedge, "you have neither of you any reason to be proud of your clothes, for they are only second handed, and have all been worn by some creature or other of which, but—you think not—merely before they were upon you. Why, that silk first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," said a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen, or cast off by some of my race."

"What do you say to that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said the sheep grazing close by; "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know the beaver has supplied that article; and my friends the oxen and calves in that field, not merely their flesh to eat, but their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of your clothing, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them; and even then we could not use them, if God did not give us wisdom to contrive the best way of making them to fit neat, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.—*Youth's Visiter.*

A TAME SQUIRREL.

In the middle of May, the children of a farmer took a young squirrel from the nest, at an age when it had begun to eat a little, though it was still nursed by its mother. Its captors placed it under the care of a cat, who had then one kitten, all the rest of the litter having been drowned. The cat nursed the little squirrel along with her own offspring for about a week, at the end of which time it (the squirrel) was purchased by a gentleman's family, and immediately transferred to another cat, who had two kittens instead of one. Both cats treated their foster child with equal kindness, though the first was naturally a fierce, ill-tempered creature, and the second was equally remarkable for a sweetness and gentleness of disposition quite uncommon in her race.*

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* This Cat was herself by no means unworthy of notice. The constant and unwearied attachment she shewed to her master and mistress, especially to the latter, though she had received no particular notice from her, were extraordinary. Whenever the lady came into the kitchen, "Fair," invariably, by the most engaging caresses, endeavoured most unremittingly to attract her attention, and was quite transported if she succeeded. She would follow them round the garden in their walks like a dog, and the strength of affection she displayed, utterly free from the usual caprices of cats, was a daily cause of wonder. She was never known to scratch or express anger, except against a dog in behalf of her kittens.

The young squirrel remained under the care of its new nurse for another week, and lived on terms of perfect friendship with the kittens as well as herself. Although she constantly nursed him, he readily ate potatoes, and sugar moistened with water; this last was always his favorite food. He also drank even at this time great quantities of water, a practice he always continued. He was as tame as possible, eat out of the hand, and allowed himself to be fondled as much as was consistent with his restless nature. When removed from the cat, he was kept for a short time in a cage which had been occupied by doves, but being very unhappy in confinement he was soon set at liberty, without much hope of seeing him again. But though rejoiced at finding himself among the trees, and enjoying a frolic in the laurels, he showed no wish to withdraw himself from his human companions. He came down from the tree the same evening, and ate a piece of biscuit from the hand of his owner.

He did not seem to lose his affectionate interest in his foster mother; he had been several days separated from her, when she one day suddenly made her appearance. Puss (as the squirrel was called), ran up to her in delight, and sitting upon his hind legs licked her mouth while she affectionately licked him all over; finally he climbed upon her back and sat on her head. With the kittens too he tumbled about, and frolicked with the greatest affection.

When fully at liberty, and quite able to feed himself without doors, he constantly frequented the house, either to be fed or have a game at play with the children; he was the most amusing little pet, full of fun and frolic, like all little squirrels, and tame to a degree which could not be surpassed. He delighted to be present at meals, when he would jump upon the table, run round, and either receive food from the hand, or select whatever suited his fancy, particularly bread, butter and potatoes. He always took the largest piece from the food before him; he would run round the table when set for dinner, and make away with the largest piece of bread; at breakfast with the largest pat of butter. When he had satisfied himself, he carried off whatever he could to a place of concealment, not always well chosen; he would hide nuts, or bread and butter, on the person of the young ladies of the family, or in the neckcloth or dressing gown of the gentlemen.

On one occasion he manifested something of the carnivorous nature of his foster parent. He discovered in the shrubbery a chaffinch's nest, from which he stole the young ones, one by one, and killed two of them, of which he partly devoured one, growling when an attempt was made to take it from him. On his third visit to the nest he fell in with his old playmates the kittens, who had been attracted to the spot by the scent of blood; he immediately abandoned his murderous occupation, and in great delight began a game of play with them, for they too preferred amusing themselves with him, to pursuing their natural prey.

He always came when called by his name, "Puss," and though he often bit in play, and pretty sharply too, he never took that means of expressing anger, which he showed only by a growl. When impatient for food he made a little grunting noise. He loved to climb up the persons of all the inmates of the house, which he did with the greatest agility. Though he did not seem to bestow affection on one more than another, yet he distinguished dresses, and would notice the same person much more in one dress than another. The footman for instance when in livery, he always delighted to clamber over; but when out of livery, he paid no attention to him.

Puss continued the pet of the whole house for three months. In August the family left that part of the country, and the squirrel was left behind. On the departure of his owners a gentleman in the neighborhood kindly took charge of the little animal, and removed him to his own residence. Here he remained quite contentedly, though never displaying the same familiarity as with his other guardians. Though every kindness was shown him, and he was tempted with his favorite food, he could not be induced to enter the house in the presence of its inmates, though he would make his way to the drawing room when they were not there, and eat the bread and butter they had put for him.

Once too he ran up the arm of one of the ladies as she was in the garden, and accompanied her to the house to be fed. Having received a piece of potatoe he retired. The wild squirrels have taken no notice of him, and at this moment he is still alive and happy in the state of liberty.

THE CHILD AND THE INSECT.

A CHILD was chasing a beautiful insect with golden wing. Ever as it lighted to suck the honey from the flower, she darted forward to seize it in her tiny hand, but as often it rose triumphantly and fluttered over her head as if to mock her futile efforts. Wearied at last, she threw herself upon the ground, and with a look of sweet resignation, she said, "Well no matter, it might have stung me." While smiling at the little one's philosophy I could not but breathe the prayer that in after years when golden insects shall flutter round her, and elude her eager grasp, the same kind spirit might come to her and whisper, "It might have stung me."

THE REINDEER.

I AM sure, my dear young readers, you have often seen pictures of the Laplander driving his light fur sledge over the frozen snows of his own country, and you must have noticed that instead of the strong and noble horse which we use to draw our carriages and to ride upon, the Laplander's vehicle was harnessed to a tall graceful creature, with large branching horns or antlers. I am looking at a picture of one now, which I wish I could show you, it has such a pretty long face, with large stag-like eyes—its form is not so round and symmetrical as our deer, but it looks stronger and firmer, and as if able to do ten times the work.

Now this Lapland is a cold, barren, wild country, with very little variety of fruits, flowers, or animals; they have no horses, cows or sheep, for they could find no subsistence there, and could not endure the extreme rigor of the long winter season. Well, we know how essential these animals are to us; we could hardly exist without them, so how do you think the poor Laplander's do, who from living in such a cold and dreary place would seem to require more of the real comforts of life than we do?

Why, those pretty reindeer serve all their purposes; they are tamed and trained to draw sledges, carriages, or burthens of any kind; they travel with great swiftness, and can run upon the frozen snow as easily as the mossy down; the female gives milk more substantial and nourishing than that of the cow; the flesh is very good to eat, his coat makes an excellent fur, and the dressed skin becomes a supple, and durable leather,—so you see this useful creature unites in itself all the virtues of the three animals we value most.

Well may the bright little Laplanders prize their reindeer, when they are almost the only thing of any real value they possess. A man is rich in that simple country according to the number of them he possesses. Some have herds of three or four hundred, others only ten or twelve; they are driven home every night to be milked. Linnæus, the Swedish botanist, says it was very amusing to observe the manner of driving them home; it is done by a woman with a dog—if the reindeer prove refractory, the dog easily made them obey the word of command, seconded by the hissing of the woman, which seemed to terrify them a good deal.

The head of the reindeer is grey, blackish about the eyes—mouth whitish—nostrils oblique—tail short, not more than six inches long; the whole body is grey, The horns of the female are upright, with one or two small branches. Those of the male are often two feet and a half long, and their points are far distant from each other; they cast their horns every year, the males in November, the females in May.

They dislike the heat very much, and when permitted to face the wind, they run very fast, and without intermission, in hopes of finding a place to cool themselves, and sometimes they crowd together under the shadow of a hill on a spot covered with snow, in order to avoid the reflection of the sun from the snow in other places.

And what do you imagine these reindeer live on, seeing they are in a country where there are no rich pastures, no fields of waving grain? He crops in summer the buds and leaves of trees, and in the winter he lives upon a small white moss, which he finds under the snow; he throws up the snow with his feet, or ploughs it with his horns, and finds under it this moss, which is his most dainty food. I found the other day such a pretty piece of poetry about this moss, and the reindeer, that I think I must copy it for you,

The docile swift reindeer! Oh, when I was a child
I loved all strange fantastic tales, the wondrous and the wild,
I read about the "Hundred Nights," in the Arabian tales,
That tell of genii, sprites, and dwarfs, of gold and diamond vales.
I read of Eastern gardens, and palaces so rare,
And of sultans and sultanas, the cruel and the fair;
I read of Robin Crusoe, Ah! how I loved that book,
Nor even yet, hath its strong charm wholly my mind forsook.
I read of voyages without end, of travels many too,
And fairy tales and story books, of these, good sooth, not few.
But I remember, more than all, I loved to think and hear,
Of thee—thou strong and beautiful! thou swift and good reindeer!

I remember in my earliest home, a dim antique beaufet.
And high upon its many shelves, things manifold were set.

Some piles of dark old books there were, amid the motley crowd;
And when tall enough to reach them, oh! glad was I, and proud;
And there I found old Æsop, whose fables we all know;
And cookery books of ancient dates, most grim and well worn too;
Those I just peeped at, and put back,—and still went groping on
Deep into the small mine of wealth, that I so late had won.
Soon with some daring tugs, I brought a cumbrous volume slap
Down on the floor! I sat down too, and dragg'd it on my lap,
The binding was antique and worn, the title page was out,
And yet the treasure won from me a child's exultant shout.
For there were pictures many, of beast, and fish and bird,
And *thou* wert there, thou good reindeer, of whom so much I'd heard.
And that great heavy ancient book was such a prize to me.
It told me of the monstrous whale, and the small good honey bee;
It told me of the elephant, the tiger and gazelle,
Of the vast luxuriant jungle, and the long bright desert dell;
Of humming birds that sip the dew of flowers as they fly,
Of prairies wild, and wide and green; of snowy mountains high;
I read there of the Northern Sea, where iceberg islands float,
And crush the great three masted ship, as 'twere a cockle boat;
I read about the harmless seals, and the shaggy Polar bear.
And the mighty troops of hungry wolves, that roam and riot there.
I read of Nature's glorious works, and wondering went on,
And found before me pleasures, whose round will ne'er be done.

And in my good old-fashioned book I read of herb and tree,
That were food for men, and beast and bird, and for the honey bee.
I read of grove like Banyans, of Cedars broad and tall,
Of the lofty towering palm, and the moss, and lichen small,
And then I found how wondrously the poor reindeer was fed,
When over all his frozen land deep winter's snow lay spread.
How God has bid the barren ground produce the strange small thing,
On which whole countless herds of deer are ever pasturing;
How in the woods of Scotland fair, abundantly it grows,
And clothes the earth for many a mile beneath the trackless snows,

How the sagacious reindeer delves, and scents his onward way
Till he reaches his scant mossy food, that doth his toil repay.

Oh! see him with his master's sledge! How swift they glide along,
Like a bird on a fairy car, I've read of in some quaint old song,
Away! o'er the boundless snowy waste, so glittering and bright:
Away! through the dark pine forest as gloomy as the night.
Away! o'er the frozen lake, the river and the fen,—
Away! away! Ye have winsome steeds, ye little Lapland men!
Aye winsome steeds in sooth, with their antlers branched and high.
So sure of foot and swift of pace, they truly seem to fly.
Ye need no palace stables, no saucy pampered grooms,
To stretch your cracking purse-strings, snd strut in liveried plumes.
No heavy half-year's bills, for oats, beans, straw and hay,
The forest yields their lodgment, and food, whereon they stray,
And then we find, in every clime, things beautiful and fair,
Each fitted to fulfil its task of use and beauty there;
And I remember thinking so, when a little child I read
The history of the good reindeer, and the moss whereon they fed."

A SUBTERFUGE.

Two chimney sweeps coming along a bridge near Manchester, where there was a toll to pay, found upon searching their pockets they had only a halfpenny. The one not wishing to leave the other behind, it was agreed to toss up the halfpenny, and the winner thrusting the loser into his soot bag, and laying it over his shoulder, passed through the toll bar without any additional charge.

AUNT FANNY'S STORY.

ON one fine summer evening as Aunt Fanny sat gazing on the lovely scene which lay spread around, her meditations were interrupted by the merry shouts of laughter, from approaching children, and finally the door was thrown open; and in rushed a happy troop of little ones.

"Oh! Aunt Fanny, Aunt Fanny, a story to-night; you promised us one."

"But my conditions," she said, "have they been fulfilled?"

There was a pause; all eyes were turned upon Henry, a dear little blue-eyed boy, who stood with downcast eyes and quivering lips. No one seemed forward to speak; and Henry turned from the group towards the door, till Louisa, the brightest and youngest of the group, rushing forwards, laid her tiny hand on Henry's arm, and said in a low voice, "Stop." Then with one bound she sprang into her Aunt Fanny's lap and clasping her neck with her little arms, and laying her soft cheek to her Aunt, till her fair hair fell over her neck, she said:

"Forgive him dear Aunty, this one little time, and I am sure he will never do it again. He did not mean to—he forgot."

"No I did not forget, dear Aunty," said Henry, bursting into tears, no longer able to restrain himself. "But the cherries did look so tempting that I thought they could not hurt me."

"Oh, do forgive him! oh do! dear Aunty!" exclaimed the whole group. "We are all sure he won't do it again. But the cherries did look so nice that he could not help it."

"Oh no! I will never touch them again," he said.

"Well then, Henry, since you have so candidly acknowledged your fault, and your brothers and sisters have all pleaded for you, and your sweet little sister Loo, (for who could resist her sweet face,) I will forgive you, and hope this may prove a good lesson to you for your future conduct. Now wipe your eyes, and bring your chairs close around me; and Loo you must sit in Auntie's lap, and I will tell you a true story—one that happened to a very dear friend of mine when a little boy.

"Little Walter lived with his mother and sister on the banks of the St. Lawrence, one of the largest and noblest rivers of our Continent, where even the brooks and streams are as large as the rivers of most other countries.

"He was not a bad boy, but he had one or two faults which are very common, I am sorry to say, amongst children. One was he loved to have his own way, and the other was his obstinacy.

"Now his mother, who was very fond of him, and indulged him in all his wishes, when they were reasonable, had forbidden him to go to the banks of the river. But this one thing Walter was very fond of doing, but for a time he obeyed, till temptation, in the shape of a large steamboat which had come up to the Cove to be refitted, was not to be resisted; and he determined, whatever the consequences, to go and see this wonderful boat. So one fine summer afternoon when his mother was not well, and his sister Florence had gone out to drive, he prepared to go to the boat.

"Now Walter's mother had thought she would take him with her to see this boat, for he had been a very good boy lately, and she wished to have him see all that could amuse and improve him. But there was so much danger of his falling into the river, or meeting with bad boys, she did not like to trust him alone. And she determined the next day to go with him.

"But Walter, as I before said, had made up his mind to go that afternoon, taking with him Trim, a large Newfoundland dog, whose faithfulness had before saved him from danger. He took a circuitous route, so as to avoid meeting with those who might question him; he reached the place where the boat was unobserved, and jumping quickly on board found his way over it from the engine room and lower cabin till he reached the upper deck. There after amusing himself, with walking on the broad platform and stopping constantly to look at the mighty engine, and wondering by what process so ponderous a thing could be moved, till the shades of night warned him to seek the homeward path; and descending the narrow ladder-like stairs, he came on the lower deck, stopping to gaze at the workmen who were repairing the boat and heedless that the side of it had been removed, he leant backwards, and fell into the river.

" The loud howl of Trim, who rushed in after him, aroused the attention of a gentleman standing by, and giving the alarm, a boat was launched and Mr. Brenton himself jumped in, hoping to be able to rescue the child of his friend. But it seemed almost impossible for he had sunk twice, and the boat did not gain upon him. But Trim, the faithful one, after many struggles, at last reached him, and held him by his clothes above the water, till his kind friend succeeded in saving him from a watery grave.

" But long did Walter suffer from it. He was utterly insensible when taken out of the water, and a long fit of sickness followed, and many were the good resolves made upon that bed of sickness, that if he lived he would never disobey his dear mother again, whom he was now convinced knew better than he did. And sorry too was he, when he saw her suffering from anxiety caused by his disobedience.

"And did he never disobey again?" said little Loo?

"No, dear; it was too severe a lesson to be lost upon him; he may do wrong sometimes but he never disobeys his mother, though he is now a grown up man."

"And Henry won't again, will you?" said Loo, turning her large hazel eyes to his.

"I will try not to, and will remember the story of poor Walter."

"Yes, dear ones; never disobey what your mother or those older than yourselves say to you, and then you will grow up good men and women. And now the sun has gone to rest, and it is time you were safe in your little nests. So good night, say your prayers and pray that you may always be obedient, and then you will be happy.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE SIXTH.

WHICH TELLS SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

OUR last story, you remember, was about the first inhabitants of this country, as the old navigators found them. As I dare say you would like to hear more concerning these interesting people, we may as well have another short story about them.

You all know very well, my young readers, I have no doubt, that the original inhabitants of this country are called by the name of Indians, but perhaps you do not know the reason why they were called so. It is generally believed that they were called so from the name of the country first discovered by Columbus, being called the Indies. Ever after, as it would appear, the original inhabitants of the New World were known by the name of Indians. The historians of the Old World have long stories to tell about the appearance, dress, and manners of the Indians, but as most of you have seen Indians yourselves, and heard a good deal about them, it would be only wearying you to tell any thing like half of what these historians have to tell. You will have observed that the face of the Indians is broad and flat, with high cheek bones, the forehead low, the eyes black and deeply set, the nose prominent with wide nostrils, and the mouth large, with somewhat thick lips. The stature of the Indians in this northern part of the continent, is generally above the middle size amongst the men, while the stature of the women is usually below that standard. This fact with regard to the women is ascribed to the oppressive drudgery they are compelled to undergo. The manner in which the Indians treat the weaker sex is a very ungenerous feature in their character. Women, according to one writer on the Indian character, serve them as domestics, as tailors, as peasants and as oxen. They till the ground, fish, carry wood and water, build huts, make canoes, and in some of these occupations only, their lords deign to give occasional aid. So used are the Indian women to such services, that when one of them saw a party of English soldiers collecting wood, she exclaimed what a shame it was to see men doing women's work, and began herself to carry a load. This is a very sad picture of savage life, is it not? How very grateful we ought all to feel for the blessings of civilization, which teaches us to cultivate thoughts and feelings of a nobler and gentler nature than those that find their way to the breast of the poor, untutored savage. My dear young readers, I hope you will always endeavour to cultivate noble and gentle thoughts, not only towards your relations, friends and acquaintances, but towards every one, and every living thing you come in contact with. The nearer you approach perfection in this endeavour, not only will you be more esteemed and beloved by your friends for the evidence you give of possessing a noble and gentle nature, but you will have a sweeter reward still, in the approval of your own hearts.

Although it is now more than 300 years ago since the white people from Europe came into this country among the Indians, and brought their superior arts and civilization along with them, we yet at this day see comparatively little good the poor Indian has gained from this. There have been, it is very true, a great many of them converted from their pagan superstitions to the Christian religion, and it is delightful to see, in the little villages or hamlets of some of the tribes in Canada, the church or school-house looking pleasantly out from among the small Indian houses. Some of the Indians, too, who have benefitted by the teachings of good missionaries, and by the example of industrious white people, have pretty good farms, which they work upon like other farmers; and a few of them have rather comfortable houses. But, generally speaking, the poor Indians are yet in a very ignorant, uncomfortable condition. They have indolent, slothful habits, and do not show any ambition to be industrious in gaining the means to make themselves and their families comfortable. Their houses are small and dirty, and what furniture they have is of a very common and rude description. In their persons the same slovenliness and want of ambition present themselves.

Altogether, the poor Indians do not appear to be in a very comfortable or happy condition. It is a great pity they should be so, for they have fine traits in their character, and by the means of proper cultivation they might become an intelligent and interesting people.

Another time, perhaps, I may have something more interesting to tell you about the Indians.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP.

My Dear Young Friends,—

A friend my dear young companions, gave us in the last "Snow Drop" a Chapter on Spices, told us a good deal about them, where they came from, and how they were cultivated, &c., so that I could not sit down to the table for some time after reading it, without glancing all around, to see what spices there were, and to recall what I had learned about them.

Every day when looking for the pepper, &c., a much more unobtrusive, but to my view far more essentiel *seasoner*, always appeared, and finally I begun to wonder why it had been neglected; to feel it was almost a spice, at least of sufficient importance to be taken notice of, and at last I determined to find out for myself all about it, and learn if easily obtained or not. Now can you guess what this is; it is by far the most essential article in all our cookery, we can scarcely eat anything, that is not relished and improved by it. You have probably never felt the want of it, you have had as much of it as you wished, for it is easily obtained; but if, like poor Robinson Crusoe, you had been wrecked on a desert island, you would like him have felt that nothing had any relish without this simple little thing. I dare say you have all read his wonderful adventures, and will readily remember, how much he was puzzled and troubled to obtain *salt*, and how he finally got sufficient of it by making troughs and filling them with salt water, and letting the sun dry off the moisture, leaving the small particles.

This is one way and an ingenious one of obtaining salt, but fortunately it is not the only way, for it would be somewhat of a tedious process if all the salt required for the use of the world had to be got in this way. The salt obtained in this way, by evaporation, as it is termed, is called sea salt. But the rock salt, which is the purest, is found in mines, buried deep into the bowels of the earth. At Cordova in Spain, is a hill between four and five hundred feet high, which is nearly composed of this mineral.

In one place, the desert of Caromania, it is so plentiful, and the air so dry, that it is used as a material for building; it forms the surface of a large part of the desert of Lybia; and is found in great quantities in Peru, but the most celebrated mines are those of Cracow, Gallicia, and of Cheshire, England.

Those at Cracow form a sort of subterraneous,—and do you know what that means?—"Under the earth." Yes, that is right. Well then they are a sort of subterraneous city, where all the people connected with the mines, say some seven or eight hundred, live. There are public roads and carriages—there are beautiful chapels and other buildings, cut out from the solid walls of salt; the passages or galleries are made very spacious, crucifixes are set up in them, with the images of saints, and lights are kept constantly burning. The reflection of these lights on the sparkling crystals of salt, has a most beautiful effect, producing all the colours of the rainbow, and making almost a fairy palace for these poor miners to live in. Some of them never see the light of day, but they are contented,and form a pleasant happy people.

In several parts of the mine large columns of salt are left standing to support the rock, and these are often fancifully ornamented. The salt is hewn out in large blocks, something like our ice; taken by horses to the mouth of the mine, and from there drawn up by engines.

If any of you go to England, as I doubt not many of you will—you must if you can, visit the Cheshire salt mines, as they are really an object of great interest, and the quantity of salt manufactured there is most wonderful.

The mine of rock salt first found there was discovered by accident, about one hundred and fifty years ago, and has been worked ever since; some of the pits have been worked in aisles or streets, and often, as in the mines of Cracow, immense brilliant pillars have been left standing, which support the roof of salt. They have used in the Cheshire mines, blasting with gunpowder to separate large masses of salt from the rock, and those are afterwards broken down by other instruments. There are now eleven or twelve mines in full operation, and they yield a good profit.

But when putting the little spoonful of salt upon our plate, how seldom do we realize how much trouble and expense has been required to obtain it for us—neither do we think upon the poor miners shut out from the light of day, where whole lives have been spent in the salt mines; let it teach us, that not the simplest thing, can be obtained without labour, and we shall cultivate a feeling of interest in those whose circumstances compel them to labour to supply others with the luxuries of life; and I hope you will not find this peep at the salt mines uninteresting, but enjoy it as much as your affectionate friend,

Cousin Lizzie.

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

The Editors have received from the agent, several publications for young people, which they cannot but reccommend to their readers.

The "Youth's Cabinet," an attractive little work, something like our own "Snow Drop," filled with pleasant tales, sketches and scraps of information; it has pretty pictures too, of animals, trees, distinguished people, which add much to the interest of the book.

"First lessons in Botany, or the Child's Book of Flowers, illustrated with engravings."

This is a nice little book, and one we should like all our young readers to possess; it gives the first lessons in the pleasantest study in the world; all children love flowers, or should do so, and if they learn to know something about them, their names, their manner of growth, then they will feel as if they were friends, acquaintances, and will love to find them, and all children, even city children, can get them, a little run in the country would give them violets, golden rods, asters, and the other wild flowers which grow every where so luxuriantly.

The Editors would also notice and recommend a work on Canada recently published by Armour and Ramsay, of this city. It is written by Mrs. Roy, intended for a school book, and to supply a want which has long been felt,—a comprehensive history of Canada, from its early discovery. A most useful book it is, and we hope it will soon be very generally read and studied, not only by Canadian readers, but by all who feel interested in the history of the country.

And now for the answers to the conundrums in our last. Have our readers guessed them? They must remember that a conundrum is a comparison drawn between two things entirely different in their nature, and that the resemblance is made out often by false spelling, or mis-pronunciation; so it is in those before us. Can you tell us the proud Roman name the bank-notes would utter if they could speak? why no less a one than Cassius, (cash-us); you must know him as the friend of Brutus, and one of the murderers of Julius Cæsar.

Why is a peach stone like a regiment? You have all seen enough of the military to know that a Colonel is as indispensable to a regiment, as a *kernel* to a peach.

What does a woman churning do? She not only makes the butter, but the quick motion of the churn makes the butter fly; and a caterpillar you know comes out from the shroud it has woven for itself, a pretty gay looking butterfly.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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THE FIRST THEFT.*

I SAID at the beginning of my story that greed of sweets, or greed of anything, was a great misfortune; so it proved to Emily. All the day the thought of this pot of West Indian sweetmeats pictured it to her imagination so large, and so good and so sweet, and so delightful! And must she lose it, only for not leaving the keys with Sally, who said she wanted nothing with them—no harm would be done to mamma by leaving them, surely! Conscience cried out, "Sally wants the keys that she may steal your papa and mamma's property;" but Emily tried not to hear the voice of this disagreeable friend, who *always* tells us when we are wrong.

Next morning Sally renewed her entreaties, her coaxings and her threatenings, for the keys, and Emily, how shall I tell you it? Emily was so base as to consent to deceive and cheat her dear good mamma, who was too sick to notice any thing, by jingling the keys on the table at the side of her bed curtain, and then taking them away to the detestable woman who was thus leading her to ruin. Her hands trembled, and her knees shook. At the door she would have turned back, and laid them down again, but her enemy was there on the watch, and seizing hold of her, prevented the unfortunate child obeying the suggestion of the good spirit.

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*Continued from page 176—conclusion.

She went away to school, dejected and miserable at what she had done. Instead of thinking with any pleasure on her dearly purchased pot of sweetmeats, she loathed the very thoughts of it. Again she got into disgrace at school, and she returned home wretched and discontented. Sally was waiting for her, as she said, to give her back the keys, and she did so with an assurance that not a place nor a press had she opened while Emily was away. This was some comfort to the miserable child, and she tried to forget that, that made no difference in her criminal deceitfulness to her mother.

Time went on, and poor Emily was a very unhappy child. The loads of sweets with which the wicked Sally kept her supplied, and which the poor infatuated little creature always ate, kept her stomach constantly uneasy, and undermined her health. She lived in constant dread of detection. If any one came suddenly into the room, or she heard a hasty foot approach her, she would start and tremble, always thinking they came to say her tricks were found out.

Her papa and mamma were afflicted at the change in their once healthy and happy child; Mrs. Ascott was still unable to leave her bed, and after a consultation, they resolved to ask Mr. Ascott's sister

Anne, to come and take charge of the house and of Emily. She had formerly been very fond of her aunt Anne, and her papa and mamma were astonished to observe how little pleasure she seemed to feel when told that her kind aunt was coming to visit them; but my little readers can guess why it was anything but pleasant to Emily.

The very day after Miss Ascott came, Emily's papa asked some friends to dine with him. Mrs. Ascott told Emily to give her aunt the keys, and show her the plate chest, that she might give out some trays and other silver things which would be required. When Miss Ascott opened the chest, there were no silver trays there; little or nothing in it. "What is the reason of it? Is there any other place in which the plate is ever kept?" said she to Emily, who was standing by. "Not that I know of, aunt," said Emily, looking to John, the foot-boy, who was waiting for the things. "If you please, ma'am," said he, "I saw my mistress put all the silver, saving what we uses every day, in here, just two days afore she was taken ill; they were never out since as I knows of." "Nor me either," said Emily; "I never had the chest open, and I never saw them out."

"It is very extraordinary indeed, said Miss Ascott, but we must look elsewhere;" so saying, she opened the sideboard, and from it she went to every other place where it was possible such things could be, but in vain; not an article of the sort could be found. Miss Ascott felt much alarmed, but unwilling to disturb Mrs. Ascott, she sent for her brother. While they waited for his coming, she said to Emily: "My dear child, are you sure that you were always careful of your mamma's keys when you had them. You never left them hanging in the locks when you went out?"

"Oh, no, never; I assure you, never, said Emily," reddening excessively.

"Or entrusted them to any other person?" said Miss Ascott, looking very hard at her. Emily grew as pale as death, and seemed as if she would have fainted; for at this question of her aunt's, the whole truth flashed upon her mind, that Sally had stolen the plate the day she was so base as to leave her mother's keys in her possession! She hesitated and faltered—what should she do? Tell the truth? At the thought of all the disgrace to which that would expose her, the blood rushed back to her face and neck and her knees knocked together. A few months before, how impossible it would have been for her to utter the enormous falsehood which she now told, in the vain hope that it would hide her other sins! "No, no, I never gave them to anybody."

As she uttered this lie, her father entered the room, and she took advantage of the earnest conversation that followed, between her aunt and him, to slip out of the room unperceived.

She ran, like a poor guilty thing as she was, up to her own room, and throwing herself upon her bed, she gave way to the most violent burst of sobbings. It is impossible for any innocent child to conceive how very, very dreadful were her feelings. She now, for the first time, saw her guilt in its true colours—she was a thief and a liar—many, many persons had been hanged for conduct less base than hers. Her father had been robbed, she heard him say, to the amount of £200; and all this had arisen from her detestable greed of eating sweetmeats.

As she lay upon her bed, agonized with bitter repentance, she was much surprised to hear her papa, accompanied by a strange, coarse man, ascend the garret stairs.

Her papa and the man went straight to the door of the room where Sally was, and finding it was bolted inside, they knocked.

"Who is there?" said Sally in a sharp voice.

"Open the door instantly," said Mr. Ascott.

"Oh dear me, sir, is it you? I'm sure I'm very very sorry, but I cannot open the door just yet—for—for I'm dressing, I'm dressing, sir."

"Open the door instantly—or I'll order it to be broken up," said Mr. Ascott.

After a considerable bustle within, the door was opened. She heard her papa say, as he entered the room,—

"You are, no doubt, aware that a great quantity of silver plate has disappeared. I have got a warrant and a king's officer to search every part of the house—the trunks of your fellow servants have already been searched—you have, I suppose, no objection that yours should be the same."

"I don't care a snuff where you search," said Sally, in an insolent tone.

"I'll thank you for your keys, mistress, said the officer."

"I've no keys to give you," answered Sally, "I'm none of your thieves that has anything to hide under locks and keys—no, no, my places is all open; search where you please."

The officer sought all her boxes, and a chest of drawers that was in the room, but not a thing did he find. Sally, notwithstanding Mr. Ascott's presence, could not restrain her insolent triumph at this; but when the officer next approached her bed, to search it, she became quite outrageous—saying; "It was a shame to be heard of, any man being so impertinent as to search her bed."

The officer was, I suppose, accustomed to be talked to in that manner, for he paid not the least attention, but coolly lifted up the bed clothes, and then rolled up the mattress, shook it, and felt it in every direction. Under this there was another mattress, but when he attempted to raise it he found it was firmly nailed to the bedstead, round and round.

"That mattress," said Sally, "never was up since I came to the house. I found it as you see it—it is no use searching there, I can tell you."

"We'll see what its made of, any how," said the man, drily—and he pulled out of the lapel of his coat a long steel needle, like what upholsterers use; and pushing it forcibly into the mattress, it instantly struck against something that sounded like metal. He immediatly began with his penknife to rip open the mattress. Mr. Ascott turned round at this moment to take a look at Sally, and saw her just rushing out at the door—he darted after her, and dragging her back again, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"You had better have let me go—you had better, for your own sake, Mr. Ascott," cried she, almost choked with agitation and rage. "I'll make you repent bringing me back, that I will."

Mr. Ascott paid little attention to her threats—for now the officer had got the whole cover off the mattress, and there, nicely packed, lay, not only the silver trays, and other things, but a number of Mrs. Ascott's finest damask table cloths and napkins.

"How came these things here, can you tell me?" said Mr. Ascott to Sally.

"Oh! yes," replied she, with a grin of the most malignant defiance. "Since you are determined to know, I'll soon tell you: It was your own daughter, Miss Emily, that stole them, and gave them to me to keep them for her, that she might dispose of them by degrees, as she needed the money."

"Hold your peace, detestable, lying wretch," said Mr. Ascott, stamping his foot; "nor dare to utter such nefarious falsehoods of my child."

"Oh! you need not go into such a rage about it, and abuse me for a liar," said she, with the greatest audacity; "go to her room, and you'll find a dozen of empty pots of Indian sweetmeats she stole, as well as these things,—and what's more, you will find the pawnbroker's receipts for the silver things that are not here, and the necklaces and trash she bought with the money."

Alas! my little readers, you already know that Emily was a guilty child, though far from so wicked as Sally made her appear; but the sweet-meat pots were found in her room; her father recognised them as a part of a large box of preserves sent to him from the West Indies some time before, and the convicted Emily could not deny she had secretly eaten the contents of them; the necklace, too, and the pawnbroker's receipt were found in her drawers.

You may easily guess that Sally put the receipt into her drawers to make her appear more guilty than she was. But it is the peculiar misfortune of liars not to be believed, even when they speak the truth. It was in vain that Emily wept and screamed at the very mention of such a thing as her stealing the plate and the table linen; it was evident that she had been a thief, she could no longer deny it—she had been also a liar—she had betrayed her mother's trust—and no one, no, not even her fond father, the father that had almost idolized her, would believe her, or could look at her but with disgust and abhorrence.

At length she made a full and complete confession to her father of all that had taken place; told how she first was tempted to become dishonest, and how she fell under the power of the detestable Sally; and from the cowardly fear of confessing a little fault to her mother, was led step by step into such a great wickedness, and such a great misery. As I have already told you in the story of the First Lie, it is quite impossible for a little child to conceive the dreadful wretchedness of a parent's feelings, when forced to see that the darling whose peace and welfare is the dearest object they have on earth has in spite of all their cares, become wicked, miserable, and disgraced.

Emily was not a hardened child, and she felt as if every tear her father shed over her disgrace was a drop of scalding lead upon her own heart.

Sally was taken to prison, and soon after was tried for life. In the open court she had the audacity to persist in saying that Emily assisted her to steal the silver plate, and that the necklace and other toys were what she received as her share. It is not easy, however, for a person to persist in a falsehood in a court of law, amongst people accustomed to examine criminals, without contradicting themselves so much as to show that it is falsehood. And this, added to the evidence of the other servants of the house, who had been observing more than Sally was aware of, made it evident that poor Emily was innocent of all knowledge of the use the wicked woman made of the keys. But only fancy to yourselves what you would feel to be exposed in a court of law, amongst such a crowd of strangers as Emily was! and obliged to have it told over and over again, how she had thieved, told lies, and deceived her parents. If you can form any idea of her agony, let it be a warning to you—never forget, and try to remember it, when you are tempted to commit your "*first theft*;" try to remember, that when you have once entered ever so little on the crooked path of dishonesty, it is utterly impossible to tell how far it may lead you, or in what miseries it may land you.

When Emily lay down that night on her sleepless bed, she thought her punishment was full—she little knew what was yet in store for her! Mr. Ascott had tried to keep all that had happened a secret from Mrs. Ascott, dreading the bad effect the agitation might have upon her health.

At last, however, it became impossible to conceal it, for she saw something was wrong, and insisted on being told what it was. He tried to make Emily's conduct appear as little disgraceful as possible; but when she learned even his account of it, and that Emily had been in a court of law, she could not stand it—she fainted again and again. A new attack of the disorder came on, a week after, and Emily saw a band of sad mourners, with her almost distracted father at their head, move away from the door, bearing to the grave the blessed and lovely mother she loved so fondly, whom she would have died to save, and yet whom her conscience told her she had murdered.

Years have passed away since that sad day, and Emily still lives to mourn over it. It is by her own request I have written this sad story for you, my little friends—and she bids me tell you, that there was one mistaken idea she had, which was in a great degree the cause of all her sins and sorrows. The thought that if it was only things of no great value she stole, that it was but a *little sin.* This is indeed a very mistaken idea. It is not said, "Thou shalt not steal any thing *valuable*," but simply, "Thou shalt not steal," and the *smallest* theft we can commit is as much a breaking of this law as could be the very *greatest,* particularly in children of your rank, who have not the excuse too many poor criminals have, that they are driven to it by starvation, bad advice, and bad example.

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

Old pussy, one morning, very sober and sly,
On hunting intent, went her fortune to try;
So light was her step, and her eye so demure,
You'd have thought her an innocent cat, I am sure.

Her fur, jetty black, with white spots far between,
Was soft as the ermine that decks our fair Queen;
She had round yellow eyes, a long tail full of grace,
And the whiskers so trim, were the pride of her face.

Her kittens were mottled, and brimful of fun,
Jumping, frisking, and tumbling, they after her run;
But puss, who had graver employment that day,
Gave a growl, box'd their ears, and sent them away.

Puss, wise and experienced, needed no spell,
To show where the plump little mice loved to dwell;
So sheathing her claws, that no sound might betray,
To the barn where they revelled she hasted away.

And, oh! what a sight, as she crept through the door!
A brood of young mice, dancing over the floor;
As cozy, and merry, and free from alarm,
As if mice ruled by right in the realm of the barn!

Puss bristled with pleasure, and into them sprung,
But back to their hole, topsy turvy, they flung;
And snug in the crevice, provokingly lay,
Their black shining eyes peeping up to the day,

Old puss, too expert to give up in despair,
Crouched quietly down, and lay watching them there;
Like the great Duke of Wellington, full of renown,
Before the proud walls of some old Spanish town.

She seemed to be dozing, so quiet she lay—
A cunning device for entrapping her prey;—
So soft, and so smooth, and so gentle she seemed,
How could a young mouse e'er of danger have dream'd?

In spite of the warning its wise mother gave,
One bold little mouse came old pussy to brave;
He looked at her whiskers, so glossy and white,
And her soft velvet paws, with a mouse's delight.

Before her closed eyes he e'en ventured to pause,
But puss, wide awake, seized him fast in her claws;
She squeezed very hard,—but, as mothers oft do,
Laid by the nice bit for her children to chew.

Her purring and mewing soon gathered again,
Around her, the frisking and frolicksome train;
And to give them a treat, without more delay,
The poor little victim before them she lay.

They scratched him, and bit him, and toss'd him about,
Till his frail little life was almost put out;
When wearied with gambols, *they* left off their play,
And stupid with fright, like a dead mouse *he* lay.

Puss, proud of her luck, settled down to a doze,
The kittens around her quite sober repose;
Moussie's courage revived—pit, pat, went his heart—
And away to his hole he flew like a dart.

And after him flew the old cat and her kits,
All ready to tear the poor trembler to bits;
But safe in the crack, he but laughed in their face,
While closely he clung to his mother's embrace.

Puss heard the old mouse in a motherly way,
These words of advice to her little one say:
"From your fright take a lesson, and ever-more learn,
To *obey*, and with prudence from danger to turn."

Puss liked the sage counsel, and resting from strife,
Gave her own little brood their first lesson in life:
"Be not proud of success, but be cautious and wise—
When most secure, watch, lest some danger surprise."

THE CAPTURED GOLD FINCH.

HURRAH boys! Now for a good time, where shall we go? said Willie Gray to a group of young companions.

"To the wharf to see the new steamer, they say it sits the water like a duck with a pipe in its mouth; I saw in the papers to-day, that it was to be open for visitors, and if we all keep tolerably quiet, I dare say, we shall be allowed to go on it from stem to stern," said Frank Horne.

"Oh! yes, let us go there," shouted the boys," and they started off.

"Willie can you tell me what this steamer is named for? Cambria is an odd thing to call it; it always has puzzled me; but I did not like to ask big people, lest they should laugh at my ignorance," said Tom Mason, the youngest of the party.

"That's a wrong feeling, Tom; never be ashamed to ask any thing; it is the only way to learn; it is not expected such little chaps as we are, can know every thing, and I am sure, your parents and teachers will be glad to teach you, and answer your questions; and I too," he added with an air of importance, "I don't know every thing, to be sure but then a little more than you, and about this vessel; well the steam ships on this line are christened from the ancient names of the different parts of Great Britain. Britannia of course you know, Caledonia was the name of Scotland, when a differnet people occupied the country, and before it was united to England. Hibernia was Ireland, green and beautiful, happier then, when free and independent, than now, starved and down-trodden; and now, can't you guess what portion of Great Britain, the "Cambria" is named for?

"No I am sure I cannot," said Tom "I did not know there was any other division of Great Britain, except into counties."

"Why, how can you forget Wales, with its towering mountains, and its hardy, singular talking people; we hear less about it than any other part of England though it does give its name to the oldest son of the queen. But oh there she is, and the English Jack flying from the mast; she is pretty, is not she? but after all it is a steamboat, and cannot be graceful like a rigged sailing vessel."

"Hollo! boys, do you see that?" said George Froste, "how tame it seems," and he darted forward in pursuit of a pretty bird, which was flitting from stone to stone. all the boys gave chase, but George, more dexterous than the rest, snatched his hat from his head, and clapped it over the poor little fluttering creature, then carefully slipping his hand under, he caught the trembler easily.

"O! did you ever see so pretty a bird! what a nice form, and bright colour; it's a darling; I am so glad I have got it, but what kind of a bird can it be? I have never seen any like it before."

"I dare say not, George, said Willie Gray, "it is a rare bird here; my cousin has one he brought from England with him, it is a goldfinch; there's hardly a prettier bird to be seen. You are a lucky fellow, George; I wish I had found it."

There was a little struggle in George's mind, and then he held the bird towards Willie, "You shall have it, if you want it; you saw it almost as soon as I did, and it was only by luck I got it."

"Oh, no, thank you, George; I won't take advantage of your kindness; you fairly caught the little creature, and you shall have it, for it will be such pleasure to watch it, and hear it sing; but come let's go to the steamboat."

"I shall not go," said George, "for I must take my treasure home; but where could it come from?"

None of the boys could answer this question satisfactorily, but George found out afterwards, that the sailors in the steam packet, were in the habit of bringing over canaries, and other birds with them for sale, and there were many brought over in this trip of the Cambria, and there was no doubt this was one that had escaped from the vessel.

The boys now took their way over to the steam vessel, while George turned his steps towards his uncle's store, where he was sure to find a sympathizing friend; he longed to shew him his new treasure, so he hastily ran through the narrow and crooked streets, which led to his uncle's establishment; he rushed into the office, and called out,

"Ah! Uncle Ned, uncle Ned, just see what I have found; he opened his hand, and to his horror, there lay the little creature, apparently giving his last gasp; in a moment he was still and breathless.

"You have killed him," said his uncle; what a foolish boy, to squeeze him so tight; it is a short captivity for him."

The tears swelled into George's eyes; he could not bear to think the life had gone from the beautiful bird, but still he moved not, and George had no hope of his recovering; he seated himself on one of the office stools, and was thinking of a monody on his found and lost favorite; something for a moment attracted his attention, he turned away his eyes from the bird, but was soon recalled by a motion almost imperceptible at first, he glanced back, but before he had time to catch it, the bird gave one spring, soared high in the air, and was circling round the room, far above his reach. It was but the work of an instant, to close the windows and doors, so as to prevent his escape, and then with eager delight George watched his graceful movements.

He soon succeeded in catching him, and then hurried home to secure his pet. A pretty little creature truly was "Goldie," as George named him, a drab coloured body, with yellow wings, a dark, pretty shaped head, spotted with red, its plumage was altogether brilliant. He soon became quite at home, and hour after hour would warble out sweet notes, which were peculiarly melodious; he learned rapidly, and was a docile and interesting little creature.

It led George to look at the history of the goldfinch, and he found from Buffon's history of birds, that the goldfinch belongs to a genus called the Finch, which embraces a great variety, more than a hundred, and almost all the prettiest singing birds we know. The goldfinch is the most beautiful, and most harmonious; he can easily be taught a variety of exercises, and movements. They are very long lived, have even been known to survive upwards of twenty years.

The linnet belongs to this species, and the canary birds. The chaffinch, the bullfinch, and all the sparrows, and many, many other varieties.

George was delighted when he found the bird would be likely to live so long, but he was disappointed about it, for one day when he went to school, he hung his cage out of the window; when he returned home, he ran to see the dear goldfinch, when lo, and behold! the cage was empty; there was no trace of the poor birdie, the door stood half open; whether the little rogue had picked it open himself, or it had been left carelessly unfastened, by some one, was never known.

NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

THE Romans named the months from some of their gods and other objects. January from Janus, who was represented with two faces, one looking towards the new the other to the old year.

February was named by Romulus from Februa the mother of Mars.

March from Mars the God of war.

April, from the latin word Aperio, to open the year of blossoms.

May, from Maia the mother of Mercury.

June, from Juno, the wife of Jupiter.

July was named by Mark Anthony from Julius Cæsar, a noble Roman.

August, from Augustus Cæsar, one of the most celebrated Roman emperors.

September, from Septem, the seventh month of the Roman year.

October, from Octo, the eighth month.

November, from Novem, the ninth month.

December, from Decem, the tenth month of the year, for the Romans began their new year in March, not as we do in the mid winter, and it certainly seems the best division, for in the spring everything is filled with new life; it is the beginning of vegetation and beauty.

Muscles open their mouths to swallow pearl drops from the skies. Wise men open their mouths only to utter words more precious than pearls.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATIONS.

JOHN.

I mean to be a soldier, with uniform quite new,
I wish they'd let me have a drum, and be a captain too;
I would go amid the battle, with my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle, and the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son, what if that sword should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father, from his little one depart.

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage girl, and sit beside a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there with purest water fill;
And I'll trim a lovely woodbine around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth the wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa dear, an humble mind 'tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word to check that mind from me.
But ah! remember, pride may dwell beneath the woodbine shade,
And discontent, a sullen guest, the cottage hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and courtly, and dance away the hours,
Music and sport shall dwell beneath my littlefairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

Oh, children! sad it makes my soul to hear your playful strain,
I cannot bear to chill your heart with images of pain;
Yet humbly take what God bestows, and like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile, and gently bend in showers.

THE YOUNG GREY HEAD.

INTENSE grief has been known to turn the head grey in a few hours, to silver over in a single day the bright locks of the beautiful, and the young. No doubt some of you, my little readers, will remember the sad history of the unhappy Queen of Scots, or the more recent and dreadful fate of the lovely and unfortunate Maria Antoinette, upon whom one night of unutterable grief did the work of years; and sprinkled her fair tresses with Time's untimely snow. The tale I am about to relate is an humble history, but one that I think will excite the sympathy of your young hearts, being both true and pitiful:—

"Mother," said Allan to his wife, as he stood outside the cottage door, setting his teeth hard against the north wind, "I am thinking that to-night, if not before—we shall have some wild weather—its brewing up, down westward—and look—there goes a pair of sea gulls, and such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on the water will rise, that path by the ford is a bad bit of road—best let the children stay from school to-day——"

"Do, mother, do," said the two quick eared little girls clinging to their father, and looking from him to their mother's face, but denial was there. "No harm will come to them," she said; "the mistress lets them out early these short days, and our Martha is so good and steady that she may be well trusted to take care of herself, and so she ought, for she is a great girl now—almost eight eight years old; besides, they give the Christmas prize at the school to-day."

The mother's will was law. "She cannot err," thought Allan; so hugging his fair haired Lizzy once more to his heart, and patting the demure little Martha's head, with a tender "God bless the darlings," he went cheerily on his way to his daily toil.

There is something exceedingly touching in the look of early thoughtfulness, seen often on some childish face among the poor. Not the unnatural suffering of the poor factory child, but a staid quietness betokening, in the depth of those young eyes, a sense of life's cares without its miseries. The docile little Martha was one of this stamp, and now, proud of her age, and the praise just bestowed by her mother, doubly attentive, wishing to justify her confidence; and as holding Lizzie's hand they stood,—not a lovelier pair was ever sketched by painter—the little one, with large blue eyes, and fair silken ringlets, by the side of the nut brown Martha, her smooth parted hair, sable and glossy as the raven's wing, and dark lustrous eyes full of serious yet innocent thought.

"Now, mind and bring Lizzy safe home, don't stop to pull a bough or berry by the way, and when you come to cross the ford, be very careful—that plank is so crazy, and the stepping stone, if not overflowed will be slippery; but you are good children and steady as old folk. I know I may trust you," thus warning and encouraging, Martha's grey cloak was tied lovingly on —and the mother's own shawl wrapt round the little Lizzy. "Be sure to knot it tight like this when you come home, just leaving one hand free, to hold by, and now one kiss, and then away." Oh! was there no sinking at that mother's heart as they turned to leave her—had she no foreboding of ill as she watched them down the lane, turning every now and then to give a loving smile, or shout another "good-bye, mother."

Perhaps there was, for surely that day seemed unusually long and lonely.

Three miles lay between Allan and his cottage door that evening, and a rough and wet evening it was,—he had worked all day at a great clearing, stroke upon stroke, till his back ached, and his arm dropped almost nerveless. But what did Allan care, now all was forgotten as he approached that dear resting place—his home—and there was a treasure hidden in his hat, a play-thing for the children, a dormouse's nest that he had found; the living ball coiled round for its long winter's sleep—and his thoughts, as he trudged stoutly on, was of Lizzy's shout of wonderment, and the great surprise in Martha's grave eyes, when by guesses and kisses they should win him to bring forth the little frozen captive.

He has reached the lane, and there stands the dear cottage, the light streaming from the open door, warms him to look at—and Sambo comes bounding to meet him, with a short quick bark, but where are the tiny feet that always vied with Sambo's in their haste to greet him; the ringing voice, like sweet silver bells, and the soft little hands clasping each of his to lead him in triumph in. His heart has sunk already—who's flitting round the peat-stack in such weather? "Mother, is that you,"—where are the children, have they come?" "The husky hurried answer was No, oh no!" To throw down his tools, hastily unhook the old cracked lantern, and while he lit it, speak a cheering word, that almost choked him, and was unheard by the distracted mother, was the work of a moment; and he was gone, to where a fearful presentiment led him.

Passing a neighbouring cottage, in which he calle for Mark, to bear him company,—for who could say what need there might be,—they struck into the path the children should take coming back from school, and many a call and shout was sent through the pitchy darkness, and the lantern peered into every road-side thicket, hole, or nook, till suddenly some thing brushed past them—it was Sambo. "Hold the light low down; he is making for the water. Hark! I know that whine; the dog has found them." So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on to the old craggy foot bridge, but all that the dull contracted light could show was that it was gone; yet there was life somewhere more than Sambo's whine; a low sob came faintly on the ear almost lost on the moaning gust. Quick as thought Allan leaped into the stream; he caught fast hold of something; the water was scarcely knee deep for a tall man, and half above it, propped by some ragged side piles, that had stopped end ways, the broken plank which had given way with the two little ones, clung Martha.

There she crouched, with face as white as a sheeted corpse; and rendered even more ghastly in the flickering light, with pale blue lips wide apart and shewing the pearly teeth, her eyes fixed like stone upon some object underneath, and washed by that turbid water, one little arm and hand stretched out, and rigid, still tightly grasped her sister's frock. There lay Lizzy drowned. How could the doting father sustain that shock? Oh the flinty rock cannot endure such blasting, as that soft sentient thing,—the human heart, is sometimes doomed to bear. They lifted her from her watery bed. Its covering gone, the graceful head hung like a broken snow-drop, and one small hand *that* was free too,—the mother's shawl was wrapt and tied according to the last injunction, fast and warm, alas too well obeyed. Too fast! a fatal hold it had afforded to some rough crag that had pinned it to the river's bed, while through the reckless water her life breath bubbled up. They had raised her now, and parted the soft wet curls from her brow; to the cold lips the father pressed his warm ones,—ere they again wrapt the shawl—now her winding sheet—around the precious clay.

From Allan's cottage all that night there shone a fitful light; above and below, all were watchers there, save one sound sleeper;—for her, parental care could avail no more—but in the young survivor's throbbing brow and wandering eye, delirious fever raged, and she would moan piteously "Indeed, indeed, I kept fast hold—she won't move, I tied the shawl quite fast—oh! I am so weary—she can't be cold—if father were but here!" Broken sentences, but showing the agony she had suffered, and lo! when morning broke all bright, as if in mockery of their grief, a strange sight was there; that young head's raven hair was streaked with white,—life struggled long with death in her small frame; she at length recovered, in fact, and all went on as before. No; *not as before*,—there was a vacant place in the cottage, a haunting memory in the heart never to be filled or effaced.

E. J. D.

HINTS FOR BOYS.

SEVEN CLASSES OF COMPANY TO BE AVOIDED.

1st. Those who ridicule their parents, or disobey their commands.

2d. Those who scoff at religion.

3d. Those who use profane or filthy language.

4th. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.

5th. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others.

6th. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.

7th. Those who are of a cruel disposition, and take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals and insects, robbing birds of their young, etc.

All these classes of companions are to be avoided, for if you associate with them, they will soon make you like themselves.—*Youth's Visiter.*

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE SEVENTH.

WHICH GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS NAVIGATOR VERAZZANO AND HIS VOYAGE OF DISCOVERIES.

My dear young readers, I am glad to meet you again and to have you listen to me while I tell you another of our little short stories about the old navigators.

You remember I dare say of my relating to you a pretty little incident of a young sailor swimming from his ship to the shore, and quite unexpectedly being very kindly treated by the natives, he having landed in a part of the country inhabited by a very kind and amiable people. The good ship to which this young sailor belonged, was commanded by the great navigator whose adventures I am now to tell you something of.

We have seen that the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the English had early entered upon the career of discovery in America, and it was thought singular that the French, by many considered a people of high genius and enterprise, should have appeared indifferent to the success of other nations. At length in the year 1523, more than 20 years after the celebrated Cabot had made his first successful voyage; a monarch of France, Francis I. caught a generous enthusiasm for maritime discovery, and resolved upon fitting out a little fleet of ships to make the voyage to the new world. This fleet or armament, consisted of four ships, the command of which he entrusted to Giovanni Verazzano, a Florentine, then resident in France.

Verazzano very willingly undertook the command of a voyage which promised to be equally honorable and profitable to him, and accordingly set sail with his four ships for the far off western continent. Troubles, however, awaited him at the very onset of his voyage. Three of his vessels got so much damaged in a storm, that the fleet were compelled to run into a port of Brittany, for the purpose of refitting. This no doubt damped the spirit of the bold naviagtor, but not willing to be easily overcome, in the prosecution of his grand enterprise, he set sail again very quickly in a a single vessel named the Dauphin. Verazzano having set out again on his course, steered towards Madeira, and thence sailed in a westerly direction for twenty-five days, and during that time accomplished the distance of 500 leagues. A storm now attacked him, in which his little vessel nearly perished, but he at last weathered the gale, and sailed onward again, and when he had accomplished other 400 leagues, he found himself upon a coast which he thought had never before been visited. This shore is supposed to have been part of what is now the states of Carolina. The appearance of many large fires on the beach told him the country was inhabited, but Verazzano sought in vain for a port, and at last anchored in the open sea. Our navigator wishing to open an intercourse with the natives sent his boat on shore, but the savages as soon as they saw the French land fled into the woods in great fear. Recovering their confidence, however, they soon stole back again, and began wondering very much at the appearance of the strangers. They had probably never seen white men before, and they appeared greatly to admire the white skin of the visitors, and on minutely examining their dress they showed great astonishment and delight. But these people not only greatly admired, but they further testified their regard for the French by bringing them provisions, and assisting them in drawing up their boat upon the beach. Verazzano has described these friendly natives as a handsome race of people, their eyes dark and large, their expression bold, open, and cheerful; their chests were broad, and they combined middle stature and symmetry of limbs with great nimbleness and swiftness of foot. Their colour was tawny, not unlike the Saracens, and they wore their hair, which was black and thick, tied behind their head in a little tail, and sometimes ornamented with a garland of birds' feathers. Their bodies were not disfigured or tattooed in any way, and they walked about perfectly naked, except that they wore short aprons of furs fastened round their middle by a girdle of woven grass. In the immediate vicinity of the coast the country was sandy, rising into gentle undulations; as they proceeded it became more elevated, and was covered by noble woods, consisting, not of the usual forest-trees, but of the palm, laurel, cypress, and others then unknown in Europe, which grew to a great height, and diffused a delicious perfume that was discerned far out at sea. "The land also," says Verazzano in his letter to Francis I., "is full of many animals, as stags, deer, and hares, which were seen sporting in the forests, and frequenting the banks of pleasant lakes and rivers; nor were there wanting great plenty and variety of birds of game, fitted to afford delightful recreation for the sportsman. The sky was clear, the air wholesome and temperate, the prevalent wind blowing from the west, and the sea calm and placid. In short, a country more full of amenity could not well be imagined."

This is a beautiful description, is it not, and when you have travelled more over North America, you will find that it abounds in very lovely scenery. The spot here described is supposed to be on the coast of Georgia, near the present town of Savannah.

It was a little while after leaving this, that Verazzano came to the place where the incident with the young sailor happened. From this place, which you remember was supposed to be somewhere between New York and Staten Island—our navigator sailed onward, and after a run of fifty leagues, he came to anchor off a delightful country, covered with the finest forests. A very pleasant book, I would wish you to read, when you conveniently can, very prettily describes this landing place of our navigator, Verazzano. The title of the book I refer to, is "View of the Progress of Discovery on the Northern coasts of America."* I feel pleasure here in mentioning that I have been much indebted to this very agreeable and instructive work ever since I commenced telling you those stories about Canada, and the old navigators.

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* The name of the author is Patrick Tytler, Esq., R. S. and A. F. S. The work is No. LIII. of Harper's Family Library.

Returning, however, to this delightful place, covered with fine forests, where Verazzano now landed, Mr. Tytler, observes, respecting it: "The trees, although equally luxuriant, do not emit the same perfume as those before seen; but the region was rich, covered with grass, and thickly peopled, although the natives appeared more timid than the last, and avoided all intercourse. The people of this country possessed fairer complexions than those whom they had just left, and were clad with large leaves sewed together with threads of wild hemp. Their common food was pulse, but they subsisted also by fishing, and were very expert in catching birds with gins. Their bows were made of hard wood, their arrows of canes headed with fish-bone, and their boats constructed of one large tree, hollowed by fire, for they appeared to have no instruments of iron or other metal. Wild vines crept up the trunks of the trees, hanging in rich festoons from the branches, and the banks and meadows were covered with roses, lilies, violets and many sorts of herbs, different from those of Europe, yielding a fresh and delightful fragrance."

Here now, we shall stop for the present, as I would not wish to weary you, by telling you too long a story. Next time we meet, perhaps I may relate the rest of Verazzano's adventures.

CONUNDRUMS.

If the tower of London could have spoken during its conflagration, on what historical character would it have called?

What sweetens the cup of life, yet, divested of its *end*, embitters the most refreshing draught?

Why should the loss of the steamer President be felt more acutely by England than America?

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP.

My Dear Young Friends,—

The month comes round very quickly, my dear young friends, and brings me to the little spot, where seated with my imagination's telescope, which is almost as powerful as Dr. Herschell's, I can see and hear you all, listen to your questions, and decide on what we shall chat about the few moments we are together.

One of you, I recollect, asked me the other day, to tell you something about Automatons, it was Willie I believe; he had been to see the conflagration of Moscow, and was interested and amused by the little figures that paraded up and down, some marching into the city, others marching out, I remember I saw some time ago, this "conflagration," and at the same exhibition the wonderful Automaton chess-player, and the litttle "*Androides*," as they were called. I hear some of you asking me to explain what Automatons, and Androides mean, as they are words you are not accustomed to hear I will try and explain them to you.

An Automaton is a machine that has the power of motion within itself; it is so constructed that it can move, play on a musical instrument, or do any thing it is intended to do, without the aid of any person. The word *Androides* comes from the Greek, and signifies all the Automata that have been made to imitate the human body. There have been several of these figures made by scientific persons, and they have always excited a great deal of interest.

Two or three years ago, I went to see some little rope dancers, the drollest little things I ever saw; there were three of them; they were put upon a rope stretched across a stage, they tumbled and jumped and tossed themselves about in a most fantastic way; at last one of them lost its balance, and fell; as if really frightened, it cried, "Oh! mamma, mamma," in such a natural tone of voice, that we all for a moment thought it must after all be a live child, but the exhibitor picked it up and handed it to us, and we found it was made of wood, but so full of springs; on touching one in its left foot, it would open its lips and say, "mamma, mamma," and on touching the other it would cry, "oh, la la, la la."

A Hungarian gentleman of the name of Kempelin, constructed several of these Androides, one of them pronounced many languages; the voice was sweet, though some of its words were lisped; if a question was asked it, and the answer not quite understood, it would repeat it slower, and if required to do so the third time it would speak in a tone of vexation and annoyance; It would say, "Mamma loves me," "My wife is my friend," "The Queen," "Apropos," &c. This same Mr. Kempelin constructed the Chess player, which for a long time appeared to be the most wonderful piece of mechanism invented by human ingenuity, for it was almost incredible, that a machine could do all that this Chess-player did; but it is now generally admitted that a small person was concealed within the body of the player, and that takes away much from its surprising character, though still as a piece of mechanism it is beautiful, for the figure moves its pieces, cries, "echeck, echeck," shakes its head if any wrong move is made, and with its turban and flowing robes, for it is a Turk, is a commanding looking person, and well worth seeing.

M. Vaucauson, a French gentleman, made a flute player, whose powers exceeded any piece of machinery that had ever been before seen, the figure was six feet in height, with a good face, a fierce pair of mustachios and dressed like a member of one of the royal bands; it played a great variety of tunes, and the machinery was so exquisitely constructed, that one could scarcely believe it was not a human being.

This same Mr. Vaucauson constructed the wonderful duck, of which perhaps you have read; it resembled so closely the living animal, as almost to defy detection; it ate, drank, and *quacked*, in perfect harmony with nature; it gobbled food brought before it with avidity, drank and even muddled the water after the manner of the noisy bird. The wonderful mechanism of this bird has never yet been fully understood; it is supposed there was some medical solution for the food, which was contrived to imitate digestion.

A celebrated Mechanician, John Maller, of Nuremberg constructed a self-moving wooden eagle which descended towards the Emperor Maximilian, as he approached the gates of the city, saluted him, and hovered over his person as he entered the town. He also produced an iron fly, which would start from his hand at table, and after flying round to each of his guests, returned as if wearied, to the protection of his master.

A few years ago, I remember being at a Christmas party, when a friend took out from his pocket, a small beautifully chased gold snuff box. It was passed round and admired for its exquisite workmanship; when it was returned to him, he appeared to be carelessly balancing it in his hand, when all at once out sprang from it a very small bird, with soft yellow plumage. He turned his head round and round, with a pretty coquettish air, then opened his little bill, and warbled out such a sweet song; when he had finished this, he opened and fluttered his wings, with such a look of satisfaction, then burst forth again in prolonged melody. We were all, as you may imagine, delighted, and still more so on examining the little creature, for he was most perfectly made, and it was wonderful how so tiny a thing could give forth such strains of music. I am sure you would all have been delighted, and longed to have it for your own, if you had seen the pretty thing.

These are only a few of the wonderful Automata that have been invented, but they serve to show what can be done by human ingenuity and perseverance, and though you may none of you care to make flute-playing men, or flying spiders, still you can achieve by the same perseverance and determination, quite as useful and remarkable things. And now I must bid you good bye. I should be pleased to know what place you would like to visit with me in the next month; will none of you write and tell your affectionate,

Cousin Lizzie.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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THE FIRST EFFORT.

A SIMPLE TALE.

"I WISH," said Clara Lovett, "I had some new dolls, or something new, to amuse me—I am so tired of all these things!" and she tossed her dolls and books upon the floor, and sat down amongst them, the very image of weariness and vexation.

"Your nursery indeed looks very like a little hospital for the maimed and wounded," said her cousin Mary, who sat quietly sewing in the window; "but pray, Clara, how came your dolls in such a state, and how came you so soon to tire of them?"

"Oh! I have had them a long—long time;" replied Clara, eagerly. "This one Aunt Ellen gave me last Christmas, and it was so pretty; but it fell down one day, and broke its nose, and then little Susan picked out one of its eyes, and now it is good for nothing."

"And there is another," said cousin Mary, "which your mamma gave you on your birth-day; you thought it a perfect beauty I remember, and were so happy for a little while, and said you should keep it, almost till you grew up; it was very pretty, and so large!"

"Yes," said Clara, quite mournfully; "but I left it on the floor one day, when I was in a hurry, and brother Charles trod on it, and then little Carlo bit it with his sharp teeth, and spoiled it; but I did not care much, for it looked always the same; if I played with it, its clothes got tossed, and if I took them off, I had no pretty ones in their place."

"And why not, Clara;" asked her cousin.

"Oh! because I don't know how to make them myself, and no one will take the trouble to do it for me."

"But any one of us would be glad to shew you Clara," said cousin Mary kindly; "you know I have often wished to teach you how to cut out, and make your doll's clothes, but you had not patience to learn; the occupation would give you pleasant employment for many of these moments, which now hang so heavily on your hands."

"Yes, but I get so tired of sewing, cousin Mary, and it is such a trouble to fit things, and make them look nice."

"But the trouble soon turns to a pleasure, Clara, if you persevere until your fingers become expert; what is the little song you sometimes carol,

"'If at first you don't succeed,
Try, Try again.'

believe me, dear, the great secret of enjoyment consists in trying our own faculties, and exercising them constantly."

"But these dolls are not worth dressing," persisted Clara, "if mamma would give me some new ones, and let the sewing girl make up some pretty clothes for them, I should be so pleased!"

"And you would then lose the pleasure, and the advantage of contriving, and executing for yourself," said Cousin Mary; "now indeed Clara, I think a little girl, ten years of age, is too old to play with dolls for mere amusement; but to dress them, as an exercise of ingenuity, and a habit of industry, or to please her younger sisters—the amusement may be very profitable. It is a pleasant way of learning to sew, for you should make it a point to finish even a doll's dress neatly, and as many of your future hours will probably be employed with your needle, it is well to acquire the habit early, of using it neatly, and with facility."

"But perhaps I shall not be obliged to sew at all, cousin Mary; papa is rich you know, and mamma always employs a dress-maker; and has a sewing girl to do her plain work."

"But your mamma is never idle, Clara; though not *obliged*, as you say, to sew; and though she has many duties to attend to, and many friends to visit, and receive at home, she still finds time to employ her needle, for her own pleasure, and the advantage of others. Do you remember that little family of orphan emigrants, in whom we all felt so much interest, a few weeks since; and do you not think your mamma took greater delight in making up garments for them, and assisting with her own hands in fitting them up, so neatly, for their long journey to the States, than if she had been obliged to depend entirely on the aid of others?"

"Oh! yes," said Clara, "and how happy they all looked, three little girls and a boy! and I remember how much I wished that I could help mamma, and—"

Clara stopped suddenly, in some confusion, for she happened to remember that her mamma had wished her to hem the bottom of a frock for one of the children, but she was so long about it, and lost her needle, and broke her thread so often, that at last cousin Mary was obliged to take it out of her hands. Cousin Mary remembered it too; but seeing that Clara retained a painful recollection of her indolence, she only said to her kindly;—

"I will tell you, Clara, about two little girls, who went to the school with me, when I was of your own age. One of them was a bustling little person, always full of plans, and very active in beginning various kinds of needle-work, or drawing or any thing, which she fancied at the moment, but had never time to finish. And the reason she had not time for any thing, was this: she would rise in the morning, and dawdle away an hour stopping to play with her doll, or her kitten, to look at a picture, or read a story, instead of dressing quickly, to be in readiness for the duties of the day. Then just before school time, she would snatch up her books, and learn her lessons in such a hurried manner, that they were soon forgotten, and she generally kept at the bottom of her class, when she might, by proper attention, have been always near the top. Of course she felt dissatisfied with herself, and often in an ill humor with those who rose above her.

"Then in her amusements, the same indolence and want of perseverance, marred all her enjoyment. Her play-room was always in confusion, her dolls never dressed, her toys out of place, or broken, and if asked to join in any little pleasure excursion, she was sure to keep every one waiting till out of patience, or else to be left behind.

"The other little girl was a quiet, modest child, not so clever, perhaps, as the one I have just described, but far more industrious and persevering. She never wasted a moment in idleness, made no useless delay in dressing, and learned her lessons in season, and thoroughly. Every thing belonging to her was kept in its proper place, and she had time enough for all her employments, and also sufficient time for healthy exercise, for amusement, and for reading, in which she took great delight.

"Now, Clara, which of these little girls do you think would make the most useful woman, and which of them should you choose to resemble?"

"Oh, the last one, to be sure," cried Clara; "but I think, cousin Mary, I am much more like the other, and I am afraid I always shall be."

"And why so, Clara?"

"Why, because I cannot help it; I often think I will get up early, and learn my lessons, and be at school in season, and try to sew very neatly, and keep all my things in order; but then I am hurried again, and I get so tired of sewing, and somehow everything goes wrong. Now, I dare say, cousin Mary, that little girl who was so very orderly and industrious, had always been so, and it was no trouble to her."

"I suppose you mean that it was her natural diposition," said cousin Mary, "and therefore that she did what was right without any effort. Perhaps she did, but that is no reason why one, who is not so inclined, or rather who has not yet acquired she habit of doing right, should persist in doing wrong. I know that some children are naturally more indolent and careless in their dispositions, than others, but that is no excuse for them. As soon as children are old enough to know right from wrong, they should understand that God has given them reason, to govern their actions, and that he has also given them conscience, as a silent and kind monitor, whose warnings should never be disregarded. I know that it requires a strong effort, and constant perseverance, to overcome any habit; but without an effort, there can be no progress, and no improvement."

Clara made no reply; but she seemed very thoughtful for several moments, and then began to pick up her broken dolls, and put them away in their places, very carefully. Perhaps she was then forming her first strong resolution, to overcome the indolence which was fast growing upon her, and which she knew had long given her mother serious uneasiness, besides subjecting herself to much mortification, and many annoyances.

Clara's mamma was then absent from home; and cousin Mary, whom the children all dearly loved, supplied her place, in the family and the nursery. When Clara went to bid her good night, as usual, that evening she said timidly:

"Cousin Mary, will you call me early tomorrow morning?"

"Do I not call you every morning, Clara?"

"Yes, and then I turn over, and go to sleep again, cousin Mary; I know what you mean," said Clara, "but try me only this once again, and see if I cannot keep my resolution."

Cousin Mary cheerfully promised, pleased with her desire to commence a reformation, though still rather doubtful of her constancy. In the morning, however, when she went to Clara's room, she was agreably surprised to find her already up, neatly dressed, and sitting with an Atlas before her, tracing out her geography lesson for the day. Almost for the first time, too, she appeared at the breakfast table, in good season, and entered the school-room among the foremost of her class. And her earnest resolutions of amendment, were happily carried on; not, to be sure, without constant vigilance, for her long indulged habits were not easily laid aside. More than once she found herself inclined to turn over one book after another, or beginning two or three kinds of work, to leave all, as usual, unfinished. But her better feeling prevailed.

She resolutely completed whatever task she wished to accomplish; and from the same motive she took up a book, which had long before been given her—which she had turned over time and again, and it always seemed very dull, so that she generally threw it down with a yawn; but now, she was surprised to find how much interest and instruction she derived from it, because she read it in course, and with attention.

When Clara's mother returned home, at the end of a few weeks, she perceived with pleasure, the change which had already taken place, in her daughter's habits.

Instead of the listlessness, dissatisfaction, and irritability, which always attends indolence, she had become cheerful, and active, persevering in her tasks, and desirous of rendering herself useful to all around her. Not that she had at once attained perfection, or that she had not still many trials to encounter; but in making a First Effort, she had overcome the greatest difficulty and every succeeding step was made easier.

It is now many years since Clara formed the good resolution of conquering her indolent and capricious habits, and she has experienced the benefit of her firmness and perseverance. Her father lost his wealth, in one of the many changes of mercantile life, and her mother's death, left her the responsibility of training her younger sisters, in those habits of industry and economy, which their altered circumstances required. She has been exemplary in the performance of every duty; and she has always blessed the moment when she formed her purpose of amendment, and felt grateful, that she had strength given her to persevere in it.

THE MIRROR.

A gentle girl, in playful mood,
Before a polished mirror stood;
And pleased she viewed the artless grace,
Reflected from its faithful face.

Nor chide we that in simple maze,
With childish pride she loved to gaze.
For magic mirror never threw
A lovelier image back to view.

So pure, her fair, unruffled brow,
So free, her ringlets graceful flow,
Her rounded cheek, so rich its hue!
So soft her eye of deepest blue!

Gaze on, sweet chiid! for soon the ray,
Of rosy childhood flits away;
And youth's gay pleasures quickly pass,
Like shadows o'er the crystal glass.

A fairer image may you find,
Traced on the mirror of your mind;

Stamped in truth's pure, unchanging dye,
And viewed with conscience cloudless eye.

Oh! may no stain, no breath of sin,
The surface of that mirror dim!
Clear, may it ever bring to view,
Thy inward soul, pure, kind, and true.

Then, though the charms of youth decay,
And outward beauty fades away,
Still shall that mirror's faithful face,
Reflect thy spirit's purer grace.

A grace that gems the heavenly crown,
In worlds of bliss to sin unknown,
Where in unveiled reality,
"The pure in heart, their God shall see."

A LETTER ON PIGEONS.

MY DEAR SUSY,—I will hasten to fulfil my promise of writing to your little self, who have certainly entitled yourself to the distinction by your untiring industry before I left.

I arrived so late at night, that I was hurried to bed, and exhausted by my fatigue, I fell asleep. The sun was shining brightly through the diamond shaped panes of my window, when I arose, and throwing open the casement, looked forth. The roof of the gallery which rises in front of the gothic cottage, concealed from me a part of the little lawn, but the border of bright flowers next the paling, struck my eye, then the pretty lane itself; while opposite a finely wooded hill seemed to shut us out from the rest of the world. The other window looked upon three fine trees, a tulip tree, a sycamore, and a starry-leaved gum tree, among the branches of which the birds were busy, some singing, some feeding their young. Beyond, the dove-cote attracted my eye.

Nature seemed to acknowledge the Sabbath, by the hush which could be felt. I left my room after a hasty toilette, and was soon seated on a rustic sofa, beneath two cedars, at the back of which the Michigan rose was climbing, and above which, in a tiny house, a wren was giving its young their breakfast.

The gallery is decorated with roses, wistaria, honeysuckles, and convolulus, so trained as to form gothic arches. The little trees near me were also covered with the bright and merry flower appropriately named "morning glory." I have called it merry, but it is to me saddening in its blossom, for its evanescence is so typical of earthly joys, that amid its rich colors a pang reaches my heart. A rustic table, chairs, &c., completed the picture. My thoughts were drawn upwards; I felt that I was in a temple not made with hands, and I worshipped.

Half an hour had passed, when I heard the casement open, and your Aunt Ellen appeared, as young and as pretty, as when, ten years ago, she stood at the altar. Another moment, and her clear sweet whistle rang out upon the air, and a rustling of wings told us the sound had reached her pensioners, and upon the verandah alighted the most beautiful pigeons I had ever seen. Some were so tame as to feed out of the little lady's hand; others, cautiously approached her, and then drew back, while the Pouters strutted around, too proud to eat with the commonalty. Charmed with the sight I remained gazing till the bell for Sunday school from the neighbouring church reminded us to hasten our breakfast, and I returned to the house.

And now, Susy, come with me to Aunt Ellen's window, and take a look at the pigeons, while I tell you some of their names. Those which arrive first, always ready for their hemp-seed, are the Brown Tumblers. You see how quiet and quakerish they look—too demure for a frolic. Ah! little girl, appearances often deceive. When they fly up into the air to any height, they always come down performing summersets. Did you believe in the Grecian doctrine of metempsychosis, which amused you so much before I left, you might suppose the spirit of some rope-dancer, or circus actor, had here found a home; I see your eye is wandering to those white pigeons, whose tails form a perfect fan, which is never furled. You may well admire them. Tender-hearted parents are they, and the protector of the stranger and the orphan. By their side stands a lovely nun, jet-black, with a white ruff on her throat—a mournful looking dame, is she not? She might better be called a widow, for it is not long ago, she was deprived of her mate, and now wanders darkling.

Then there are the Almond Tumblers—their plumage mottled with a pinkish French grey. Their heads you observe have the form of an almond. But they are pushed aside by the Ruffs. I confess I do not like ruffs, though the white coat, the prim frill around the neck, and the pink eyes, might well challenge admiration. They bring to my mind the heartless, cruel, Queen Elizabeth, and I prefer to them those little pets that come so daintily, treading along, and sure of a warm welcome, are already perched on your Aunty's finger. Look at that little frill, running up the breast, that exquisite turn of the head and neck. Gentle, loving creature! the Owl-pigeon is my pet: none but the Turbot can compare with it at all. There come the Black Tumblers, and there is a pair of Magpies marked like that bird. You ask for the Carriers. There they are, black, with the long bill, and huge warts about their eyes. The ugliest of all pigeons, it is endeared to us by early association, and since we read Miss Edgeworths tale, or heard the touching song "Fly away to my native land, sweet bird," we have longed to see it, and are now disappointed. Ah! Susy, the most beautiful is rarely the most useful. But there come the Pouters. See the stately air of the female. How aristocratic is her bearing, how beautifully feathered are her legs; and her mate, notice how he swells out his crop, so as almost to make it exceed the size of his body. You see his pride: he will not taste the esed with the others, but marches around, as if all else were worthless. His poor children are neglected. Domestic cares are beneath the attention of his majesty.

Listen! a prolonged whistle, shows Aunty misses one of her favorites. Oh! yes, there comes the delicate white Pouter, the queen of the whole. She is certainly an exquisite creature. The turn of her head is perfect, and her pout just sufficiently visible to be pretty. But I hear the grinding of carriage wheels in the gravel, and must stop. Ah! it is my kind friend, who is so learned in pigeons. I will see if I can persuade him to give me information enough about them to tell you something better worth knowing in my next letter; Till then, with love to your mamma, and a kiss to your sister, Adieu.

EDITH.

Woodlands, August 1st, 1847.

THE SPIDER.

A CHILD went out with his father into the vineyard, and there found a bee, in the net of a cross spider. Already the latter was opening the threatening fangs, to destroy the former; but the child liberated the bee, and then broke the web of the animal of prey.

The father saw, and asked the boy how he could regard so little the wit and dexterity of the insect, as to destroy its toilsome and ingenious web. "Did you not observe how beautifully and regularly the delicate threads were arranged? How then can you be, at the same time, so compassionate, and so severe?"

The child replied: "Is not the wit of the spider malicious, and directed to murderous deeds; but the bee collects honey and wax, and stows them away in its cells; therefore I freed thebee, and tore up the web of the spider."

The father commended the judgment of unbiassed simplicity, which condemns even brilliant wit, which, originating in self-seeking, tends to injury and ruin.

"But," proceeded the father, "perhaps you have still done the spider injustice; for see, he protects our ripening clusters from the flies and wasps, with his web which he has spun around them."

"But does he do it," asked the boy, "for the purpose of of protecting them, or rather to satisfy his own thirst for blood?"

"Why, certainly," answered the father, "he has probably little reason to be concerned about the clusters."

"Oh!" said the boy, "then the good which he effects, without intending it, is of no avail to his character. Good intention is certainly the only good and sole virtue in good deeds."

"True!" said the father; "thanks then are due to nature, that knows how to apply the injurious and inimical, to the maintenance of the good and the useful,"

Then the boy asked why the spider sits so solitary, in her web, while the bees live together in social union, and work as a community. "The spiders, too, ought to make a large community."

"Dear child," replied the father, "only for good ends can a multitude associate. The bond of malice and selfishness carries the germ of destruction within itself; therefore, wise nature would not attempt, what men have so often found impossible and ruinous."

When they had returned home, the child observed: "Yet I have to-day learned something from the hateful creature."

"And why not?" said the father. "Nature has placed the hostile and the friendly, the malicious and the good, side by side, in order that the latter, in contrast with the former, might appear more beautiful and bright. And so man may learn even from that which is evil and malicious."

KRUMMACHER'S PARABLES.

A CHAPTER ON TREES.

'TREES! what can be said interesting about trees. Pretty and graceful they are, but surely there is not much to learn about them;' methinks I hear some of the little ones say, as they open this page. You do not know yet how much there is in each variety of trees; I dare say many of you my young readers, do not know one from another, and would be very likely to mistake an oak for a maple; and yet they are as different as children of different families.

I wish I could take a ramble with you on our beautiful mountain, and point out the various trees; but I must leave that for some other friend to do, and will therefore content myself with giving you the names and qualities of some of the noblest ones of our forest. The king of the forest is the oak, a stately tree with glossy, pretty shaped leaves, majestic height, and graceful far spreading branches. Its botanical name is Quercus, from two Celtic words, *quer*, fine, and *cucy* a tree. It was especially sacred and distinguished in olden times because the misletoe grew upon it, which was the sacred emblem of the Druids, priests of the Ancient Britons. The flowers of the oak have but little beauty, but the acorns, which I am sure you have all seen, are very pretty, so polished, and fitting so nicely the little cup in the carved saucer; many a time when a little one, like yourselves, I have played "come and see," with them, and imagined them cups filled with fragrant tea.

Acorns were formerly of great importance in England, for feeding swine; this was when great forests existed, before the country was cultivated as it is now, and still in counties such as Hampshire, and Northamptonshire, where the oak abounds, they are valued for that purpose.

Oak timber is the most valuable for building ships, as it is more durable and better than any other. The "wooden walls" of Old England, as they are called, owe much of their honour to the stout oak trees of the woods and forests. Carving in wood used to be practised a great deal, and oak was generally chosen for that purpose. The bark of the oak is used in tanning, and also for hot beds, and oak saw dust for dyeing fustian. Some of you would ask me, I think, what oak apples are? They do not belong to the tree itself, but are formed on it by an insect which lays its eggs in them. They are used for dyeing black.

The form of the oak tree is an emblem of its qualities, so firm set, and strong; you can always know it, even when without its leaves, it stands a wintry skeleton, as the monarch of the woods.

Perhaps you do not know, for I did not till very recently, that the cork tree, is a species of oak; it grows chiefly in Spain, Portugal, and Southern France. In Spain the poor people lay planks of cork by their bedsides to tread upon, as we use carpets. They also make it into beehives, and we know how essential it is for bottles, &c.

The Elm is the next tree we will speak of. It is lofty, handsome, and graceful, and you would notice it more in a landscape, even than the oak; its form is so very beautiful. I dare say many of you can now remember one that stands near a pretty cottage, half way round the mountain, and throws its arms across the road, forming a perfect arch. The wood of the elm is hard and tough, and lasts a long time in wet situations; it is much used for coffins. The flowers of the elm grow out on the naked twigs, and are purple, the seed vessels grow close to the stem, and ripen as the leaves open.

There is a very useful tree which comes out late in the spring, and drops its leaves early; this is the common ash, which name is derived from the celtic word *æse*, a pipe, the wood being much used for pipe staves. Few timber trees are more generally useful. It is particularly adapted to the implements of husbandry, and for the coachmaker, and wheelwright. It makes excellent fuel, good hoops, and walking sticks. Its leaves grow in long sprays, and the blossom is very magnificent.

The Mountain Ash is a far more beautiful tree; in the spring it is so pretty, with its graceful feathery foliage, and its lovely white blossoms, and then in the autumn its bright scarlet berries, growing in such rich clusters, make it one of our most ornamental trees. The birds are very fond of the berries, and you will often see a tree absolutely full of them, eating, chirping, and chattering together most gleefully. It is the same with the Rowen tree, of which you will by and bye read in Scott's poetry and novels; it grows in the Highlands, and the berries are used not only for ornament, but as an article of food, for they make a pleasant jelly.

The Hawthorn in its blossoms and berries, is not unlike the mountain ash, though its form and foliage are very different; its greatest value is as a hedge, and fence tree; it is exceedingly strong, and well defended with thorns; when standing alone, it is an ornamental tree with its full branches of snowy fragrant flowers, succeeded by its crimson berries. The berries in many countries, are eaten by the peasants, and the natives of Kamschatka, make a wine from them. It is also called Whitethorn, Quick, Maybush, and when in flower May, from its flowering so abundantly in that month.

"A bush of May flowers with the bees about them,
Ah! sure no tasteful nook would be without them."

But I must remember that I am writing for little people, and not give them too much to think of at a time, lest they weary of the subject, so I will leave my trees now for a time.

THE BEETLE.

"OH! my dear mamma! just see what I have found," said little Marian May, as she ran to her mother, with her hands clasped, and tightly closed.

"What is it, my dear Marian.''

"Oh! such a beautiful thing, dear mamma, I thought when I first picked it up, it was a brooch some one had dropped, it was so bright and yellow, but I found it had little tiny legs, and wings; I don't know what it is, and I am afraid to open my hands lest it should fly away."

"I think I can tell what it is, my dear, without seeing it, but I should like you to put it under a tumbler, that we can look at it to advantage. Now open your hand, and I will put the glass over it."

"Did you ever see anything so pretty, mamma? it is like a little silver lamp, and I should think it would give light to all the insects."

"No; the glow worm is the little candle, that illumines all the insect festivities; this small creature, beautiful as it is, cannot impart light to others; it is like a lump of shining gold, and some of its species are worn by the ladies of the West Indies, and parts of South America, for ornaments. I had one once sent me for a brooch, but unfortunately I broke it; but I have not yet told you what it is. It is a beetle, a golden beetle, a rare kind it is, a variety of the common black beetle or clock, which flies about, round and round, so much, in an evening, with that loud buzzing noise; you remember one got into church a few evenings ago, and kept wheeling round Mrs. Monder's head, till she could not sit still. They are disagreeable things, so black, and heavy looking. The ancient Egyptians (you know you were looking at their country on a map with its beautiful river Nile, the other day,) consecrated this beetle to the sun, and never allowed it to be destroyed."

"Oh! I cannot believe, mamma, that this lovely bright thing is any relation to that ugly black clock, which I hate so much."

"If you could compare the two, you would see the form and the coating of the two was the same. We will look at this one through the magnifying glass; you will see its rich colour to much advantage. It looks as if it had been highly varnished, and certainly one might well imagine it a piece of exquisite jewellery."

"Are these two the only kind of beetles, mamma."

"No, my dear; one of the most remarkable species in size as well as beauty, is that called the Hercules beetle; it is five or six inches long, the wing shells are of a smooth surface, of a bluish grey colour, marked with round black spots of different sizes; from the upper part of the chest, proceeds a horn of great length in proportion to the body; it is sharp at the tip, and is furnished throughout its whole length, with a fine velvet-like pile, of a brownish orange colour. From the front of the head also proceeds a strong horn, like the other, but not furnished with any pile.

"This insect is found in some parts of South America, where great numbers are seen on the marmoree tree, rasping off the rind from the slender branches, by working round them with their horns, till they cause the juice to flow, which it is said they drink, though I cannot vouch for its truth, to intoxication, till they fall senseless from the tree."

"Oh! mamma, I will not believe that; the poor little things would know better than to drink too much, their instinct would teach them better."

"So I think, my dear Marian; but to go on with our beetles. There is a large black one called the "stag beetle." It looks like a great black knight, all arrayed in armour, I was reading the other day, some very pretty lines about it, written by the same lady who gave us the song of the rein-deer, which you read in the last "Snow Drop"; she is a Miss Twamley, an English lady who seems to love every living thing. I will repeat the lines to you; and then I should like you to learn them."

THE STAG BEETLE.

The poets have sung of the fly, and the gnat,
  Of the butterfly, wasp, and the bee,
Fair *Howitt* makes hornets a theme of her song,
  Come, old stag beetle! I'll sing to thee.

Our pers'nal acquaintance is recent, 'tis true,
  But even when a child I had read
Your "memoirs," and confess that I held in some awe,
  Your name, and your great horned head.

Soon after I saw you in sorrowful plight,
  Pinned down in a showy glass case,
That seemed quite a family vault, for there lay,
  With like honors, great part of your race.

I looked at your forceps, and counted your legs,
  And sure the identical thing,
So carefully studied, lay under my view,
  I conned you, head, foot, leg, and wing.

Years went—and last summer I met you again,
  Not in glass case, nor fine coffin plate,
But alive, fine and gay!—going briskly about,
  Or asleep on some warm sunny gate.

You valiant old fellow! How often we paused
  In our noon walks, to watch your still doze;

And admire your strong, lustrous, and black coat of mail,
Your clawed feet, and that well guarded nose.

How indignant you were, to be waked by a touch
Of our fingers, just over your back!
And then how you pinched through a glove or a stick,
Or one's finger too—held in your track.

For brave as a dauntless knight-errant of old,
You never turned tail on your foes,
But charged at them manfully, snapping in wrath,
Those terrible shears on your nose.

But we ne'er did thee hurt—we liked thee too well,
Thou valiant and noble Black Knight;
Good luck to thy forage,—and safe be thy rest
On the stile in the merry sun-light.

A FABLE.

There was once upon a time, a good little dwarf, named *Try*, who was so powerful as to overcome every thing he attempted, and yet he was so small that people laughed when they were told of his wondrous powers. But the tiny man was so kind of heart, and loved so much to serve his unfortunate and desponding brethren, that he would go and beg of those who knew him better, to intercede for him, so he might be allowed to help them out of their troubles; and when once he had made them happy by his noble deeds, they no longer despised him, or drove him from them with sneers.

Yet the only return this good dwarf sought, for all his services, was that when they heard of any one who wanted a helping hand, they would say a good word in his favor, and recommend them to *Try*.

CHESS.

THIS interesting game was invented in the East. It was designed to represent a war game, and all the pieces, at the present day, in Turkey, bear names corresponding to the character. In Europe some of the names have been ridiculously changed. For instance that which we call the Queen, is in Turkey termed the *Grand Vizier*, an officer who directs the movements of an army. As this is the most powerful and active piece in the game, it is evident that Vizier is much more appropriate than *Queen*, a character, who seldom leads on, or accompanies the movements of troops.

The way in which this corruption was introduced was probably this. The French, endeavouring to imitate the word *Vizier*, called the piece in question *Vierge*, which signifies Virgin, and therefore we presume it soon slid into the appellation, *Queen*. Again what are now our *Bishops*, were originally *Elephants*; an animal that used to bear the standard in war. *Castles* and *Knights* are still military. *Pawns* are derived from *Pions*, which signifies the *foot soldiery*. A late German writer, proposes that the game of Chess, should be brought back to its true origin, by restoring the forms and names of the pieces which have been changed.—*Southern Rose Bud*.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

STORY THE EIGHTH.

WHICH TELLS THE REST OF VERAZZANO'S FAMOUS ADVENTURES.

I AM right glad, my dear young readers, to be with you all again.—And as I dare say you liked very well to hear of the famous adventures of the old navigator, Verazzano, and all about the delightful places he visited, and the strange people he saw—I will now tell you something more of those adventures, before we take a final leave of this good old voyager.

Some of you may perhaps think I am telling you too much about one who visited the territory that is now called the United States of America; but I would have such of you, who think so, to reflect, that in professing to give some account of the old voyagers who first visited this continent, it would be very unfair to withhold from Verazzano a prominent place. As regards the enterprise itself, it is regarded by historians as one of great magnitude and splendour, and well deserving of being carefully recorded. It comprehends one of the widest ranges of early discovery, and affords us the first views, and those remarkably vivid and impressive ones, of a very important and great country. As connected with Canada, Verazzano's enterprise is equally deserving of attentive record. While the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the English had sent out their voyagers to the New World, Verazzano was the first sent by the French Government, and you all know how close the connection became between this country and France. Indeed in so important a light may Verazzano's enterprise be viewed, as respects Canada, that it may be said to have laid the foundation of the French colonization here; for it was his enterprise that first seriously directed the attention of the French Government to this country. Verazzano had surveyed a line of coast extending for seven hundred leagues, embracing nearly the whole of the United States, with a large portion of British America; and he laid before the King of France a plan for completing a survey of the coast, for penetrating into the interior, and establishing a colony. To the magnificent region which Verazzano had discovered he gave the name of New France. Francis I. appears to have been very proud of Verazzano, and to have encouraged him, and embraced his proposals for colonization. It was only ten years after this, that the famous enterprise of Jacques Cartier took place; which directly led to the settlement of the French in this country.

Before taking leave of this famous navigator, we shall take a peep into the description he has left behind him of the parts of the country he visited. The account which Verazzano has left of his enterprise, is very much admired. It was addressed to Francis I., and is written with much simplicity and elegance.

After leaving the pleasant part of the coast, described in our story of last month, Verazzano as our historian, Mr. Fraser Tytler narrrates:—"now proceeded one hundred leagues farther to a sheltered and beautiful bay surrounded by gently rising hills, and discovered a large river, which from its depth seemed navigable to a considerable distance. Fearful, however, of any accident, they ascended it in boats; and the voyage conducted them through a country so full of sweetness and attraction that they left it with much regret. Prosecuting their discoveries fifty leagues eastward, they reached another island of a triangular shape, covered with rich wood, and rising into gentle hills, which reminded them of Rhodes, both in its form and general aspect. A contrary wind, however, rendered it impossible to land, and pursuing their course about fifteen leagues farther along the coast, they found a port where there was an excellent anchorage. Here they were soon visited by the natives, who came in a squadron of twenty boats, and at first cautiously kept at the distance of fifty paces. Observing, however, the friendly gesture of the strangers, they ventured nearer, and when the French threw them bells, mirrors, and other trinkets, they raised a loud and simultaneous shout expressive of joy and security, no longer hesitating to row their boats to the ship's side and come aboard. They are described by Verazzano, in his account of the voyage sent to Francis I., as the finest and handsomest race, and the most civilized in their manners, of any he had yet met in America. Their colour was fairer than that of the more southern people, and the symmetry of their forms, and in the simplicity and gracefulness of their attitudes, they almost vied with the antique. They soon became exceedingly friendly and intimate, and conducted the French into the interior of the country, which they found variegated with wood, and more delightful than can be easily described. Adapted for every sort of cultivation, whether of corn, vines, or olives, it was interspersed with plains of twenty-five or thirty leagues in length, open and unencumbered with trees, and of such fertility, that whatever fruit might be sown was certain to produce a rich and abundant return. They afterwards entered the woods, which were of great size, and so thick that a large army might have been concealed in them. The trees consisted of oaks and cypresses, besides other species unknown to Europe. They found also apples, parsley, plums, and filberts, and many other kinds of fruit different from those of Italy. They saw likewise many animals, such as harts, roes, wolves, and stags, which the natives caught with snares, and destroyed with bows and arrows, their principal weapons of offence. The arrows were made with great neatness, and at the point instead of iron they inserted flints, aspers, hard marble, and other kinds of cut stones. These they also made use of in felling trees, and in excavating their boats, which with great skill were made of a single trunk, yet large enough to hold ten or twelve men commodiously. Their oars were short and broad at the extremity, which they plied in the sea without any accident happening, trusting solely to their strength of arm and skilful management, and seeming able to go at almost any rate they pleased. Their houses were constructed in a circular shape, ten or twelve paces in circuit, built of boards, and separated from each other without any attention paid to architectural arrangement, covered with tiles made of clay, of excellent workmanship, and effectually protected from the wind and rain.

*The French now bade adieu to this kind people, and pursued their discoveries for one hundred and fifty leagues, exploring a coast which extended first towards the east and afterwards to the north. The country still presented an agreeable and inviting aspect, although the climate became colder, and the regions along which they passed more hilly. A progress of other fifty leagues brought them to a more mountainous district than any yet seen, covered with dark and dense forests, and possessed by a people whose habits and temper seemed to partake of the severer nature of their country. On attempting to open an intercourse,

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* This country, according to Verazzano was situated in 41⅔° of latitude which, if correct, would point it out as the present flourishing State of Massachsetts.

Verazzano found them as fierce and sullen as those with whom he had lately dealt were agreeable and generous. Twenty-five of the crew who landed were received with a shower of arrows; and although the exhibition of articles of barter overcame their scruples, and tempted them to agree to an interchange of commodities, the manner in which this was effected evinced a striking mixture of avidity and suspicion. They came down to the beach, choosing the spot where the surf was breaking most violently, and insisted that the French boat should remain on the other side; a rope was then passed from it to the shore, and the different articles were swung along it. Strings of beads, toys, or mirrors they utterly despised; but eagerly received knives, swords, saws, or anything in the shape of cutting-metal to be used in war or in the chase, though such was their savage temper, that during the process of exchange they expressed their aversion to the strangers by uncouth gestures of contempt and derision. It seems probable that the country now for the first time visited by Europeans was the present state of Maine; as we are told by Verazzano, that a further run of fifty leagues along the coast brought him to a cluster of thirty islands separated by narrow channels,—a description which points out, in precise terms, the Bay of Penobscot."

Verazzano afterwards made another expedition to America, but all that is certainly known of it, Mr. Tytler says, is, that it proved fatal to this great navigator. Having landed incautiously upon the American coast, he and his party were surrounded, and cut to pieces by the savages, after which, says our historian, they barbarously devoured them, in the sight of their companions.

THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.

BY MISS RUSSELL.

Art catching the sunbeams above thy fair head,
That sleep on the wall like a slender gold thread?
Have a care, little one, as on tiptoe you stand,
And slily reach upward that soft chubby hand.
Hands eager as thine have been foiled in their aim
When grasping at sunbeams of fortune and fame;
Then slowly, sweet Lucy! sure foot and sure eye.
Give the secret of many a hold on the sky,

Ha! caught it at last, and thy musical glee,
Breaks swift into dimples, right merry to see;
I could laugh, little love, at the look of surprise,
That frightens thy dimples, and sobers thine eyes,
To find that instead of a sunbeam in thrall,
Thy hand was held tightly on nothing at all;
I could laugh, if I felt not how all that draw breath,
Are grasping at sunbeams from birth until death.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The last time we were together, we were chatting about some of the wondrous works of art, the triumphs of man's skill in mechanics, and now, if you like, we will take a peep into the "British Museum."

In order to see it we must enter a stately edifice in Great Russel street, Bloomsbury, London. A celebrated architect called Peter Paget, was sent over from Paris expressly to construct this splendid mansion, which was then intended for the residence of the Dukes of Montague.

This magnificent collection of curiosities was established in 1703, by Act of Parliament, in consequence of Sir Hans Sloane leaving his fine museum to the nation; many valuable additions have been made to it since then; libraries, antique marbles, Greek vases, the Landsdown manuscripts, and lastly the celebrated Elgin marbles, which comprise the finest specimens of ancient sculpture.

It would take one weeks, almost, to see all of interest in this vast collection, and we can only take a hop, skip, and jump through it, just to form some idea of it, and then perhaps by and bye we shall many of us, have the pleasure of *walking* through it, and seeing with our own eyes its many treasures.

We must first pass through the rooms on the ground floor, which are filled with books for all ages and tastes, and in all languages, variously bound too; to read the catalogue alone, would take us days. So we will pass up the staircase, its decorations are very pretty, the ceiling is exquisitely painted; it represents a scene from the Ancient Greek Mythology,—Phæton petitioning Apollo, for permission to drive his chariot. The first room on the upper story contains works of modern art, from all parts of the world, arranged in cases. In the centre one are several beautiful miniatures, one of Charles I. and also of the brazen-nosed Oliver; the latter with a watch by his side. There are two curious portraits of king William III, of Orange memory, and Queen Mary, carved on two walnut shells.

In the presses ranged round the room, are fine specimens of china, and a variety of implements of war; also, a rich collection of curiosities brought from the Pacific Ocean, by the unfortunate Captain Cook. There are some cloaks and helmets of feathers from the Sandwich Islands, which are truly beautiful. The contents of one of the presses is hideous; it is filled with the idols of the different heathen nations; those from the Friendly and Sandwich Isles rivalling in barbaric ugliness the uncouth and shapeless forms of the Chinese and Hindoo worship.

The next four or five rooms are devoted to manuscripts; in one of them is the original of "Magna Charta;" it is in a glazed frame. Next comes a magnificent saloon, filled with the Greville collection of minerals, said to be the finest in the world; they are beautifully arranged, and their colours show to the best advantage. In ~~the~~ window is a table composed of a variety of lava's from Mount Vesuvius.

Then comes the department of Natural History ture. On the table, in the centre of this room, are preserved the nests of various birds, among the most singular of which, are the hanging nests, formed by the which is very interesting; among the fossil remains; in a glass case, is the celebrated skeleton found in Guadaloupe, which has been a subject of interesting controversy to naturalists; there are also shells and petrifactions too. One of the prettiest rooms is that devoted to birds; you can find here, every variety, from the tiny humming bird, scarcely larger than a bee, to the graceful albatross, or the swift vuloriole.

The room devoted to Greek and Roman sculpture, contains some beautiful specimens; one among the most celebrated is the "Quoit-player." There is too a fine collection of Roman sepulchral monuments, and another of Egyptian Antiquities, over which two mummies in their coffins seem to have mounted guard. Sir William Hamilton's collection is very good; it consists of specimens of ancient armour, seals, weights, sculptures in ivory, bracelets, ancient glass, paintings from Herculaneum, Greek vases, Babylonish bricks, household gods, &c., &c.

In short this Museum is a perfect little world of itself, where you can see almost everything, that has been, and that is; and I am sure if you ever go to London, it will be one of the first places you will desire to visit; and with the wish that I may meet some of you there,

I remain, affectionately yours,

Cousin Lizzie.

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Another month has passed away, and still here we are in our stately chair, ready to greet all our young friends. Winter is now coming, and we would recommend to them to make a good selection of books for their evening's amusements. We have been reading one lately, which we should like to know was on the table of all our readers. "The Queen Bee, and the Magic Dress, or the Good Genius that turned every thing to gold,"—a true fairy tale; it is full of wonders, but such wonders, as, with the aid of the fairy, (and we each of us have her at our command) we can all achieve.

And now for the Conundrums. Have our young students found out what historical characters the famous Tower of London would have called upon—No, I think not. Wat Tyler—Will. Rufus.—(What tiler will roof us?)

If you know what Pandora found at the bottom of her box, you can tell what it is that sweetens life—Hope. Take away its end, and it becomes "hop," and hops are used in beer, and other bitter draughts.

For the third Conundrum, I am sure you have not guessed that. America only lost her "President," but England her "Power,"—a celebrated actor of that name being on board the steamer when she was lost.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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MARK AND HIS SISTER.

"Mother, how the wind whistles round the house to-night," said Mark Ellis, as he sat on his little wooden block in the chimney corner, plaiting a coarse basket from the willow twigs which lay piled in a heap beside him.

"Yes, child," said his mother, brushing a tear from the corner of her eye, "it has to my ear, just such a wailing sound as it had that dreadful night when your poor father was taken from us; which will be four months come tomorrow. All this dismal winter we have lived through without him, but God only knows how we are to keep together much longer, now he has gone, who, while he was spared, labored for us so cheerfully."

"Oh! mother, do not be cast down," said Patty, a little girl just past ten years of age, who sat by the table, busily at work upon an apron; "you know Mark and I are getting bigger and stronger every day, and are able already to do a good deal of work, so that with the help of the garden and the cow, I am sure we may be quite comfortable, without asking aid from any body."

"Ah, yes, dears, you are good children," said the widow; "I would not be so ungrateful to God, who has given you to me, as to complain; but at times the remembrance of your poor father comes across me, and then I think how much comfort he took of a winter's evening by his own fireside, or in summer after his work was done, sitting under the shade of the old elm before the door; and then the fear lest we should be obliged to leave the little homestead that he loved so much, makes me very sad," and the poor woman's tears fell fast as she spoke.

Patty moved by her mother's grief, threw her arms around her neck, while Mark, who though a good tempered manly boy, had hitherto been rather indolent, sat working very fast at his basket, making a great many good resolutions, and thinking over various plans of industry, by which he could enable his mother to keep the snug cottage, and little glebe of land, which they all loved so much.

Ralph Ellis, the father of Mark and Patty, had been only a day-laborer, but he was so honest and obliging that he obtained constant employment, and good wages, from all the farmers in the neighborhood. He thus earned a comfortable living for his family, and by good economy, even succeeded in laying by enough from time to time, finally to purchase the pleasant little cottage, which for many years he had rented of a very kind landlord.

But hard labour, early and late, in rain and sunshine, frost and heat, at last brought on the disease of which he died, leaving his family only the house, which his industry had purchased for them, and about five pounds in money.

Mrs. Ellis, who was a quiet, uncomplaining woman, had depended so much upon her husband, that when he was taken from her, she hardly knew how to manage at all without him. But when she looked at her fine, active, good humoured children, she felt she had still much to live for, and for their sakes she resolved to exert herself. Her chief concern at present was lest she should be obliged to sell the cottage, as she thought in the spring, Mark must be bound out to some farmer, and she should have no one to cultivate the garden, which had afforded them so many nice vegetables, and had besides, small as it was, under her husbands good management, brought them in quite a little income; for Ralph had a turn for gardening, and being near a market town, had contrived at odd hours, to grow a few of such choice vegetables as always brought him a good price from certain lovers of rarities in L.

When, therefore, Mrs. Ellis mentioned her fear of being forced to give up their home, Patty, as we have said, threw herself upon her mother's neck, exclaiming:

"Oh, no, mother! we will not leave this dear place; you don't know how much Mark and I can do, nor how hard we will work to help you, won't we, Mark? for you are almost a man, and Miss Huntly has promised to give me as much work as I can find time to do."

"Oh! yes," said Mark, rising from his block, and stretching himself to his utmost height, "I was twelve years old last month, so I am nearly in my teens, and it shall never be said our pretty garden had to be sold for want of some one to plant and weed it. Why, mother, I can do my day's work at the great house on the hill, and yet find time to take care of the cow and the garden besides."

"On the hill, Mark?" said his mother, "why do you speak of working there. You must go to farmer Robson, who is willing to take you, and labour with him as your dear father did—so I fear, my boy, it is little you will be able to do at home, after a hard day's work abroad.

"Never fear, mother," said Mark, "Donald the gardener at the hill, is a great friend of mine, and he says I have a natural taste for his calling, and that he shall want a lad soon, to help him make the hot beds, and to do other jobs about the garden. And then he is so good-natured that I am sure he will give me an hour or two to make my own garden, and may be, will sometimes spare me a whole day, when he is not in a hurry. I am making this basket for him, you know, mother, and he is to give me sixpence for it, if it is well put together, for he wants something stronger than those the basket-woman brings along, to put the large weeds in."

"Well, my son, if Squire Huntly approves of this, I can have no objection to it; but I am not willing you should make any agreement with Donald, without his consent."

Mark looked rather disappointed for a moment, then taking up his work, he said:

"Well, mother, I must finish this basket to-night, because I promised to take it to Donald to-morrow, and then perhaps the Squire may speak to me about coming there to work."

"And I too must finish my apron," said Patty, for I have gingham enough to make three more, and Miss Huntly has promised me wool, and is to teach me a very nice stitch, so that I may embroider them, and get a higher price for them than if they were plain."

And both the children went back to their work, while their mother, somewhat cheered by this conversation, opened the large Bible, and read to them the beautiful history of Deborah, who prophesied beneath a Palm tree.

The next morning Mark was up with the sun; he had yet the handle to put on to his basket, but by the time Patty had milked the little red cow, it was finished, and really for a first attempt, it was very neatly made, and looked so strong and workman-like, that his mother could not help praising his ingenuity. Mark was well pleased by her approval, and ate his breakfast of sweet milk, and nice meally potatoes, bursting through their rough coats, with a cheerful aad thankful heart.

As soon as the simple repast was ended, he prepared to visit his friond Donald; so taking the basket under his arm, and accompanied by Patty, who had also finished her apron, he set out towards the hill. It was a bright sunny day in the beginning of February; there were litttle patches of bright grass, green as the emerald, peeping up in many places through the melting snow, while the short, clear note of the earliest spring birds, burst forth now and then, from amid the thick hedges and leafless branches of the trees. The children were delighted with these symptoms of the more genial season which was soon to succeed the rigors of a long and cold winter; they enjoyed their walk so much, that they were almost sorry when it was ended.

Patty went modestly round to the servants' door, to enquire for Miss Huntly, while Mark boldly entered the garden, where he knew on such a fine day he should find his friend Donald. The little girl quickly gained admittance, for she was a great favorite at the hill, and as soon as she had exchanged kind greetings with Kitty the housemaid, she was shown into a small sunny room filled with work, books, plants, and birds, which Miss Huntly called her own. There Patty now found her, sitting at a table copying some very beautiful shells, which had been sent her by a gentleman from South America.

"So you have come to claim my promise," said the young lady, looking up from her drawing with a smile, as Patty entered; "but do you think you can have patience to learn the stitch? See here, it looks very difficult," and she held up the corner of her silk apron, on which it was embroidered in blue floss.

"I can try, ma'am," said Patty, modestly; "for I wish so much to learn it."

"Well, Patty," said Miss Huntly, "*try* is a very little word, but with a firm will, it helps us often to do great things; and so as you have made up this apron very neatly, I will willingly teach you to work it, and if you succeed in doing it well, I know a lady who has four little girls, and she will gladly purchase of you, one for each of them. But they must be all alike, and this is a very pretty colour; pray where did you get such exquisitely fine blue gingham?"

"It was given me, Miss, by Mrs. Stanmore, to wear on Sunday, because she was pleased that I taught Miss Marian to knit; but then my poor father died, so it was not made into a frock, and when you told me about the aprons, I asked mother's leave to make use of it for them."

"You did quite right, Patty," said Miss Huntly; "it is far too gay for you to wear, and the sale of it as aprons will enable you to purchase for a far less sum than this cost, a much more suitable and becoming frock for yourself, or even a dress for your mother, provided she wants one."

"Oh! miss, do you think so?" asked Patty, while a flush of delight overspread her face, for she knew her mother did need a new dress, and she heard her say she did not know how she was ever to buy one. But now, she thought, if I can earn enough to get it for her, how happy I shall be, and she trembled in her eager desire to make her first attempt, confident that by patient endeavor she should at length accomplish it.

Miss Huntly was pleased at the earnestness she shewed to learn, but not wishing to give her too much encouragement, she said:

"I wish you to look very closely at the stitch once more, Patty, because it is not so easy as you seem to think it, and it may be a long while, if ever, before you succeed in learning it."

Poor Patty's heart failed her, as she bent down, and closely examined the turnings and twistings of the stitch, and Miss Huntly saw, by her disappointed look, and changing colour, that she was almost ready to say she would not attempt it. But after studying the pattern for some time, her countenance brightened, and she saw so plainly the manner in which the stitch was turned, that she was sure she should be able after a little practice to do it perfectly well.

Miss Huntly then made her sit down beside her, and taking a small bit of cloth, she taught her the stitch, which was perfectly simple, and very quickly done. Patty was impatient to take the needle into her own hand, and though at first she made many mistakes, she at length copied it so well, that Miss Huntly thought she would be able, after a little practice, to go on without further instruction. So she gave her a small box of Berlin wools, shaded from a bright golden to a pale yellow, which she said would form a lovely contrast with the blue ground, and told her when the aprons were all done, to bring them to her.

Patty returned Miss Huntly many warm thanks for her kindness, and with a heart full of gratitude and hope, made her modest little curtsey, and went out to look for Mark, who by this time, she thought, must have finished all his business with the gardener. Just as she turned the corner of the house, she heard Squire Huntly say:—

"And so you made this basket all yourself, my little man;" and as Patty went on a few steps farther, she saw the Squire with the basket in his hand, and Mark, with his friend Donald standing beside him, both looking very much pleased.

"Yes, sir," said Mark, holding his head very erect; "I spoiled a good many before I succeeded, but my sister Patty always said, 'Try again, Mark, for if you have not patience and perseverance while you are young, you will never do anything well,' and so I did try very hard, sir, till I made this one, which you are pleased to say, is not so bad for the first."

"No, my boy, it is not, indeed," said the Squire kindly; "it is a neat basket, and a strong basket, for I cannot bend it out of shape, and your sister Patty must be a sensible little maiden, to give you such good counsel, and you a wise boy in following it. Between you both I am sure you will do well in the world, and make your mother as comfortable as she could desire."

"Oh, sir! I hope so, I hope so," said Mark, with tears of joy in his eyes; "if we can only manage to keep the cottage and garden for her, she will have a good home, and want for nothing."

"Well, Mark," said the Squire, "I must say you make a fair beginning, if that is your wish, and we will all help you as much as we can; and now, since you have made the basket so well, I have another little job for you, and you shall not be a loser by it, provided you do it to please me. It is this. I want an airy, yet strong place in which to put a couple of partridges, that I mean to tame, if tamed they can be, and a large cage, or house to stand upon the ground, woven in this manner, will, I think just answer my purpose—now, do you think you can have patience, and perseverance, as Patty says, to accomplish it?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure I can," said Mark, resolutely.

"Well then, let us see," returned the Squire. "Donald says he can find work enough for you in the day time, but the evenings are still pretty long, and an industrious little boy may be able to do a good deal in them, if he will. So come along with me, and I will shew you where I want my partridge house to stand, and tell you how large you must make it."

Mark, much pleased, followed the Squire into the poultry yard, while Patty hastened home, fearing to wait longer, lest her mother should need her. There was nothing, however, for her to do, and so she sat down to her work, and was still trying the stitch upon the bit of cloth Miss Huntly had given her, when Mark came in, with his arms full of willow sticks, and his cheeks glowing with exercise and pleasure.

"Oh! Patty, can't you help me to peel these willow sticks?" said he; "I have been quite round by Beaver Brook to get them, and they must be peeled and dried to-night, for tomorrow I go to the hill to work with Donald, so that after to-day, I shall only have the evening to myself, and then I must make the Squire's partridge-house, which he wants as soon as possible."

Patty hesitated a moment, for she was interested in the pattern, which puzzled her more than she expected; but she could not bear to refuse Mark, whom she loved very much, and who, though nearly two years older than herself, always came to her for assistance and advice. So laying her work carefully by, she took a knife, and began to strip the bark from the twigs, while Mark cut them of suitable length, and laid them in piles, ready for use.

(To be continued.)

Marquetry, or as the French call it, *Marqueterie* or *Marqueter*, is to inlay, as we often see cabinet work, in which thin slices of different colored wood, or sometimes ivory, pearl, shell, or metal, are inlaid in mahogany, rose-wood, or maple. Works in which black and white only are used, are called *morescoes*. Marquetry in glass, precious stones, or marble, is more commonly called *mosaic*.

THE CANARY BIRD.

I pray thee, little fluttering thing,
A moment rest thy airy wing;
Dost fear to meet our curious eye;
No danger in its glance can lie.

You do not like the close survey,—
Well, pretty bird, wilt fly away,
Ah! do not try!—though free thy will,
The wiry prison holds thee still.

Now, Anna, look! did'st ever spy
In little bird, so bright an eye?
And see, could any mortal skill
So perfect mould, one tiny quill.

Its feet, like tufts of amber thread,
How gracefully and light they tread;
And nimbly hop from perch to perch,
As if to shun our loving search.

Ah! now it sits with folded wing,
And calls its pretty mate to sing;
And hark! the sweetly warbled strain,
Is caught, and caroled back again.

Now look once more, it stops to rest,
And trims anew its downy breast;
And see its wings! their silken fold
Seem lightly strewn with fleecy gold.

And then its bill! oh, mark it well,
'Tis like a polished pearly shell;
And daintily from morn till night,
It pecks and pecks with fresh delight.

Crack, crack the seeds, the sugar tastes,
To this, then that, it gaily hastes,
Then twittering o'er the mimic wave,
Its slender form it stoops to lave.

Ah, Anna! what a pretty sight,
How soft it looks; so round and bright,
As rising from the fairy vase,
It springs aloft with fresher grace.

But, happy bird! we cannot stay,
To watch thy ever varying play;
Yet since 'tis wisdom's boon to bring
Choice blessings, from the lowliest thing.—

Thy cheerful trust, shall teach our mind,
Content, in every state, to find;
And from thy ceaseless notes of praise,
Our grateful song we'll learn to raise.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FLOWERS.

We have read somewhere of an experiment respecting the obtaining different coloured flowers on the same stem, which is certainly very simple, but never having tested it ourselves, we cannot say how successful it might prove. Perhaps some of our young friends, however, may like to try it, and we will therefore repeat the directions as we have seen them given. Split a small twig of Elder-tree lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, or soft parts of the wood, fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers, of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then, tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot, or in a garden-bed, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus grow together, so as to look like only one stalk, and throw out branches covered with blossoms, each different, according to the seed from which it springs.

This must make a very beautiful appearance, besides being extremely curious, if indeed flowers of various kinds can be so united as to appear the product of one plant. It is at least worth trying, and those young people who are fond of flowers will find great pleasure in watching their growth, and seeking by various modes of cultivation, to enrich their colors and enlarge their size. How beautiful some of the *Pensées* are, or as we call them, in English, Pansie—a corruption doubtless from the more significant French word, which means *thoughts*. You have, I am sure, often admired their velvet petals, shaded with the richest hues of purple, yellow and brown. I have seen some which exceeded a crown piece in size, and of exquisite beauty.

The tribe of dahlias also, how magnificent they are! and what a joy to the florist to see them assuming more perfect forms, and brighter colours, under his careful nurture. Innumerable indeed, are the blossoms which lie scattered over this green earth, all perfect in their kind, from the tiniest heath-bell that blooms on the rugged Highlands of Scotland, to the splendid Aloe of the sunny south, which opens its radiant flower but once in a century,—or, more wonderful still, to the Krubut, or *Great Flower of Sumatra*, an account of which we read yesterday with astonishment.

It is a parasite, which means, that it grows upon some other plant, as the mistletoe, of which you must have heard, does upon the oak, and it has neither leaves, roots, nor stems,—but the blossom, which is three feet in breadth, constitutes the whole plant. Each petal,—

the petals you know are the leaves of the flower,—is twelve inches in length; the nectarium, which is in the centre of the flower, holds twelve pints of water. What a refreshing draught for the traveller to find in the desert; the pistils are as large as cows' horns, and the whole flower, which takes three months from the first appearance of the bud, to the full expansion of the blossom, weighs fifteen pounds! What a wonderful production; you will exclaim, and truly so it is; yet not more curious and amazing than thousands of others, which the volume of nature is constantly unfolding to those, who seek instruction from its pages.

But we might discourse all day about flowers, if we had time, they are such a delight to us; and we should indeed delight in them, since it was to gratify us by their beauty and their fragrance, that God has given them to us. Every where His hand of love has scattered them around us, as Mrs. Howitt sweetly says:—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him.

ANECDOTES.

Crœsus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud, on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendor of apparel, and royal ornaments, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory, "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer; "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court-yard, nor a cock on our dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory!"

An officer of rank in the army of Louis XII. of France, having ill-treated a peasant, the monarch made him live a few days on meat and wine. The officer soon grew tired of this heating diet, and requested permission to have some bread allowed him. The king sent for him and said, "You have learned now, I hope, not again to be so foolish, as to ill-treat those persons who put bread into your mouth."

ORIGIN OF GLASS.

Some Sidonian merchants, carrying nitre, happening to stop at the mouth of the river Belus, and not finding stones to set their kettles on, to cook provisions, piled up sand and nitre for this purpose, when, by the action of fire on these ingredients, a new substance was discovered, namely glass, which has added so much, not only to the comforts of life, but the progress of science. The sand of this wall continued for ages to supply the manufactories of Sidon with materials for that beautiful production; and in the seventeenth century vessels were employed at St. Jean d'Acre, to remove it to the glass-houses of Venice and Genoa.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

In Cousin Lizzie's letter, contained in the May number of the Snow Drop, there is given some account of Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who has been for several years an inmate of the Blind Asylum in Boston. All that relates to this unfortunate child cannot fail to interest you, for, as you know, she has never seen one of the many objects of beauty with which our Heavenly Father has filled this fair earth, has never heard a sound of harmony, not even those tones of affection, which make young hearts leap with happiness, nor been able to express in audible language the thoughts and feelings of her heart.

Yet by a few rapid gestures, which she has been taught to make with her fingers, she tells you whatever is passing within her; she expresses joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment—every emotion which she feels—in the most lively manner; she understands all that is said to her by those, who have learned how to converse with her, and by the slightest touch, she immediately distinguishes one person from another. She works too, very beautifully. A friend of mine has a purse of her knitting, which no one, with the full use of her eyes, could have made better.

When she was told of the misery and starvation which prevailed in Ireland, she expressed, in her own silent yet eloquent manner, the deepest compassion for the woes of that ill-fated country, and took delight in making many pretty things, which, at her desire, were sold for the benefit of those unhappy people. I am repeating much of what has been already told you, but no one ever seems to grow weary when this interesting girl is talked of—though at this time I have spoken of her, in order to transcribe for you, from an English paper, some beautiful lines, which were written on hearing that Laura so deeply compassionated the distress of the suffering Irish, that she gave,—as far as she, poor stricken thing! was able,—all the aid in her power for their relief.

These are the lines, and I am sure you will think them very touching.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Laura Bridgman! working, working,
With those fingers, which to thee,
Organs are of hearing—speaking,
Sightless Laura! tell to me
What it is, whereon thou workest,
Hour by hour, and day by day;
With such earnest, fixed attention,
Bending over it alway?

Hast thou found, poor sightless Laura,
Some fond lover on the sea,
For whose sake thou workest, workest?
Deaf and dumb though thou may'st be;

Some electric touch may waken,
  Love, though e'en in breasts like thine,
Dead to all the outward senses,
  Hope may there erect a shrine.

It may be, a helpless mother,
  Looketh to thee, for her bread;
It may be an orphan brother,
  Must be taught, and clothed, and fed;
Or perchance, a sister, erring,
  From the paths of virtue, cries
Unto thee to save—sustain her,
  And on thee for help relies?

And methought the dumb girl answered—
  Answered! how? I'll tell thee how;
With her every earnest gesture—
  With her placid, thoughtful brow:
And I listened to the music,
  Of the heart, so sweet and bland—
Listened, as it were, to breathings
  From a brighter, better land.

"Not for poor, and widowed mother;
  Not for lover, far away;
Not for brother, not for sister,
  Virtuous, nor gone astray;
Do I sit thus lonely—working,
  With my sightless eyes, down bent,
As to watch and count the stitches,
  Emblems of the heart intent.

There hath come a cry unto me,
  Piercing through my closed ears;
I have heard the sound of wailing,
  I have seen a people's tears—
Seen and *heard*, and *spoken* comfort;
  Though I'm blind, and deaf, and dumb;
And I speak yet, with those fingers,
  Working, working, till they're numb.

Spirit hath communed with spirit,
  Soul hath spoken unto soul,
Though between, the foaming waters
  Of the wide Atlantic roll;
With the three important senses—
  Speech, and sight, and hearing dead,
Yet I *see* the famine-stricken,
  And I *hear* the cry for bread.

And I *answer*—dear as brothers,
  Dear as sisters, parents, friends,
Are ye to the sightless maiden,
  And she freely, gladly sends,
All the little she can earn ye,
  All the little she can give;
Sends it with her prayers and blessings,
  Hoping ye may eat and live."

THE LADY-BIRD.

"What can you be looking at so long there, Alice?" asked Frank Colville of his little sister, who for the last fifteen minutes had been standing beside a rose-bush, which was growing in a vase set within the window.

"Oh!" said the child, startled by his voice, "there are two such pretty creatures walking all about the rose-leaves! they have shining red backs spotted with black, and look like the turtles that sit on the edge of the pond, only a thousand times smaller, and of a different color."

"Do pray let me look," said Frank flinging down the ball he was repairing. "You are always spying wonders, Alice, where other people see only common things."

"Oh! brother, please don't go so near," said the little girl, clasping her hands imploringly," or you will frighten them, and they are *so* pretty! see, one has opened its wings, but don't make it fly away, pray don't."

"La, child, you have made me get up for nothing, but just to spy two paltry lady-birds on a green leaf," said Frank pettishly. "Why there were hundreds of them to be found in the garden last summer, and one would think you had never seen one before."

"Ah! but then I was ill all summer, Frank, and did not see any thing that lived out in the pleasant sunshine," said little Alice sadly.

"So you were, poor child," said Frank, kissing her kindly, for he remembered how much she had suffered, and was sorry that he had spoken so impatiently to her. "Well then, Alice," he continued, "we used to catch these little red bugs and make sailors of them."

"Sailors! Frank," exclaimed Alice. "I don't know what it is you mean."

"Why, Alice," he said, "cousin Charlie and I used to put them by dozens on the shrouds of his little ship, where they ran up and down like so many Jack Tars, and Mary Horton, when she could make one light on her finger, would hold it up, and keep saying till it flew away:

"'Fly ye east, fly ye west,
Fly to him who loves you best.'"

"But that is only a small part of the rhyme, Frank," said Mrs. Colville, looking up from the book which she seemed to be reading, though she was in reality listening to the conversation of the children.

"What is the rest, mamma? "I always thought that was all of it," said Frank.

" I must first tell you," answered his mother, that this beautiful little insect, which we call the lady-bird, goes by the name of Lady Lanners in Scotland, and is a great favorite among the country folk. When the young people catch one they place it in the palm of the hand, and till it flies away repeat these lines:—

" Lady Lady Lanners,
Lady Lady Lanners,
Tak' up your cloak aboon your head,
And flee awa' to Flanners ;
Flee ower firth, an' flee ower fell,
Flee ower pule, an' running well,
Flee ower muir, an' flee ower mead,
Flee ower livin,' flee ower dead,
Flee ower corn, an' flee ower lea,
Flee ower river, flee ower sea,
Flee ye east, an' flee ye west,
Flee till him that lo'es ye best.

" Oh, mamma ! those are pretty lines," said Frank ; " I must try to remember them, that I may say them to Mary."

" They are not so pretty as the song you used to sing me about the lady-bird, mamma," said Alice ; " I love it better than ever, now I have seen the dear little thing."

" What song was that ? Alice," asked her mother, " for I have sung you so many that I have quite forgotten which you mean."

" Oh ! don't you remember it, mamma" asked Alice, " and how I used always to beg for it before all others ?" and she repeated in a very sweet voice, and with a very proper emphasis, these pretty verses, which may perhaps be familiar to some of our young readers :

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
The glow-worm is lighting his lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings,
Will be wet with the close clinging damp.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
The fairy bells tinkle afar,
Make haste or they'll catch ye, and harness ye fast,
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away now
To your home in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear, have invited the ant,
And a few cozy neighbours to tea.

THE PEARL BROOCH.

"Oh, how pretty it is! I wish I had one just like it," said little Anna Mavor to her aunt, as she stood by the dressing table of the latter, who was putting on her bonnet and shawl to go out. Anna had taken up a pearl brooch, and it seemed perfectly to fascinate her; she put it down, and went away from the table, but soon returned, waiting, till her aunt took the trinket to fasten her scarf with.

Anna then went to her dolls and books, and forgot the pretty pin, and perhaps it would not have entered her thoughts again, had she not been in her aunt's room when she returned from her walk; again she saw the pin, took it up, looked at it, and longed for it.

"Do you think, aunty, I shall ever have such a dear little brooch as this?" said she.

"Why yes, Anna, when you get old enough to wear one; it would not look well for such a wee child as you, but when you get to be a young lady, then you will have one, and if you choose, it can be just like this, or, if you like this so much, I may perhaps give it to you."

"I should be the happiest child in the world, could I believe I should own this brooch," and Anna put it on the front of her frock, and danced about as merry as a cricket.

Miss Julia, Anna's aunt, was just then called out of the room; the child in her glee ran up to the glass, then away from it, put the brooch first in one place, then in another, took it out, kissed it, then replaced it. "Oh! I wish it was mine," she murmered, "why should not little girls have such pretty things as well as big people; I am sure I look so much nicer, with this glittering little harp in the front of my dress. I wish I could have it." While her mind was full of it, she heard a carriage stop at the door, and looking out of the window she saw it was her kind grandpapa; he had come to take her to her home, for her father was away, and she was spending a year or two with his parents, in the prettiest little country town in the world. Very soon she heard them calling her from below, to make haste, and put on her bonnet and cape, for her grandpapa was in a hurry."

She looked once more at the pin. "Oh! I will keep it, no one will know it, and I shall be so happy." The thought was instantaneous; with hurried hand, she slipped on her cape and bonnet, and ran down stairs; her first impulse was not to go into the parlor where all her aunts were; she feared if her Aunt Julia but looked at her, she would see the brooch even through the thick cape; just as she was hesitating, the door opened, and her aunty came out.

"Why Anna, dear, you are not going, without saying good bye, and giving us a kiss, are you? Why, what is the matter dear?" she said, putting her hand kindly on the child's shoulder.

Anna was almost ready to cry; in a moment the wrong she was doing came into her mind; conscience whispered in its soft low accents, and she turned blushing and confused away. she put her hand under her cape to take out the pin, and give it to her aunty, when "What will she think of me.—I shall always be like a little thief to her, she never will trust me again;" came into her mind. "I will just run up stairs and put it upon the table;" but at that very moment, her grandfather opened the parlor door, and in rather an impatient tone, said, if Anna was not ready, he could not wait any longer for her.

She sprang forward, jumped into the chaise, and was soon rolling along. A real chatterbox was Anna Mavor; it required some patience to be her companion, in a ride or walk, so never ending were her questions; nothing could escape her, she talked for the very pleasure of hearing her own voice; but now she was so silent she said not a word. Her grandfather told her of some little girls he had seen in the city, from a great distance,—missionary children who had come from distant lands, and who, though no older than Anna, talked in a strange language, and did many odd things. This on usual occasions would have been quite enough to have set Anna's tongue in full motion, but it had no effect now, till at last her grandfather said:

"Why, Anna, you must have been doing something wrong to-day, and are sorry for it, you are so silent; I hardly know my little grandchild, she is so different from what she generally is. I thought you would be so interested about these little children from China; now what is wrong with you, child. Have you disobeyed grandmamma? have you eaten what she has forbidden you to? or have you torn your pretty new dress?—she will forgive you if you have."

"Oh! no, grandpapa—none of these things, but I am tired; I do like to hear about these China girls, so tell me some more; did they have their hair plaited, and what kind of feet had they?" And as if determined to atone for her previous silence, she began a string of questions; but it was evidently a great effort to her, and she soon again relapsed into silence. She kept her hand under her cape, upon the brooch, she was so afraid it would slip away.

Right glad was Anna when she reached her pleasant home, her grandmother's ever bright, cheerful face appeared at the rose embowered door. With a pleasant hearty welcome, she kissed the little girl, as she came up the steps, and began untying her bonnet and cape.

"Thank you, grandmamma, I will carry them up stairs and put them away," she said, hastily slipping by her. She ran up to the little upper room, which was her "ownty dounty," as she called it; she put aside her bonnet, then ran to the glass, to look at the brooch, but alas! it had no longer any charm for her, it did not look pretty any more.

"What shall I do with it. Oh dear?" and she burst into tears; but afraid of being found and questioned, she soon dried them, and getting up, put the pin in the very bottom of her box, and then went down stairs, but no such thing as peace would come to her. She was tormented with the thought, that some one would go to her box, so she ran up, took out the pin, and then concealing it in her pocket, walked out into the garden; up and down its green walks she sauntered, climbed over the moss-covered rocks, seated herself in the fragrant arbour; but in vain, she could not forget the brooch, the hateful brooch—if she could only get rid of it. She would, yes that she would, throw it away, and then she should not have it,—it could not torment her.

But where could she put it—where could she throw it—down the well? No, she shrank from that—she walked till she came to the orchard, some distance behind the house, where there was a sand-bank. This will do, she thought, I will put it here; no one can find it here; she clutched it out of her pocket, and not trusting herself to look at it, threw it from her.

After this, she felt happier; she had sacrificed the pin, it could no longer torment her, and she should be easy—she had not stolen it now, she thought; she returned to the house more cheerful. She was glad to go to bed, but her slumbers were disturbed, for she dreamed that she went into a jeweller's shop, and took out a handful of rings and pins, and then she was pursued, and "Stop thief! stop thief!" rang in her ears, but she was caught, and they were going to put her in prison, when her guardian angel, in the form of Aunt Julia, appeared to rescue her.

In the morning she awoke quite tranquil; she walked to the place where she had thrown the brooch, but could see nothing of it, so returned, almost happy, and the day was passing away most pleasantly; in the afternoon she was looking out of the window, when she saw, coming up the long tree-shaded avenue, her own dear mamma, and her aunt Julia. A panic seized her; she ran out of the side door, and was soon in the very furthest nook of the garden; here she cowered down trembling, her heart, beating almost audibly. In a few moments the dearly-loved voice, whose call she generally so readily obeyed was heard, "Anna Anna, where are you, come and see your mother?"

Still she nestled in her corner, and stirred not.

The voice grew more decided. "Anna, where are you, why do you not come to me?" the footstep approached, and Mrs. Mavor's quick eye saw her.

"Why is this, Anna?" she said, gently putting her arm round her; "you are not wont to fly away from your mother; there is something wrong, I fear, dear. You cannot give me such an answer as I wish to the question I have come to ask you:—do you know where your Aunt Julia's pearl pin is?"

"I have not got it, mamma," faltered Anna; but the consciousness that she was attempting to deceive her kind mamma, was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

"Now, Anna," said her mother, gently but firmly, "you must tell me the truth, I can have no deception; you had your aunt's pin yesterday, and what did you do with it; she values it more than any of her other jewels, for it was the gift of a beloved friend. Now do not attempt to deceive me, if you know where it is, speak quickly, and we will both forgive you."

With downcast eyes Anna told her mother all, and when she had finished, they went together to look for it; fortunately it had been thrown in a secluded place, and after half an hour's search it was found, though somewhat defaced by the sand. What a load was taken off poor Anna's heart, when she picked up the trinket, and restored it to her mother. How kindly did that mother deal with the softened heart, and represent to her, how great a sin she had been guilty of; how earnestly did she pray her never to forget this lesson—to beware how she yielded to the temptation, of coveting what belonged to any one else, and how rigidly she should refrain from taking any thing, however small, that was another's. Nor was the lesson lost. Anna never forgot the pearl brooch, and the suffering it had cost her.

The above little incident was suggested to the memory of the writer by the little tale in the "Snow Drop," entitled "The First Theft," and as it seemed to her a form of temptation very likely to present itself to young children, she thought she would chronicle it for their amusement and instruction.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP.

My Dear Young Friends,—

Last month, my dear young friends, we passed an hour or two in wandering through the great British Museum, seeing and admiring the wonders of art, and feeling astonished and gratified at the large collection of things both rare and beautiful, which met us at every turn.

We have had quite time since then, in this age of rapid travelling, to cross from Dover to Calais, run through France, and find ourselves in Switzerland; and now, if you have the inclination to accompany me, I should like to take a peep at the Alps, to see those vast mountains of which we hear so much, to stand by the side of the Glaciers, and partake of the hospitality of the Monks of St. Bernard, and perhaps carry away from them one of ther splendid dogs. Say, girls and boys, would you like it, a rough scramble it would be, but so much the better. We must put on the appendages necessary for a tramp, or rather climb, over the wild passes, and then we will hie away with our wild looking guide.

He brings us the Alpine shoes; they are made of strong leather, with very thick soles, and large stout nails or screws; with them we can safely tread over the naked granite, or the slippery ice. A staff pointed with iron is indispensable to secure footing; a cloak of oiled linen is almost necessary too, to protect from the damp rain, and chill winds, we may encounter. We must put into our pockets a veil of thick gauze or barege, to shade the eyes from the dazzling glare reflected from the fields of snow.

But I forget all this while, perhaps you do not all of you know what the Alps are—what it is we are going to see. It is a magnificent chain of mountains in Europe,—if you will take your Atlas you will find it. The chain begins at the Gulf of Genoa, passes into Switzerland, crosses that country and Tyrol, separates Germany from Italy, and terminates at the north part of the Gulf of Venice. These stupendous mountains are sometimes divided into two or more ridges, ranging side by side, with narrow valleys between; they are piled up in large masses, one above the other, and form a sublime, almost terrific spectacle.

The highest peak of this chain is Mount Blanc, so called from its glittering snow clad hills, and summits. The ascent to this mountain is exceedingly difficult and perilous; its cloud-capped summit has rarely been reached, and indeed is seldom seen, though there are times when the air is particularly clear, that it stands out in bold relief towering up like a Goliath, while many others almost as stately, stretch up their white and rocky peaks, in the vain attempt to reach its level.

To ascend Mount Blanc, one must leave Genoa, (find it on the map,) and ride to Chamouni, which is an elevated valley quietly reposing at the foot of the lofty mountain; it is celebrated for the chamois, an animal resembling the goat, of wonderful agility, they will leap down precipices thirty feet in height, and spring from crag to crag, seeming to fly rather than run. The hunting these wild goats is the favorite sport of the mountaineer, and they dare and venture everything in the pursuit.

After leaving Chamouni, the traveller goes first to the "Mer de Glace," a deep frozen rough sea of ice, and stiffened billows, from the midst of which shoot great granite needles, piercing into the sky. Along the edge of the "Glacier," as it is termed, are what are called "moraines," which are the collections of rocky fragments, swept down from the steep mountains above; they are tossed into the sea of ice, then, as if it were rejected by it, and gathered in a close mass along the shore, near to which the sea looks rough and turbid, while out in the centre or channel, in beautiful contrast, are deep blue fountains of pure water, seemingly distinct from the principal stream. This frigid ice sea, has in its farthest recesses, a little living flower garden, where the humble-bees from Chamouni come for their honey; it is also bordered by beds of the wild fragrant rose of the Alps, a pretty little flower, which grows on a small bush, and has a leaf like the plum, it blooms very late in the season, and sometimes covers whole sides of the mountains, where one could hardly suppose it possible for a handful of earth to cling to the rocky surface; but I fear, companions dear, we have lingered so long on just the outskirts, as it were, of the Alps, that we cannot ascend any of the summits now, but must wait till another time for our climb,

I remain, affectionately yours,

Cousin Lizzie.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

The last weeks of autumn are passing away, and old winter is already sending his surly blasts, to remind us that he will soon hold undisputed sway over the torpid regions of our northern world. Well, we trust our young readers will be ready to give him a cheerful greeting, and with their school tasks, their pleasant books and invigorating sports, seek to find both instruction and amusement, when all around looks so dreary and desolate.

And from our Editors' Chair, as we look back on the past eight months, since the commencement of this little periodical, we are gratified to find that it has met with so much success, and that we are encouraged to anticipate for it, a still more extensive circulation. We hope our young friends, will continue to find it a pleasant companion, for some of their winter evenings, and we again assure them, that we shall feel most happy to receive any contributions from their pens, in the shape of letters, accounts of curious or interesting objects they may have seen, or even conundrums and riddles, or the answers to such as we may give from time to time.

And we would again remind them, that they may very materially contribute to the success of this little work, if they will interest themselves to procure for it a greater number of subscribers. If each one, among his or her own friends and companions, will endeavor to procure one or two new subscribers, the number which we now have would soon be doubled, which would encourage us to commence another year, with greater confidence, and perhaps enable us to embellish the work with pictorial illustrations, which will add greatly to its interest and value. Should you not all like this, then will you try and see what you can do?

We wish to state that the "First Theft," which through mistake, was marked original, in the October number of the '*Snow Drop*,' was taken from *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1848. No. 10.

ADDRESS OF THE SNOW DROP TO ITS YOUNG READERS.

A happy New Year, my young friends! Let me pray
You'll not think that the Snow Drop forgets you to-day;
Ah! I see the sly rogue, Santa Claus, has been here,
Frisking round with his budget from Christmas to New Year,
What fun for the girls, and what sport for the boys,
With his bon-bons, and dolls, and all sorts of toys.

But pray, Master Willie, don't rattle that drum,
And Sandy my lad, stop that top's drowsy hum,
You quite stun little Jane, who with her new book,
Sits as staid and demure as a learned young rook.
And those misess so smiling, pray what have they there?
Port-folios, neat housewifes, and gay souvenir.

Kind hearts cluster round you, young friends, on this day,
From your bright brows to chase every shadow away,
And if costly the gift which affection imparts,
You will own that still dearer's the love of true hearts,
Though they in their fondness, can but trifles bestow,
Let the kindness which prompts them wake gratitude's glow.

Now perhaps you may think, the Snow Drop can bring
But little to you on its gay yellow wing;
And if you expect many fine things and rare,
You 're not far from the truth, my young friends, I declare,
But look, little Bobby! your wheel-barrow's battered!
And Annie's big Ark is already quite shattered!

The treasures I bring you, more lasting you'll find,—
Not toys for the eye, but plain truths for the mind;
The story which pictures the lovely and good,
Tells of virtue rewarded, temptation withstood,
Then the fable and rhyme, scraps of knowledge and fun,
Cousin Lizzie's nice letters, which never are done.

Thus a welcome I ask from you all, my young friends,
For on you, my frail life, for this New Year depends;
And gladly again may we meet on this day,
When another brief twelvemonth has flitted away;
May the smile of contentment then rest on your brow,
And your hearts be as light as they seem to me now.

To spend the year well, you must well, it begin,
And list when your conscience e'en whispers of sin;
Be obedient and gentle—true to God, and to man,
And peace will attend you, through life's longest span,
I speak to each one, and the youngest may stay,
Wise counsel to hear, on this festival day.

MARK AND HIS SISTER.*

Patty had just finished peeling the last willow stick for Mark, when their mother told them dinner was ready, and as they, too, were ready with good appetites to eat it, they sprang up and washing their hands and faces, sat down with cheerful and thankful hearts to the repast of vegetables which were from their own small garden, with a piece of dried fish to give them a relish, and a draught of pure water from a neighboring spring.

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* Continued from page 274.

Patty had lost so much time from her aprons, that she feared she should not be able to finish them so soon as she wished ; but Mark was so happy, and so grateful for the help she had given him, that she could not feel sorry for the delay, and when she again sat down to her work, she resolved to make it up by double diligence. And so, indeed, she did ; for the pattern had become so easy to her, that before bed-time she had wrought one whole side, without making a single mistake.

And the delicate yellow figure looked so pretty on the blue gingham, that every time she stopped to admire it herself, she said "Oh ! how I wish Miss Huntly could see it now !" but she could not spare time to go to her ; besides, her mother told her it would look very childish, and as though she wanted to be praised, were she to trouble the young lady so soon again.

Patty blushed when she heard this said, for though she loved praise as well as any little girl of her age, it was not that, which she now coveted ; she wished only to impart the pleasure which she felt at her own success in this kind of needle-work, to Miss Huntly, who had been so kind as to teach her, and the reason why she rejoiced at it, was, because it opened one way out of several, by which she hoped to earn enough, with Mark's help, to make her mother comfortable and happy; Patty saw that she was not well, nor had she been so since their father's death, and while they enjoyed their simple dinner of potatoes, now and then flavoured with a slice of bacon, or a scrap of fish, and relished still more their supper of brown bread and milk, they knew well that their mother could not bear such hearty food, and that a cup of tea, a little rice or biscuit, with occasionally a bit of fresh meat nicely cooked, was what she required, to nourish and strengthen her delicate frame.

True, Miss Huntly often sent the Widow Ellis many nice things from her own kitchen, which were very comforting, and Patty knew that by asking, she could get for her mother whatever she fancied, but her father had often said to her, "Never beg, child, whilst you have health and hands to work," and now that she and Mark were so strong and large, she felt it would be a shame to ask for anything, even for her sickly mother, which they were able to earn by their own honest labor.

This thought lent wings to Patty's industry, and every moment which she could spare from household cares,—for she was a great help, with her quick, handy little ways, to her mother,—she spent at her needle, well pleased with the thought of the nice sum for which she was to exchange that piece of blue gingham, which her own ingenuity was more than doubling in value.

Mark, too, was equally earnest in his endeavours to assist in the support of his mother, and preserve to her the home which she loved. In two or three evenings he finished the partridge-house, with which the Squire was so well satisfied, that he not only gave him two and sixpence for his work, but promised to recommend him to every one in the neighbourhood, who wanted similar jobs done. The money, Mark deposited in a little box which he had made to hold his earnings and Patty's,—their savings bank, as he called it,—which was to be kept carefully locked up, and only opened when their mother's needs were to be supplied, or some family want called upon them for a larger expenditure than usual. He went daily to work at the Hill, and soon won the entire good will of Donald, by his obliging disposition, his industry, and his docility in learning all that his friend strove to teach him. He became shortly very fond of his employment, and revolved many plans for following it for a livelihood. Accordingly, he attended closely to all that Donald told him of the cultivation of flowers, fruits and vegetables, and closely observed his mode of managing them.

In a short time he learned so much, and felt so confident in himself, that he resolved to begin and bring into practice in his mother's small garden, all the knowledge he had gained. His father had always kept this little spot in the nicest order, and rendered it so productive by his care, that it had nearly furnished his family with their daily support; Mark thought that he, too, could do this, and even more, for it lay in a sheltered valley exposed to a southern aspect, and he did not see why he could not force early lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, and even melons, as well as Donald, and so get the good prices which they were always sure to bring in the market.

His father had often thought of this, and had even gone so far as to prepare a quantity of compost, sufficient to make one or two good sized hot-beds, which since the autumn had been piled in a heap under one corner of the cow-shed. Mark had seen him mixing rich garden earth and old manure together, and till he was taken ill, he used to turn it over with a fork every little while, in order that it might become mixed and fermented.

This treasure Mark now resolved to apply to the use for which it was intended; he, too, would have his hotbeds, though, to be sure, he should have to work early and late, before going to the Hill in the morning, and after he came home from it at night, in order to complete his purpose. But what of that? he was young and strong, labour would not hurt him; no, nor weary him either, when he wrought for such a kind mother and loving sister as God had blessed him with.

So with a stout heart he bent his steps to the old cow-shed, to examine the brown heap out of which was to spring his early crop of vegetables, when as he stood looking at it, and turning it up with the end of a long stick, the thought arose, "What am I to do for a frame?" It was hard to answer such a question, for he could not afford to buy one, neither did he like to request the loan of one from Donald, who, he feared, would have a use for all his.

He resolved, however, to prepare the hot bed, for by the time it was done, Donald would have finished all his, and might perhaps have a spare frame left, which he would be willing to lend; so the next morning Mark was up long before the sun, and having marked out a place in the south side of the little garden, about the size of a common frame, he dug out the earth which was very soft and mellow, and quite free from frost, and then threw in the manure which the evening before he had brought by baskets full to the place, shaking and mixing it carefully as he put it in, just as he had seen Donald do, when preparing his bed at the Hill. He then beat it down as firmly as he could with the the fork, but taking great care not to tread it hard, as Donald had told him if he did so, it would be much more likely to burn and scorch the young plants, than if left to settle gradually of itself.

Having progressed so far in his work, Patty called him in to breakfast, and that evening it was quite dark before he got home from the Hill, so that he could do nothing more till the next day, when he was again up at the first crowing of the cock, and went again to his hot-bed. It was nicely settled, light and even, and on the top of the compost, he spread a layer of rich earth, in which he was to sow his seeds. This done, came breakfast, and then he hastened to the Hill, for it was rather later than usual, and he feared Donald, who had plenty for him to do, would be vexed at his not coming sooner.

He found him busy assorting seeds, which he was intending to plant that day, as the weather was getting fine, "and so," thought Mark, "he will be before hand with me after all."

"Ha, ha, my lad, you are just in time," he said, as Mark, quite out of breath with haste stood before him, "so now run like a hare to the back of the seed-house, and bring me a dozen of the small garden-pots you will find there."

Off went Mark, but was back in three minutes with a deeper flush on his cheeks, and a brighter sparkle in his eye than before, for right beside the flower-pots which he had been sent to fetch, he had seen half a dozen glass frames lying under some matting, and he made up his mind on the spot, to ask the loan of one, for as Donald had all his hot-beds made and covered, he was sure he would not want them.

"You are as nimble as a grasshopper this morning, Mark," said Donald, well pleased at his speed, "so now you may fill all these wee pots with the rich garden mould from the pile yonder, and we will have them plunged in the hot-beds to-day, and our melon seeds in before the horn sounds for dinner."

Mark went to work, according to Donald's directions, filling the pots, and then plunging them in the warm bed which was prepared for them; after which he had to sweep away the dry leaves from the green-house, to water some of the plants, and to do a hundred little jobs about the garden, which kept him all day busy. But he delighted in them, and went from one to the other with a light step, and a gay heart, singing as he went,

"The gard'ner's life is the life for me."

The Squire, who came several times into the garden in the course of the day, noticed him very kindly, asked him how he was getting on, and if Patty could do the hard stitch yet. He even took him to see how well his partridge house looked, now he had got a family in it—and sure enough there were two old partridges with a young brood of such pretty little speckled things; but sad enough they looked, caged up there, and though the Squire said he did not see why they could not be happy in such a fine airy house, and with all that they needed provided for them, Mark thought to himself, that fine as the house was, he would give a dozen like it, if he was a partridge, for freedom to roam through the green wood, or to sit, hidden by the high grass, under the cool shadow of the old trees.

Before he went home at night, he summoned up courage to beg from Donald, the loan of one of the frames he had seen beside the seed-house, and the gardener was so much pleased with his industry, and his modesty, that he not only granted his request with pleasure, but went himself and picked out for him one of the largest and best frames he had. He gave him besides, a number of flower-pots filled with mould from his own heap, and furnished him with melon, cucumber and radish seeds—also with some early peas, which he directed him how, and when, to sow, and to these he added a few choice flower seeds, which he was to bring forward in his hot-bed. But Mark's joy and gratitude were at their height, when the gardener conferred another, and most unexpected favor upon him, by loaning him a small wheel-barrow, in which to convey his treasures home, telling him he might keep it till it was called for, and that he should soon be down himself to see how Mark's hot-bed flourished,—adding that "he must look out, or the lad would bear away all the prizes from him at the next horticultural show."

"Oh, if I could get only *one!*" thought Mark, and he was a light-hearted boy that night, as he wheeled his barrow under the old shed at the back of the cottage, and covered the pots with matting, which had also been given him by his good friend Donald. His precious packet of seeds he carried with him to the house, where he found Patty busy at work upon her second apron, and his mother just taking from the hearth the hot bannock which they were to eat with their milk.

Early the next morning Mark rose to put the seeds into his hot-bed, and when this was done, he covered it with the frame, and left them to the warm influences of the sun. But day by day he anxiously watched for the first green germ which should appear, and his heart beat with delight when at last the tiny plants burst through the rich soil, promising by their healthy appearance and rapid growth, amply to reward his industry.

As the season advanced, he was kept still more busy at the Hill, but he was every day learning something, which enabled him the better to manage his gardening affairs at home, and he always found a few moments before going away in the morning to take a peep at his young plants, and a few more after he came home at night, to see how much they had grown during the day.

Nor did Patty grow weary of her needle, though she was often obliged to leave it, that she might assist her mother about the house; or else she stopped to feed the little cow, or run out at noon and raise the frame of Mark's hot-bed, and then as the sun left the glass to close it carefully, and spread on the warm matting, in order to protect it from the cold of a February night.

Yet for all these hindrances, her aprons were completed within a shorter time than could have been expected, and proud and happy she was, when, with them all nicely folded in a little covered basket, she set out to carry them to the Hill. As she went up the avenue to the house, she saw Miss Huntly, with another lady, walking on the verandah, and she was passing on, to go round to the servant's door, when the young lady saw her, and leaning over the railing, called to her:

"Oh! Patty, I am glad to see you—come up here, for I wish to speak with you a moment."

So Patty ran lightly up the steps, and when Miss Huntly saw the basket, she caught hold of it, and said:

"You have brought the aprons, I think, in this neat little basket, Patty, and that is what we were just wishing for;" then as she opened it, she exclaimed, "Oh! yes, here they are, and most neatly done, indeed; look, Mrs. Linzie," she continued unfolding one, and shewing it to the lady who was with her, "is not this exceedingly pretty, and so well wrought too."

"It is indeed," answered Mrs. Linzie, "and the children will be so delighted with them, that I am glad to be able to take them home with me this morning. I am sure," she added, looking kindly at Patty, "you must be a very clever little girl, to do all this yourself so nicely, and without in the least soiling your work."

"Miss Huntly was so kind as to teach me, ma'am," said Patty blushing. "I should be very ungrateful if I had not tried my best to please her by doing them as well as I could."

"So you would, Patty," said the lady; "but it is not every little girl of your age, who could have done this nice job so well, even if they had tried their very best."

"Oh ma'am, it is not hard when the heart is full of gratitude, to do any thing," said Patty; "and besides," she added, the tears coming to her eyes as she spoke, "I have a kind mother, who is not well enough to work herself, and it is such a pleasure to be able to earn anything for her, that Mark and I are only too happy, when we can do so by any honest means, no matter how hard it is."

Mrs. Linzie and Miss Huntly exchanged looks of approval as Patty said this, and then the former lady told her, she was so glad to give employment to such a dutiful and industrious little girl, that she would give her materials for six more aprons, which she wished made for a bazaar, that was to be held in L. for the benefit of an Orphan School, and for which, if done as well as those, she would pay her fifteen pence each, when completed.

Patty was so grateful for this kindness, that she hardly knew how to express her thanks, and when Mrs. Linzie gave her six silver shillings and eightpence, for the four little aprons she had purchased of her, her heart bounded with delight at the sight of so much money, all earned with her own hands. How pleased Mark would be, and now with the half dollar the Squire had given him for the partridge house, they could buy such a nice comfortable dress for her mother—she had seen just such a one as would please her at Mr. P's shop—and she would go there with Mark and get it; and at the thought of her mother's surprise and pleasure, little Patty could hardly help clapping her hands with delight.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE FLOWERS AND THE SNOW.

Some beautiful white flowers were blooming in a garden until winter came on, and the snow began to fall. They were highly enraged at this attempt of the snow to cover them, and thus to conceal their charms, and they attributed the outrage to envy of their whiteness. The snow, however, continued to fall, and at last covered all but a few, from which it drifted.

The winter was a very severe one, and the uncovered ground was frozen so hard, that all the flower roots were killed, except those covered by the snow. The flowers, whose lives had been thus preserved, felt very grateful to the snow, and when the warm spring began to melt it, they grieved, and besought it to stay with them, and protect them through the summer. "No," said the snow; "I am the messenger of a kind Being, who only sends blessings when they are needed, and withdraws them when they would become hurtful. I preserve you in winter, but I should kill you in summer."

A MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN.

Come, gather all my little band
  Around your mother's knee,
And let affection's magic wand,
  Reveal your hearts to me.

For watchful love can trace full well,
  The springs of good and ill,
And from the gushing waters tell
  What fount supplies the rill.

My dark eyed girl! thy gentle smile
  And calm unruffled brow,
Reveal a spirit pure from guile,
  Pure as unsullied snow.

And in thy soft blue eyes I trace,
  A fount of tenderness;
And in thy bright and beaming face,
  The wish and power to bless.

My blooming boy! with laughing eye
And cheek of rosate hue,
Thy bounding mirth, and spirits high,
Dark sorrow never knew.

A wayward one, impatient oft,
And restless of control,
Yet sweet affections, pure and soft,
Are mirror'd in thy soul.

I sigh to think the cold world's power,
Must chill thy young heart's joy,
Yet, oh! from dark temptation's hour,
God shield my darling boy!

My fair-haired girl! the bold and free,
No fear nor trouble thine,
Thou deem'st the world was made for thee,
And all the stars that shine.

And hard the lesson thou must learn,
To check thy spirit's pride,
For many a precept cold and stern,
Thy struggling heart must hide!

But strength within thee lies to win
A victory bright and sure,
Strength given by God to guard from sin,
And keep thy spirit pure.

For though in childhood's bud, we still,
Thy nature firm may see;
The high resolve, the dauntless will,
Mingling with mirth and glee.

And last, not least, my gentle one,
To claim a mother's care,
Thy voyage of life yet scarce begun,
What hopes are centered there!

These are my treasures—far more rich
Than monarch's jewelled crown;—
God has bestowed a life on each,
Immortal as his own.

I ask not for them golden dower,
Or fame, or beauty's pride,
But hearts to own God's love and power,
Let good, or ill betide.

Wisdom to tread the narrow way.
That leads to bliss on high,
Gathering from every fleeting day,
Pleasures that never die.

So in that blessed spirit-land,
When life's brief strife is o'er,
Oh! may we meet, a happy band,
To love, and part no more.

INDIAN OBSERVATION.

An Indian upon his return home to his hut, one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After going some distance, he met some persons of whom he inquired if they had seen a *little old white man*, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They replied that they had; and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen.

The Indian answered them thus:—

"The thief I know is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones, in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground;—that he is an *old man*, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods—that he is a *white man* I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does—his gun I know to be short by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned—that his dog is small I know by his tracks—and that he has a bob-tail I discovered by the mark of it in the dust where he was sitting, at the time his master was taking down the meat."

LETTER FROM A YOUNG MISS

To the Editors of the Snow Drop.

I WISH to tell you that I have a very great fondness for pretty cats; so you may suppose I was much pleased, with what you told us about them, in your May number of the Snow Drop. Now, as you have invited any of your young readers, who choose, to write to you, I think, if mamma will allow me to send it, I can tell you something about a kitten of my own, which was much funnier than your old Minnette.

My pretty Jessy was a love of a kitten; her fur was as soft as velvet, and beautifully mottled in stripes and waves, so regular, just like the smooth shells my brother brought from the sea-side last summer. Then, she was so playful, and full of fun, and loved dearly to tumble and toss about the nursery with the children, while her twin sister Tibby, who was a great pet with nurse, would lie rolled up, all day dozing, and as sober as any old cat in the country. I dare say, Tibby was much the wisest; for poor Jessy was always getting into trouble with her droll pranks; tossing over the beds, scratching the sofas, and playing witch-work with the silk tassels on mamma's ottomans. When driven from all other places, she would seem to fly to me, for protection, lying down cosily in my work-basket, or purring at my side, as I sat at my work, or lessons.

But, at last, she took an unlucky fancy to papa's library, and was so mightily pleased with the learned play-things she found there, that she watched every opportunity to steal in unobserved, and when all alone, scampered about, and tore in pieces every paper that came in her way. Being detected in the very act of making mince meat of some important document which papa had drawn up, with great labor, she was sent from the house in disgrace; and, with great sorrow, I took her myself, to an old servant, who was keeping a little house of her own, and who, I knew, would be kind to her.

I heard no more of Jessy, for several weeks; but one evening, Bridget made her appearance, with Miss Pussy under her arm, who with signs of great joy, and with a loud purring, flew into her old resting-place, in my work-basket. Bridget, with many apologies, explained that it was impossible to keep Jessy any longer, for the creature was up to all sorts of mischief; "And, indeed miss," she added, "I think she is more like a Christisn than a cat should be, for she tore three leaves out of my large Bible."

Now, though we could not agree with Bridget, that this last act was very christian-like, yet mamma allowed me to receive Jessy again on trial, and for two or three days, she behaved very well. But we soon found her as mischievous as ever; and this time, her mad pranks nearly brought her to a grievous end. She followed me, one day, to an unoccupied room, which contained a wardrobe, where were kept various articles of dress, not in daily use. I went there to put away a new velvet bonnet, just sent from the milliner's, and I did not notice that pussy followed me, and crept slily in, when the key was turned upon her.

Never dreaming she could be there, we looked in vain for her about the house, and I was quite grieved for her loss; when about a week after, having occasion to go to the wardrobe again, out jumped Miss Jessy,—no longer plump and frisky, but the mere shadow of her former self. There she had been, shut up between two narrow shelves, and to keep herself comfortable, she had made a nice soft bed of my pretty bonnet, which was, of course, quite spoiled. Every scrap of paper she could reach, was bitten to atoms; and a beautiful ltttle tray of inlaid fancy work, she had nibbled round the edges, and perfectly ruined. Poor Jessy! it was all the nourishment she had, and I wonder she could have lived so long.

Still, she came out, purring and purring quite innocent like; and asked so plainly for something to eat and drink, that mamma ordered her to be taken to the kitchen and well fed. But pussy was not yet tamed by misfortune. We gave her to another humble friend, who kept a small shop of toys and confectionary, and wanted a cat to scare away the mice from the cakes. But, not liking her new lodgings, she one day escaped through a bow-window, shivering the pane, and overturning, in her parting leap, three glasses of sweetmeats, which were shattered to atoms. She made the best of her way back to Bridget, who lived near by; but not being disposed to shelter her again, poor Puss was transferred to a sailor lad, who took her to his ship, and we never heard of her afterwards. But, Bridget often sagely remarked to us, "the cat though a pretty creature, was too stubborn to do well, and like many a little body, her mischievous pranks brought her always into trouble."

If my true story is not too long and tedious to find a place in the Snow Drop, I should like very much to see it there, as I am

A constant reader,

Mary Jane.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A FABLE.

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing,
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home,
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come;
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow covered ground,
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on the tree,
"Oh! what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him a shelter from rain,
And a mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay on the morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend;
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by,
When the weather was warm?" Quoth the cricket, "Not I,—
My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You *sang* sir, you say,
"Go then," says the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Folks call this a fable; I'll warrant it true;
Some crickets have four legs, and some have but two.

THE DRIVE.

Uncle Charles, one bright summer evening, called for his two little nieces, Jane and Susan, to drive into the country with him, and delighted they were, when he stopped at the door with his pretty carriage, and fine, spirited horse. They did not keep him waiting long; for they were impatient enough to leave the town, its heat and dust, and to breathe the fresh air of the calm, beautiful country.

Jane was already seated in the carriage, and as Susan put her foot on the step to follow, the impatient horse started, eager to press on, but was held in check by the steady hand of Uncle Charles. Susan was a timid girl, and, as is too often the case, she had yielded to her timidity, till it became a habit, and at last grew to be a source of continual trouble to herself, and annoyance to others.

Thus, whenever she went abroad, she was sure to meet with misadventures, or to fancy that she did so; on the water she expected to be drowned; in the fields, she heard the rustling of snakes, which never existed, or espied furious bulls, which were in reality the most peaceful of all homely mooley cows.

In driving, she was always sure of being overturned; of running against another carriage, or meeting with some kind of direful accident; and Uncle Charles had been so often vexed with her folly, that he had more than once resolved not to take her out again. However, he loved the little girl, and as this was her greatest fault, in his partial eyes, he could not carry his resolution into effect. On the present occasion, when the horse started she uttered a scream, and ran back to the door steps; though, had she only observed how readily the noble animal obeyed her uncle's command, she would not have felt any apprehension. "Susan," said Uncle Charles, "jump in quickly, and sit quietly by me; now look at Roebuck, is he not a fine fellow? what a noble step he has, and how proudly he carries his stately head! and yet he is so gentle, he will let you pat his smooth neck, and feed from your hand like a pet lamb."

Uncle Charles at this moment touched Roebuck; with a sudden spring, he bounded forward, almost at the top of his speed. Susan again, involuntarily, began an exclamation, which she however strove to repress, on meeting her uncle's half laughing, half reproving glance.

"Oh! I love to drive so," said Jane, quite delighted, "pray Uncle, go always fast,—faster!"

"Oh! no, no, Jane!" Susan eagerly returned;" "indeed I am afraid, it is not safe."

"Do you think I would endanger your life and limbs, or my own and Jane's, by running any foolish risk? I only wish to shew off my favorite's good qualities and accomplishments, and feel confident that I have perfect command over him.

"Indeed, Jane," he continued, checking his horse's speed, "it would be almost a sin to rush over the ground on this lovely evening, as if we were going express on a rail-road car; and I wonder, Susan, that you can think of danger; when all above you, and around you, is so calm and bright, all within you too, should be serene and happy."

"Yes, I am very happy now," said Susan, "we are driving just fast enough, and I am not at all afraid."

"No, I dare say not, while we go on at this snail's pace; but come, Roebuck, try your mettle a little, or we shall not get round the Mountain before nightfall. I should like too, to shew my skill in horsemanship," and Uncle Charles dexterously incited the docile animal, to perform various harmless caracoles.

Susan almost held her breath, but this time avoided any outcry.

"You are growing very courageous, Susan," resumed her uncle; "and I am glad to find that you really are not like one of those foolish young misses—and older ones too,—who seem to think it is very pretty and becoming to shew great timidity, and believe they excite a wonderful deal of interest by such exhibitions. Now in reality, a sensible person is always disgusted by any display of affectation, and is very apt to think that a young girl who has so little control over her feelings, and makes so little use of her reason, must be sadly deficient in good taste, and sound judgment."

"But, Uncle Charles," argued Susan, "so many accidents do take place, almost every day; it was only last week poor Mrs. D. was overturned, while driving out, and had a limb broken!"

"Yes, my dear Susan, there are indeed, accidents, so called, daily happening, and in every form and degree; a playful child may tread upon a nail, which will give him the lockjaw, and cause his death; or a grown person may fall, and lame himself for life; but that is no reason why children should refrain from playing, or grown persons from walking. We must consider that while we are all liable to the various casualties of life, we are still surrounded by the same kind Providence, who ordereth all events in wisdom and in love, and without whose permission not a sparrow falleth to the ground. But come, Roebuck, steady and slow, my fine fellow, that we may enjoy the fragrance of these clover fields, a little longer; and for your amusement, children, I will relate a little adventure which befel a good aunt of mine, in consequence of this same little weakness of which we have been speaking.

"My aunt was a courageous woman, in the main, active, cheerful, and seldom deterred from any undertaking by difficulties and dangers; but from some cause or other, she had imbibed a notion, that horses were not to be trusted, even when they wore a very calm and philosophic aspect. And certainly, a more demure, unpretending looking beast, than was my aunt's family horse, one would never wish to meet with. True, he had a spice of obstinacy in his composition, which sometimes impelled him to make an unexpected pause, when urged to undue haste, and so he remained, while he pleased, even shaking his head menacingly, if the whip was applied to his haunches; but his spirit of opposition never took a more alarming form of resistance. But my aunt had made up her mind, that old Pompey was a perverse and dangerous beast, and except when my uncle drove, and even then, unwillingly, she never trusted herself to his tender mercies.

"One fine summer morning, she planned an expedition to the neighbouring city, distant a few miles, and having various interests involved in its success, she resolved that Pompey was not fit to be employed on the occasion. Her son, a half-grown lad, and his sister, about your age, Jane, who had been passing the holidays at home, were to be conveyed back to school; and she had besides, a very delicate commission to execute, which required much care and circumspection.

"There was a kind of rich, real Indian china, then greatly in fashion, and my aunt was the fortunate possessor of a beautiful dinner set. An intimate friend in the city, had also a set exactly like it; but as each had met with the usual fate of china, and were both minus several important pieces, my aunt and her friend made an inspection of the remainder, and agreed to make an exchange of those pieces, in which one of them was deficient, and the other possessed a superabundance. But she could not think of trusting old Pompey with such a precious cargo; so a kind neighbor offered to loan her his favorite little mare, the Widow Waddem, whose innumerable good qualities could not be disputed; nothing would frighten her, and she was docile as a spaniel.

"Behold then, my good aunt, as with an air of great satisfaction, she took the reins into her own hands, her boy and girl wedged in beside her, and the beautiful china safely deposited in the box. Certainly the Widow Waddem, was a graceful spirited creature; she obeyed the slightest guidance of the rein, nor ever needed the whip; and for about three miles, they went on as smoothly as could be desired.

Near the pretty village of B. the gentle mare, allured by the murmur of a sparkling brook, which ran refreshingly along the road side, manifested a strong inclination to take a morning draught; but my aunt considered it an unnecessary indulgence; a contest forthwith arose between them. The Widow Waddem made no violent protestations, but in a very lady-like manner resolved to have her own way, and, being urgently impelled forward, very pertinaciously resolved to run backward. Like many, seemingly quiet persons, she would not give up the point in dispute, so back, back she went, faster and faster, till the wheels, ascending a steep bank, lost their equilibrium, and over the carriage was precipitated, with all its precious contents.

"My aunt, Dick, and little Sophy, rolled out, all in a bunch, for as I said before they were closely wedged in; and though half dead with fright, they fortunately escaped uninjured. Sophy clung so closely about Dick's neck, that she almost smothered the little life, which terror had left in him; and while some labourers came to their assistance, and the *gentle* mare, having accomplished her object, stood perfectly quiet and resigned, my aunt took the opportunity to examine the fate of her cherished china. Alas! it was a heap of ruins, utterly smashed to atoms! a shaft of the carriage was also broken, so the disconsolate party had to procure another vehicle to convey them home.

"You may believe my aunt was more disposed than ever to assert that 'a horse is a vain thing for safety;' but from that time, she was rather disposed to throw the mantle of charity over old Pompey's minor failings; and ever after, when tempted to find fault with him, my uncle, with whom he was a great pet, had only to whisper in her ear the magic words, 'Widow Waddem!' to bring her entirely into acquiescence.

"And now, my dear little girls, we are nearly home, and as you have not suffered any fears, at this time, to mar your enjoyment, I shall soon call for you again."

"Thank you, dear uncle," they both exclaimed, "only try us!"

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP.

My Dear Young Friends,—

We have wished you an happy New Year in poetry, and now in plain prose I offer you my best and kindest wishes for your health, your happiness, and your progress in virtue and in knowledge, from whence arises the only true and lasting enjoyment, which either the young or the old can know.

Christmas with its festivities has passed, and that, too, I trust has been a gay and happy season to you all. I am sure Santa Claus, with his bag of gay presents, has made every little heart in the country glad, for he seldom forgets any of his young friends in his Christmas rounds. In this country the bountiful saint is only an imaginary personage, though I believe there are some very small children, who suppose him to be a real man, and think, that he actually comes down the chimney in the night, and fills the little stockings with bon-bons and toys, to surprise them when they wake in the morning; but of course all the young readers of the Snow Drop know better than this, and understand when Santa Claus is spoken of as making them presents, that their parents, or their kind friends, are in reality the donors of their Christmas gifts.

In Germany, Santa Claus. who is there called Pelznichel, is a real man, because some servant or dependant of the family, is generally hired at the time to assume that character, though even there, all except very young children know who he is. He is disguised in a strange sort of dress, and has a large pouch hung before him, in which he carries nuts, apples, and small cakes. He also carries a rod with which to terrify naughty children, and wears a long chain fastened round his waist, which clanks as he walks along, and makes him seem still more mysterious to them.

His visit is made about a fortnight before Christmas, when the little ones are all expecting him with great anxiety, and often think they hear him going round the house in the night, to look after them. At last they are told that he is coming, that he has sent word he should be there at such an hour, and as the clock strikes, they hear the door open, and the sound of a heavy chain clanking in the hall. They listen, and a strange deep voice is heard asking for the little ones; it calls them by name, and the next moment Pelznichel in his grotesque array, stands before them.

He speaks to each one,—inquires if they have been good—if they have had any quarrels among themselves—if they have obeyed their parents, and learned their lessons well. If any of them have been stubborn or idle, he shakes his rod at them, and then gives it to the father, telling him to chastise them when they are naughty. He then informs them that he is sent by the "good Christ-child," who bids him tell them if they are good and gentle, they will find plenty of nice and beautiful things, on and under the Christmas tree, on Christmas evening, but if the naughty ones continue naughty, he will come again himself to drive them to bed without any share of the gifts and dainties. He then deals out nuts and apples from his pouch, always throwing some on the floor, and while the children are busy scrambling for them Pelznichel disappears.

Now I do not like this manner of deceiving children, even to make them good; and I only describe this sort of Christmas masquerade, to shew you one of the customs connected with this holy time, which is prevalent in Germany.

As for the Christmas tree, I presume you all know what is meant by that, since on this side of the Atlantic many families have adopted so pretty a fancy, which greatly enhances, especially to young people, the pleasure of the holiday. To those, however, who may never have seen a Christmas tree, I will endeavour to describe it.

In order to form one, the tapering top of a young fir tree is generally selected, and planted in the centre of a board, made heavy with lead, in order to keep it firm. Then around the tree a mimic garden is formed of green moss, planted with little sprigs, to resemble shrubs, and flowers. Among these are placed small figures of people and animals, made of clay, wood, or sugar; sometimes there is a slight paling around the garden, with a small house in one corner, formed also of sugar, or of pasteboard. The tree towering up above its little enclosure, is then filled with small tapers of various colored wax, which are lighted at night, casting their star-like light on the pretty gifts with which the branches are thickly hung—gifts of every kind for young and old, from a penny doll for the baby, to a pair of beautifully embroidered slippers for mamma.

In Germany this tree is placed in the centre of long tables covered with rich drapery, which among the wealthy are often loaded with the costliest offerings of taste and affection, presenting a splendid spectacle, when the doors are thrown open, and the family and guests are ushered into the brilliantly lighted apartment where the Christmas tree rises in its beauty to surprise them. "It would," says Mr. Howitt, "be difficult to describe the wonder, and admiration of the children, as they gaze on the whole brilliant scene; on the lovely tree, glittering with golden and silver fruit, seeming at the same time rich with innumerable flowers of various shapes and colors, and irradiated with lights. The mutual surprise and pleasure of the different members of the family, as they are shown what presents are there laid for them, and hear from whom each comes. The course of explanations that goes on; the sudden recognition of the cause which had prompted such and such presents from such and such persons; the pleasant amazement, the thanks, the laughter, the tears of affection that come into the eyes of the happy family, are more readily imagined than described."

Yet we welcome Christmas not for its gifts, its sports, and its social enjoyment only, but also from a far higher and holier motive—we welcome it as the anniversary of that thrice blessed day on which our Saviour was born ; the day at least which all Christendom honours, as that of his birth, and which is therefore justly held sacred and joyful, by all who profess his holy name.

This letter should have continued the account of the Alps commenced in the last Snow Drop, had it not seemed more appropriate to the season, to say something of Christmas and its observances. And I hope you will find the little information I have been able to give you, so interesting, that you will gladly wait another month before finishing the ascent of the Glaciers. Wishing you once more, my dear young readers, a large share of the enjoyments of this festive season, I remain, till we meet again, your friend,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

CONUNDRUMS.

What color were the winds and waves, during the last storm at sea?

Though this is a very simple conundrum, it may puzzle some of our young friends, as it did ourselves, to find it out, but the one which follows is so plain, that we think the youngest of them will be able to guess it.

What word is that to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter ?

FANNY FAY'S BABY-JUMPER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

They tell of a ring that is ever enchanted,
By little tripping fairies in summer nights haunted,
And they say, that whoever shall step but within it,
Has only to wish for some treasure to win it.
A fable no longer! behold in its glory
The dear fairy thing they talk of in story,
With its magical music, its toys and its treasures,
And all the sweet hoard of babyhood pleasures.
And here sits the fay with her blue eyes up glancing,
Her tiny hands spread, and her little feet dancing,
While her soft rippling coo, like a ring-dove's, is heard,
To tell her sweet raptnre,—the beauty! the bird!
A health, oh, inventor of first baby-jumpers!
A health in the richest and rarest of bumpers!
The sage and the seer are foretelling a year
When all shall be peace in this sad little sphere—
When the poor shall rejoice, and the bondman go free,
But the *mother* shall owe her millenium to thee.
Away with all jolting and tossing forever,
The croon shall her lullaby murmur then never!
Only leave the baby queen in the circle enchanted,
Each wish of her dear little heart shall be granted;
Let her mount her gay throne, and away in the air,
She rises o'er sorrow and dances o'er care.
Descending, her tiny foot but touches the floor,
And up through the ring she is floating once more;
The happy laugh echoes, the silver bells ringing,
She seems a young spirit, through the air her way winging;
And her soft rippling coo, like the ring-dove's, is heard,
To tell her sweet rapture,—the beauty! the bird!

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* Specimens of this most useful invention, which we are sure all mothers and nurses will cordially welcome, have arrived in our city, and may be seen at a shop at the upper end of Notre Dame Street, near the Hay Market, where, with their fairy-like array, they attract the admiration of many a passer-by, and cannot fail, we think, to find numerous purchasers among those who have an interest in the health and pleasure of the baby race.

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

WE have often solicited our young readers to give us solutions to our conundrums, or to send us contributions from their pens, in any form most pleasing to themselves, and we are at last gratified by having received a favorable answer to our request. It will be found in the pages of this number of our magazine, in the shape of a letter from a little Miss, on the subject of her pet cat. And we must take the liberty of saying it is exceedingly well written, and to us, who have a peculiar love for the feline race, is very interesting.

We hope others will find it so also, and that they will be induced to follow the example of our young correspondent, and let us hear from them shortly. The reign of winter is fairly over us, frost and snow greet us abroad, but within there is the warmth of the household hearth, and the gladness of the social circle, and amid these comforts and blessings, we trust our humble Snow Drop will not be forgotten. May it, on the contrary, by the pleasure and instruction it is its purpose to impart, enhance to our young friends their long winter evenings, and induce some among them to employ a portion of their holiday time in furnishing pleasant reading for its pages.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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MARK AND HIS SISTER.*

THE next morning when Mark went to the Hill, Patty accompanied him, as she wished to get the aprons that Mrs. Linzie desired her to make for the bazaar, and on their way thither they stopped at Mr. P's. shop, to purchase the dress they had selected for their mother. It was cut off, and paid for—a pretty lavender calico, with a black vine running through it, and Mark was to call and get it when he came home at night.

Well pleased were the children with their purchase, and as they walked along, they talked over the pleasure they should have when in the evening they surprised their mother with their gift,—the first fruits of their industry. How gladly did they devote it to the parent they so much loved, and for whose dear sake, toil had become to them a delight. Patty, indeed, wanted a new pair of shoes, and Mark was sadly in want of a garden rake, for his old one had lost nearly all its teeth; but what of that? they could wait, and gladly too, for future earnings, rather than their mother should be without anything which contributed to her comfort.

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* Continued from page 308.

And truly did the widow Ellis feel that even amidst poverty and bereavement her lot was blessed, when after the cheerful evening meal was ended, these dutiful children laid upon her lap the gift they had brought for her. They laughed out-right with joy, when they saw her surprise and pleasure, and heard her exclaim:

"It can't be that this is for me! and that *you* have bought it—this lovely dress—and all with your own earnings! Dear me! dear me! God forgive me—that I have murmured at His will, when he has left me such good and loving children, to make glad my heart," and then she threw her arms around them, and fondly pressed them to her, while the tears of gratitude and joy that filled her eyes, fell down like rain upon their young heads.

The tender-hearted Patty wept also, but not for grief—smiles were on her lips, and her heart swelled with the fulness of its own happiness. Mark was too manly to show that he was melted by the scene, yet he could not quite keep down a tear; but brushing his hand quickly across his moistened eyes, he said cheerily:

"Come, mother dear, you promised to finish my grey socks to-night, for these are sadly out at the heel, and maybe Patty can spare a little time to read on in 'Simple Susan,'* while you knit, and I pick over these seed peas, which Donald says I am to sow as soon as I have the ground prepared, for it is now past the first of March, and high time they were in."

And so the contented little family sat down to their various employments, happy in each other's love, and grateful to their Heavenly Father, who had bestowed on them healthy bodies, and willing minds, faithfully to fulfil the duties of their lowly lot. Untiringly, as time went on, did Patty continue diligent at her needle, constantly obtaining more employment, as her neatness and her industry became known, while Mark grew more and more fond of the occupation he followed—for follow it he did both at the Hill and at home, with increasing diligence and ardor.

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* A beautiful story in the "Parent's Assistant," by Miss Edgeworth..

To become a good practical gardener was his earnest desire, and accordingly he not only listened attentively to all the hints his friend Donald gave him, but he carefully watched his modes of culture, as they were applied not only to fruits and vegetables, but also to flowers. He still further sought to inform himself, on the subject, by reading whatever related to it, that he could obtain, and the Squire, who took a warm interest in him, finding him so inclined, was much pleased, and loaned him many numbers of an Agricultural Journal, which was published monthly, and illustrated with coloured plates.

His hot-bed had succeeded beyond his utmost expectation, and in some things he had even got the start of Donald, for the first salad which appeared on the Squire's table he had been able to furnish; and proud and happy enough he was to gain such a victory over the gardener at the Hill. But Donald was too generous to feel displeased at Mark's success—on the contrary he was proud of a scholar, who had profited so well by his teachings, though he advised him to carry the remainder of his salad, together with some early radishes which were just ready for pulling, to the market at L., where he told him they would be sure to bring a good price.

This was just what Mark intended doing,—so one bright sunny morning towards the last of March, he set out for L., carrying a basket of his own neat manufacture, filled with the products of his hot-bed,—crisp, juicy salad, bright salmon radishes, pepper-grass, and garden cresses,—making a fine shew, and tempting indeed, at that early season, to the lovers of varieties.

Mark took his place in an open space near the head of the market, and raising the cover of his basket, displayed his treasures to the longing eyes of every passer-by. Some stopped to look and admire, and some asked the prices, shook their heads, and walked on; but many purchasers were among them, and rapidly the delicate vegetables disappeared, till not one green leaf was left in his basket, when Mark, swinging it upon his back, wended his way home, merrily singing the "Jolly Husbandman," and occasionally jingling to the tune, the small pieces of silver with which his pocket was filled.

Light of heart, he threw the money into his mother's lap when he reached home, and when counted up, it was found to amount to fifteen shillings. She would put it into their 'savings bank,' she said, and though he urged her to use it freely, telling her, "it was all hers," she would only deduct one shilling, which Patty wanted for the purchase of some yarn, that she might knit warm socks for a poor little child who had just come near dying of the measles.

The next day when Mark told Donald the success of his sale at the market, the kind gardener was greatly pleased, and told him, since he had done so well with his vegetables, he must now try what thrift he could make with his flowers.

"The Horticultural Society are to have an exhibition the twentieth of April," said he, and there is a prize offered for the largest pansies, so if you have taken care of those seedlings that I gave you, who knows, Mark, but what you may be the successful competitor."

"But do *you* intend to try?"

"Certainly I do," returned the gardener; "and to beat you too, if I can; so look to yourself, my boy, or you will come off only second best."

"That shall I, if at all," said Mark, "for I cannot expect to come up to you, Donald, in flowers, though I did get the start of you in lettuce by a day or so."

"Well, we shall see, Mark," said the gardener, "strange things often happen, and this may be one of them; only if you can show a greater beauty than the Duchess of Devonshire, you shall be welcome to the prize, and your bantling shall be christened the Princess Royal."

"Well, we shall see," said Mark, repeating Donald's words, as he ran laughing away to finish raking the withered leaves from a bed of crocuses, that were just beginning to show their golden blossoms above the brown mould. But the conversation that had just passed with the gardener, kept running in his head, and he said again and again, "I can but try,—patience and perseverance, as Patty says, and who knows what may come to pass?"

There was at the time of our story, a great mania among florists for the pansy,—as at other times there has been for tulips,—or for roses—or verbenas—and as there is now for a blue dahlia, which has never yet been produced, and it remains doubtful if ever it will be. Mark had often looked with admiration on Donald's splendid bed of pansies, and in his own endeavour to equal them, had adopted a similar mode of culture with some half dozen roots the gardener had given him.

Immediately on his return home, he went to examine them, and found them looking well, and showing several blossoms, but none that were worthy of being presented at the show. He now, however, began to pay more attention to them, to enrich as highly as possible, the soil in which they grew, to keep each plant free from runners, and separate from the rest, and to cut off every unhealthy leaf, or superfluous bud, that showed itself upon the plant.

Thus carefully tended, they soon promised, by their more vigorous growth, and enlarged blossoms, to reward him for his trouble. On two of the plants, indeed, there appeared flowers, larger than any he had ever seen, excepting that one which Donald called the Duchess of Devonshire, and which we believe is well known by that name to florists, and is the admiration of them all.

"The 'Princess Royal,' *may* bear off the palm yet," said Mark, as he stooped down to look exultingly upon two immense buds, that crowned the top of the finest plant. And a faint hope sprang up in his heart, which strengthened day by day, as he watched the lovely little germs, growing and swelling beneath his eye, till his impatience to see them open, could scarcely be restrained, and he almost trembled with joy, at the thought that they might equal, if not surpass, Donald's boasted Duchess.

At last they did open, and perfect beauties they were, as large as—but we are afraid to say how large, though certainly they were magnificent, both as to size and color,—so beautifully shaded too, the upright petals deepening from a pale primrose to a rich golden hue, veined with the loveliest purple and brown,—while those that formed the lower part of the corolla, or flower, were like exquisite velvet, rich and gorgeous enough to make a mantle for the illustrious little lady, in honor of whom he had named them, profiting by Donald's hint, to call so superb a flower, the Princess Royal.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STAR CHILD.

In a pleasant chamber, close beside,
A lofty window, deep and wide,
Stood a little bed, in whose bosom deep,
A young boy went to his nightly sleep,
The window was as a crystal door,
Opening out on the silent night;
And the radiance of the clear star-light,
Lay in white streaks on the chamber floor,
And shone on the pillow and on the bed,
And brightened the sleeper's beautiful head.

And all the night, as one by one,
The shining stars went up the sky,
They paused and looked through that window high,
And as each, and every star in turn,
Like a crown of silver lustre shone,
Round the head of the boy, more still and deep,
More starry and bright grew his inward sleep.

One night he awoke; and one star alone,
Through that lofty casement was shining down,
He gazed, and he gazed, till it grew like an eye,
Placid and clear, in the midnight sky;
Then the boy looked trustfully up, and smiled,
And the star looked brightly back to the child.

The morrow he went to his pictures and play,
But ever and often he turned him away,
And smiled to his thought, as though a fair dream
Were passing him and his sports between;
The mother questions him gently the while,
"Why does my boy look upward and smile?"
"Oh, mother! oh, mother! I would you might see
The beautiful angel that's watching me."

From Studies in Religion.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE CLEMATIS AND THE BALSAMINE.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living pearls,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy, numerous teachers,
From loveliest nook.

Horace Smith.

AGED and grayheaded, many have been the scenes through which I have passed. On reading one of my old journals, I saw there recorded, events which had long escaped my memory, one of which I will relate.

In my early days, during the reign of the fairy queen Serena, I by chance was invited to visit her majesty's garden. This was the most beautiful I have ever seen. It was filled with the exquisite fruits and flowers of fairy land.

While wandering through groves and bowers, my attention was attracted by a conversation between the graceful Clematis and the prim Balsamine. The words which caught my ear, were to the following purport.

"Poor pallid thing," said the Balsamine; "how mortifying must it be for you to be placed so near me, where your sickly hue is continually contrasted with my scarlet velvet robes. I feel for you, truly."

"Trouble not yourself, madam," a gentle voice replied; "my robe is white, it is true, but it is simple and lovely; and am I not honored by being thus adorned? Were I only as pure in heart, I should be satisfied."

"Pure and lovely you may be," exclaimed the haughty flower; "but behold how all pass you by. Have you ever seen the gardener detain a visitor to mark your beauty? I think not. You may remain where you are for years, and none go out of their way to look at you."

"I will willingly," said the gentle creature, "relinquish the general admiration, to have the honour which is so often bestowed upon me, of being culled to adorn the bosom of the young and fair. To be sought after by those of delicate and refined tastes, is to me much more precious than the homage of the crowd, which being incapable of appreciating excellence, only join in the popular cry, which is as fickle as the wind."

"How is it then," answered the insolent Balsamine, "that you, *so much admired*, should be a satellite? Never are you independent of the support of a neighbour. Once in a while, indeed, you try to leave the side of the tall Lilac there, but you are soon compelled to return to his strong arm."

"Nature has kindly formed me with social habits," returned the Clematis, in the same soft tone. "I am so made, that sympathy is essential to my perfection, and I rejoice that my lot in life is cast near one on whom I can depend. The summer's hurricane never tears me from my support, and the winter's blast fails in its attempts to sever me from my friend."

"I am justly proud," retorted the Balsamine, "of my independence and erect figure, and am quite ashamed of residing in the vicinity of one so decrepid and feeble as yourself.

"Your *ephemeral nature* should at least humble you," said the Clematis. "While years roll over me without other change than my annual slumber, and each spring wakens me to renewed vigor, you depart with the first appearance of winter. Even amid the cold, the name of Maidens' Hair, given to the tufts of silk which cover me, shew how dear I am even then to youth."

So violent at length grew the haughty Balsamine, that the inmates of this usually tranquil abode trembled and stood aghast, as they listened to her angry tones and marked her crimson cheek. But a storm arose, and each flower bowed its head, as if in adoration of Him who controls the tempest. I retired, but not before I had seen the Balsamine broken by the wind, while the gentle, loving Clematis, seeking the protection of its tried friend, escaped all calamity; and as I proceeded on my walk when the air again became calm, I paused to mark the pearly tears which glistened on its cheek, as it gazed on the fate of its antagonist; and I said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

BRENDA.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOYS.

WILSON and Arthur Egerton lived in Virginia, and their house was on one of its loveliest rivers. Wilson was about five years old, and his brother was four. They were bright looking boys. The elder one was a little miniature of his father—the younger was like a bird. Wilson would take my hand and walk up and down the garden walks sitting quietly by me on the grass, his head resting on my shoulder—while Arthur would fly about, now gathering the straw colored, crimson-eyed cotton flower, then chasing the butterfly or fondling the chickens and again coming to throw his arm around my neck for a moment—once more to leave me for his frolics. Every body loved the dear children. They had a kind father, a tender mother, a brother and a sister; in short, a happy home. Yet every body pitied them. Do you ask why?

They were mutes.

"What is it to be a mute?" you enquire.

It is to be unable to hear, and because of that, unable to speak. Those dear boys might walk abroad, but all nature was silent for them. The lovely bay, whose ripples gently break on the shore at the foot of their garden—the song of the merry mocking bird, as it pecks the coral-colored seeds from the magnolia,—the wail of the whip-poor-will at night, the lowing of the cattle, the hum of the bees,—even the bark of their dear old dogs, Carlo and Stalo,—all this was denied to them. Nay, worse than all, their gentle mother's voice they could never hear. She might sing to their baby brother, but it would not soothe *them*. She might pray by their bed-side, but they would not know that she said

"Our Father." They could never speak that precious word "Mamma."

Yet these children could tell their nurses and parents what they wanted. They would make signs, and if these signs were not comprehended, would lead one to the object they wished. Arthur was very fond of his grandmamma, and every day would run to her room to caress her. If she were not there he would look in the closet where her bonnet and shawl were kept. If these were gone, he knew his grandmother had gone out, but if he found these garments in their places he would seek through the house until he found her.

At length the scarlet fever attaked the dear boys, and for many days the doctor thought they would die. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton watched them anxiously, but at length it pleased our Heavenly Father to take little Wilson to Heaven. His body was laid in the grave, but his soul went to dwell with the blessed Jesus, who loves children. Arthur it was supposed would die too. He began, however, to recover, and at length was able to be dressed. Nurse found his little feet were swollen so that his own shoes would not go on to them and Mrs. Egerton told her to bring Wilson's—she thought they would just fit him. Nanny brought them, but though they looked just like his own, Arthur would not wear them, but took them off as fast as they were tied on. Then Mrs. E. had a pair of his own, that were slipshod, put on him and he began to walk. He was very weak, and tottered to the head of the stair-case. His mamma seeing he wished to go down, carried him, and set him down again in the hall below. He went directly to the nursery and looked all around. They saw, he wanted Wilson, but they could not explain to him about his brother. He moaned, and then he smiled roguishly as the thought struck him that Willy was hiding from him. So he searched in all the closets and under the bed, and in the clothes basket. Then he moaned piteously, but again he examined his mamma's room which was next to the nursery. I need not tell you that Arthur looked in vain. His mother followed him, weeping, and he went to her, and laying himself down on her lap, cried himself to sleep. The next day he began to droop, seeming to care for no one. If he saw the door open, his black eye would brighten, and he would watch whoever came in, till he saw they were alone, and then his plaintive moan would be renewed, as if his heart was breaking.

And so it was, for five days after, his happy spirit went to that blessed world where his brother had gone. There they heard and spoke. There they listen to the blessed music of Heaven, and themselves sing its holy songs. They will never more be separated from each other.

Just outside the garden fence on Mr. Egerton's estate is the grave yard, and in one corner of it, beneath a tall locust tree, and a solemn cypress, lie the bodies of Wilson and Arthur. On the marble tablet above them you may read their names and ages, with these words:—

"The elder parted first,
The younger lingered yet a little while,
Drooping but beautiful."

THERE is in the British Museum, an almanac written on the papyrus, nearly three thousand years old, which, having been used by some Egyptian of the olden time, was buried with him.

GRANDFATHER GOODMAN'S TALK ABOUT ICE.

Grandfather. Good morning children. I wish you a happy New Year. Look here, I have got a pretty piece of ice.

Emma. Oh, grandpapa, I'm glad of that, for last night you told me that ice shewed the goodness of God : now I can't find out how that is. It is a pretty, clear thing, and that's all.

Grandfather. Bring your little chair, Emma, and sit down beside me, and I will tell you all about it.

Emma. But it is so cold, grandpapa, I cannot hold it in my hands. I'll just pop it into this basin of water. There, down it goes to the bottom. See, see! it comes up and swims at the top. It is very strange, that a thing as hard as a stone should float at the top. I thought no hard thing would float in water.

Grandfather. God shews us his goodness, my dear, in making hard ice lighter than water, and this causes it to float.

Emma. How, grandpapa, does that show that God is good?

Grandfather. If ice were heavier than water, it would not swim, it would sink to the bottom.

Emma. Is everything that floats in water, lighter than water?

Grandfather. Yes, and by this means God shews his goodness, for the ice stays on the top of the water, and in all cold countries is as good as a bridge over the great rivers, all winter.

Emma. Oh! now I see why God is good in making the ice float. Please tell me some more about it.

Grandfather. Ice, my dear, not only shews that God is good in making it serve as a bridge on the rivers all winter; but it keeps the water warm by covering it over with a pretty, clear crust, in the frosty weather.

Emma. Oh, grandpapa, how can such a cold thing as ice keep the water warm.

Grandfather. It does not keep the water under the ice as warm as your hand, Emma, but still it keeps it so warm that it does not all become ice.

Emma. Then I suppose God keeps the rivers from freezing all into ice by that pretty crust.

Grandfather. Yes, in cold countries; and this is very kind in him, for if all the waters in the rivers and lakes were to freeze into ice, it would not melt till almost the end of summer, and we should see no fine ships and pretty steamboats in the lakes and rivers for a long time after spring had commenced. Had God made the ice to sink in the water it would go down to the bottom, and in cold countries, every lake and river would be all frozen into ice in winter.

Emma. What a curious thing that would be, then the rivers would be changed into great heaps of ice; they would be almost as hard as rocks in winter.

Grandfather. Can you dig in your flower garden in winter.

Emma. Oh, no! it is all frozen hard.

Grandfather. Then you see God has provided a hard crust all over the land as well as the water. This icy crust keeps the frost from sinking deep into the earth, so that when spring comes, the sunshine soon melts the ice out of the ground, and makes it ready for sowing and planting. If the water in the ground was frozen very deep down it would be so cold and hard almost all summer that there would be no beautiful flowers, no fine apples and pears, and no wheat to make bread. Remember then when you see ice, that God is very good to us, because he has made it so light, that it swims in water, and freezes hard at the surface of the ground.

THE TWO CANDLESTICKS; OR WORTH OUTLASTS WHIM.

PLATED ware was first used because many who could not afford to buy silver, were so proud that they wished to have something that might be mistaken for it. Two candlesticks, one of silver and the other plated, were standing by each other on the mantel piece. The silver one had been in wear a great many years, but the plated one had just been purchased, and, looking much smarter than his neighbor, he began to abuse him for his plain appearance.

The silver candlestick bore his insults patiently, but at last she said to him, "I will tell you a story:

"In a family where I once lived there were two daughters; one was educated by a teacher who made her acquainted with all useful knowledge and solid virtue; the other, at a different school, learned all the showy branches, and all the light accomplishments, but neglected every thing that was solid, useful and durable."

"Well, what of that?" said the plated clandlestick.

"Nothing," said the other, "only that one shone a few years, while her youth lasted, and then was slighted and despised; whilst the other wore well, and became more excellent the older she grew. Before you have reached one quarter of my years you will be sold for old copper. There is silver enough in me to plate a hundred of you."

WE knew two little girls to whom their elder brother promised a copy of Burns' Poems, and the Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott, if each would, without consulting the other, write some lines upon the Mountain Daisy. Both made the attempt, observing the conditions named, and the little poems that follow, are the result of their efforts. They do not claim high poetic merit, but this first endeavor led to others, and when these young girls grew older, they often wrote lines deserving far more praise than these. Let this encourage our juvenile readers to "try" also. The first is by the elder sister.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Hail, little modest, crimson flower,
That blooms in winter's frozen hour,
That waves upon the mountain's brow,
Smiling at storms, which round thee blow;
I joy to see thy ruddy crest
Repose on winter's icy breast,
Nor shrink although the raging storm,
Assails thy tender, fragile form,
But with unfailing vigor rise,
To brave the fury of the skies.
Oh! would my lowly verse could shed,
Unfading glory round thy head;
But know, sweet flower, my humble muse
Has never sipped Castalian dews,

Has never from the sacred Nine,
Received one spark of fire divine.
A sweeter bard has sung thy praise,
In tuneful and melodious lays;
Fair Scotia's bard, meek Nature's child,
Carolled thy name in wood-notes wild.
But still, bright flower, thy beauteous form,
Shall live in many a poet's song,
And youthful hearts shall turn to thee,
Emblem most fair of constancy.

The following lines, to the same, are by the younger sister:—

Sweet flower, that boldly dares to shed
  Thy perfume on the desert air,
And o'er the mountain's mossy bed,
  To gaily strew thy flow'rets fair,
Though the tempests round thee lower,
  And the rude winds o'er thee fly,
Safe thou bloom'st within thy bower,
  Smiling at the angry sky.
Thou 'mid spring's bright wreath dost glitter,
  On the summer's breast dost glow,
In ripe autumn's lap dost linger,
  Bloom'st e'en 'midst stern winter's snow.
Gaudy flow'rets raise their heads,
  Sheltered from the stormy skies,
Proudly from their cultured beds,
  Strive to catch admiring eyes;
But no gentle, favoring gale,
  O'er the modest daisy breathes;
Nature rears the flow'ret frail,
  To crown the year with its bright wreaths.
Yet, its beauty long survives,
  When the flowers of summer die;
Through nurture rude, it sweetly thrives,
  Emblem fair of constancy.

We forgot to say that each young poetess was to shew that the daisy, with its ceaseless bloom, was a lovely emblem of constancy. The last piece we think the best, and so, as far as the muses were concerned, the writer proved in after years, the more gifted verse-maker of the two.

TRAITS OF THE INDIANS.

We suppose all our young readers have often heard and read about the Indians, or Aborigines, as they are called,—that is, natives of the country. They are still often seen in our streets, particularly in the autumn, when they usually encamp in large numbers at the windmills, and other places convenient to the city. Many of the Chiefs, among their different tribes, come at that season to receive a yearly stipend, paid them by Government, and which they receive from an Agent here.

The *squaws*, or women, also bring baskets and mats, of their own manufacture, to vend among the citizens; and likewise moccasins of deer-skin, curiously wrought, and various fancy articles made of the birch bark, and embroidered with porcupine quills, and colored beads. And, I dare say, you remember those Indian women, who in the summer season, bringing their wild fruits, raspberries, strawberries, &c., to your doors for sale, always in slender birchen baskets, covered with fresh vine leaves. And in the Bonsecours, and St. Ann's Markets, they often mingle with the country people; their dusky faces half hid, by a quantity of straight black hair,—a blanket over their shoulders, and gaily wrought moccasins covering their feet and ancles.

Sometimes they have a *pappoose*, or baby, hung at their back, the little creature swathed tightly to a board, every limb closely confined, and, in that, seemingly, uncomfortable position, remaining perfectly quiet for hours. It is said, "habit is a second nature," and so it seems to be with these tawny children; for they are never heard to utter a cry, or manifest any impatience; but their smooth round faces, the only part of them left uncovered, are grave and tranquil, and their bright black eyes express none of the childish wonder, or delight, observable in our fairer children.

These scattered remnants of a once powerful race, are now a harmless and inoffensive people, with scarcely a vestige left of that daring courage, which once rendered them so terrible in the open combat, and so dreaded in their secret lurking-places. Much has been said and written, about the cruelty of the old Indian tribes, who, long ago, peopled the wilderness of this New World. And cruel they certainly were, but it must be confessed that their wrongs were also very great.

Fancy, my young friends, this beautiful Island of Montreal, and the country far around, now populous with towns and villages, the abodes of industry and wealth; fancy it again, as in early times, covered with dense forests, which then sheltered the rude wigwams of the savages, who roamed, the undisputed lords of their wild possessions. These wide spread provinces, were the vast hunting grounds of their various tribes; and their light canoes alone navigated the free waters of its broad lakes and flowing rivers.

The white people came from a far country and drove them from their habitations and familiar haunts, which were as dear to their hearts as the homes of their destroyers were to them. With cruel treachery, with fraud and violence, they were hunted, step by step, back into the wilderness, and the strong arm of power held them forever in abject subjection. They were christian men who came to this untutored people, with deeds of violence and bloodshed; and it is not strange that those poor savages, who have never learned the christian virtue of forgiveness, should seek to revenge their injuries, and raise the war-cry against all who wore the garb of civilization.

For a long course of years, after the first settlement of Canada, then, as you know, under French dominion, and also of the neighboring States, at that time British Provinces, the deeds of cruelty, perpetrated by the Indians,—the desolation carried into whole communities, by their savage incursions,—were perfectly appalling. We may bless God for the security which now reigns amongst us, contrasted, as it is, with the constant alarm which disturbed the tranquillity of our forefathers. Often was a peaceful settlement awakened from midnight slumber by the horrid yell of invading savages, and the few who escaped the tomahawk and the flames, were carried away,—women and helpless children,—into a dreary and hopeless captivity.

The border towns of New England were particularly exposed to these cruel incursions of the Canadian Indians; and many a traditionary tale respecting them, has been handed down from generation to generation. The following, we believe perfectly authentic:

Col. W., a brave and gallant officer, commanded the Garrison of H——, now one of the most beautiful towns of Massachusetts; but it was then in a feeble state, having suffered from repeated attacks of the Indians, who, during the summer, lay in ambush in the neighboring forests, which indeed extended almost to the Canadian frontier. In those times, it was found necessary to surround every exposed place with a strong palisade, within which all the inhabitants, the cattle, &c., were enclosed every night, and it was likewise defended by a stout stockade, and a vigilant watch continually kept.

In spite of these precautions, this unfortunate town was surprised one night, and the inhabitants roused from slumber, by the fearful war-whoop of the Indians.

In an instant every man was under arms, and prepared for a vigorous defence; but the savages came in such overwhelming numbers, that the palisades were soon forced, and Col. W. fell mortally wounded, in the first moment of combat. The panic caused by the death of their brave Commander,—the dreadful confusion which ensued,—and the horrible massacre witnessed, by the light of the burning town, for the Indians had set fire to it, was terrific beyond expression. Finding resistance useless, every one sought safety in flight; but burdened with their wives and children, few were fortunate enough to escape, and most of those who were not sacrified on the spot, were carried away into captivity.

Mr. R——, a clergyman of the place, had hastened out to assist in its defence, leaving his two little children in the care of a colored woman, named Hagar, who had long been a faithful servant in the family. On hearing the savages approach the house, she hastened with her young charge to the cellar, and had just time to conceal them under a barrel, and screen herself from observation, when they were heard approaching close upon her, and in a moment, the place was filled with their dark and ferocious forms. It is remarkable that the children remained perfectly quiet, perhaps from excess of terror, but Hagar, crouching behind some object near them, was discovered by a savage, for the light of torches now glared upon her face, and with a yell of triumph he raised his tomaaawk to strike her.

At that instant a cry of "The English! the English!" sounded without; and a strong reinforcement having actually arrived, the savages left their intended victim, and, in their turn, fled affrighted.

The children thus providentially rescued, lived to share the tranquillity of more prosperous years, and the faithful Hagar also, long enjoyed the gratitude and esteem which her fidelity and firmness of mind so richly merited. It is said, she survived to a very advanced period, that she numbered more than ninety years, and when at last called peacefully to her rest, a vast concourse attended her funeral; and her memory is still associated with the troubled period in which she acted so conspicuous a part.

This is but a gloomy story, for these were gloomy times; but the history and trials of the early settlements contain much both of interest and instruction. And in regarding the character of the savage natives, we shall also find something to admire, as well as much to condemn; nor should we forget that gentleness, and forgiveness of injuries, are christian virtues, and if we could not expect them to germinate in a heathen breast, we, who are favored with the law of Christ, are bound to cherish those virtues in our own hearts, and to exemplify them daily in our lives.

TO MY LITTLE BROTHER CHARLEY, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY A LITTLE GIRL, TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Good morning to you, Charley dear!
This day brings in your seventh year;
It is the long expected day
We were to spend in joyous play;
So, Charley, rise, and come away.

This morning, while the dew-drops bright
Still glistened in the early light,
We rose, and gathered many a flower,
Upon your little bed to shower;
Seringas white, and roses red,
Now shed their sweets around your head;
But while so lazily you lie,
And rub in vain your sleepy eye,
What good will all these flowerets do?
What pleasure can they give to you?
How much more pleasant 'tis to play!
Do, Charley, rise, and come away.

Now dew-drops, clearer far than glass,
Are sparkling on each blade of grass;
They weigh our fair white roses down,
Like pearls upon a bridal gown;
And dearer still, how sweetly glows,
And sweetly breathes our damask rose!
From every tree and branch is heard,
The sweet wild music of the bird;
Up! up! and hear his merry lay,
Dear Charley, rise, and come away!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SNOW DROP.

A YOUNG subscriber to the *Snow Drop* sends the accompanying contribution, which she hopes you may find suitable for its young readers; should she meet with encouragement, by its insertion, she may be induced to write again.

A. C.

MEMOIRS OF A SWALLOW.

THE approach of old age warns me to prepare for death; I know I must submit to its laws, and die; but I wish to transmit to my fellow birds some little record of my existence, which I hope may tend to their improvement, and I feel confident I shall be regarded as their standard author.

My infancy passed as that of other birds in general, and it was not till I was a month old that I remember anything connected with my history. I, along with two other swallows, became the inhabitants of a chimney, and there we lived together in peace. One of my companions was extremely thoughtless, and seemed to think of nothing but the time being. I warned him several times, and told him he would surely come to an untimely end. My prophecy was doomed to be fulfilled, for he was shot by a mischievous boy. My other companion caught cold in his feet, by venturing too incautiously on a damp rose-tree, and thus hastened his death. I composed an elegy on both, and thus perhaps soothed my grief in some measure. Being then alone in the wide world, I purposed writing this little essay, which a Robin Red-breast kindly offered to transmit to posterity. I seriously regret two or three incidents in my chequered life. I once refused to assist a dying mother, for fear of soiling my bill, and another time I scoffed at a beetle for its ugliness, which it could not help. If I could again be hatched from the egg, I should lead a different life, but that being impossible, I hope that all my race may profit by my experience and regrets.

Now, my young readers, although the swallow left its memoirs for the bird kind alone, I think we might all profit by its experience, by living righteously, so as we may not have to regret our lives when we come to die. This is the sincere wish of one who takes an interest in you all. A. C.

THE HOUSE-SPIDER.

CHILDREN who have such a dread of the common spider which we see about our houses, should endeavour to acquaint themselves with the poor insect that the maid sweeps down with the broom, and crushes beneath her feet, and then though it may be considered an annoyance in a neat room, it will be viewed not only without disgust, but with interest. The following account of the habits of the common house-spider is by the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, and is so instructive and entertaining that we have much pleasure in transcribing it for our young readers.

"I perceived," he says, "about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction; and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

"In three days the web was with incredible swiftness completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect exulted in its new abode. It frequently traversed its room, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very often. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole; upon this, I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts vain, he began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed its antagonist.

"Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days repairing the breaches of its web, and taking, as I could perceive, no sustenance. At last a large blue bottle fell into the snare and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, for it seemed to be too strong for its cobweb. It sallied out, and stopped the motion of the fly's wings by quickly weaving around them a web; and thus hampered, it seized and dragged it into its hole.

"I once put a wasp into the net, but when the spider came out to seize it, as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bonds that held it fast, and contributed all in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected that the spider would set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but these it seems were irreparable, wherefore the web was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

"I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish, wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising; I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seized its prey.

"Of this life, however, it now began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possesions of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification, with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay seige to another's web for three days, and, at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

"The insect I am now describing, lived three years; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a limb, which grew again in three or four days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and on my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for defence or attack."

Naturalists tell us that ingenious as the house-spider is, the garden-spider is much more so, and we will endeavor to furnish our young readers with some account of its nature and habits, in our next month's number of the Snow Drop.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Two months since, in our travels, we got as far as the foot of the lofty Alps—we took a peep at Mount Blanc, which raised its glittering frost bound head far, far above us, or glanced at the winding road which seemed to promise to take us to its top, and we almost intended to ascend it, and see for ourselves its stupendous glaciers, and lofty heights, but indeed it is so cold now, that we must wait for a summer day, and warmer sky, and find some more comfortable place to pass into, this February morning. Where shall it be? There is no little voice near to whisper where you would most like to go, so I must choose for myself.

I have just been looking at a pretty piece of Mosaic, which was sent out from Italy to a friend. It represented a burning church, and was like an exquisite painting. Now I should like to see how this Mosaic is made; perhaps you do not know what "Mosaic" is. You have most of you seen the brooches worn by ladies, with a black ground, and little birds, flowers or landscapes upon it, in bright colours, and if you ever examined them closely, you saw they were made of small stones fitted nicely together. Now, this is a beautiful and delicate art, and I think you would have no objection to going with me to the studio of a Mosaic artist in Rome, to learn how it is done. It is a simple room—a few paintings to be copied, hang round the wall; but the artist is bending over a table; we will approach and see him. He has before him a small picture of a rose, upon which is perched on each side, a dove, and he is copying it for a brooch. He has by his side a great many little sticks of enamel, of every colour he can possibly require. From the ends of these sticks he cuts off a piece the size and colour he wants, takes it up with a little steel instrument he has in his hand, and fastens it in the place required by the picture, upon a plate of metal or stone, with a cement made of quicklime and linseed oil. The cement is spread over the plate, and a drawing made upon it of the figure to be imitated; this is a guide to the artist, and he then arranges the colours and shapes according to the pattern before him. After the whole is arranged and the picture completed, it is allowed to dry two months, and is then polished with a flat stone and emery, when it is ready for setting.

There are two kinds of Mosaic, the Roman and the Florentine. In the former, the paintings are formed by joining very small pieces of stone or enamel, and any variety of coloring and form can be given, but in the Florentine, longer pieces of stone are used, and it is more difficult to arrange them well; it is adapted only for small paintings. Sometimes precious stones have been cut to furnish materials for the work, but this renders it very costly.

The next time you have an opportunity, I wish you would examine this Mosaic work, and see how pretty and delicate it is. I remember the first that was shewn me, I was a little girl, (can you believe it possible that I ever was as young as you are?) and one of my companions brought to school a pair of earrings with a flower upon each; it was the dear little blue forget-me-not, that I am sure you all know, and love so well. With a very wise look, my friend Louisa, for that was her name, told me the picture was made of small bits of precious stones joined together; I did not believe her, for how it could be done had never been explained to me, and I thought she was "funning," as children say; but when I went home I asked, and I was told all about it, and I now never see a piece of Mosaic without great interest. Hoping it may be so with you,

I remain, yours affectionately,

Cousin Lizzie.

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Many parts of our city have been visited by such an unexpected inundation during the past month, that we think all of our young readers cannot have escaped the inconveniences attending it. Some of them have perhaps been ferried across the new made ponds in Griffintown or M'Gill street; or perchance have plunged into the cold stream which ran along, of a sudden in St. Paul's street—not to mention overflowed kitchens and basements, which have disturbed the equanimity of so many quiet families.

For ourselves, our Editor's Chair has been sadly unsettled by these uncourteous waves, and on this account we feel particularly obliged to our young correspondents, who have this month sent us such welcome contributions from their very agreeable pens.

To our unknown friend, A. C., whose communication through the post-office was duly received, and is with pleasure inserted, we return many thanks; and to the other, whose name shall not be whispered, we are not less indebted—and we earnestly hope that her playful fancy may be often clothed with words, and given us to enliven the pages of our little periodical. We trust the example of our fair correspondents will be followed by some of the other sex; for we think there are many clever and keen-witted lads among the readers of the "Snow Drop," who might at least answer our Conundrums, if they are not disposed to send us some original ones. They have now fine sport, we see, skating on the broad fields of ice, which are formed after the retreating flood; but when these are covered over with snow, which the increasing cold will be sure to bring us soon, they may amuse themselves by solving the following conundrums, and send us the answers for our next number.

1st. What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?

2nd. How can a person live 80 years, and see only 20 birth-days?

The Conundrums in our last, we may suppose, have been guessed by most of you, for you would easily fancy the winds blue, (blew) and the waves rose, in a storm,—very pretty colours, are they not? and even the shortest of you, would not puzzle long, to find out that one syllable added to short, would make it short-er.

Some communications have been received from correspondents too late for insertion this month.

THE SNOW DROP;

OR,

JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

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MARK AND HIS SISTER.*

The day of the exhibition at length arrived, and Mark's pansies were in full perfection; he had kept the secret from Donald, who never dreamed that the boy seriously intended to contest the prize with him. On the contrary, he was almost sure of obtaining it, for he had examined the flowers of several of the neighboring gardeners, and had seen none to compare with his own. He had been too busy for the last two days, to visit Mark's garden, or he would have been made aware that his Duchess, was to have a dangerous rival in the Princess Royal, which seemed every day to grow larger and more beautiful, beneath the watchful care of the young gardener.

Indeed, besides his pansies, Mark had several flowers in bloom, which he intended to show at the exhibition; some fine auriculas, a purple cyclamen, and a seedling wall-flower, which he had forced into bloom, in his hot-bed, and which, with a tea-rose, and some exquisite carnations, that Patty had nursed in the sunny cottage window, through the long winter, would make quite a fair show for such inexperienced florists.

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* Continued from page 335.—Conclusion.

At least so said Mark, and so thought Patty; and that they might appear to the very best advantage, she had manufactured a pretty basket to contain them. Indeed it was quite as curious as it was pretty, being formed of musk-melon seeds, saved from the preceding year, strung together with such taste and ingenuity, as to give the fabric a very rich and fanciful appearance. The handle was also made of seeds, and tied to the basket with knots of blue ribbon, and when the inside was lined with soft moss, of the brightest green, it was as neat and tasteful a thing, as one would desire to look upon.

Into this, were carefully laid Patty's lovely tea-roses and carnations, interspersed with Mark's hot-bed flowers, and, in the centre of the whole, a glorious bunch of pansies looked up with their bright eyes, seeming to say, with a smile, "Pray admire us; we are christened with a royal name, and mean to win floral honors for our young friend Mark, who has so patiently nurtured and tended us;" at least so Patty interpreted the language which she read upon the velvet petals of Mark's darling flowers.

It was a splendid day, that on which the floral exhibition was to take place. The one preceding it had been a day of true April weather—sunshine and gentle showers, from noon till sunset, the effect of which had been to swell the young leaf-buds of the trees, to bursting, and to turn the brown branches of the wild cherry into wreaths of snow, by the quick opening of their fragrant flowers. The grass, too, in one night had changed its seared and faded hue to the brightest tint of emerald, while the early spring birds, rejoicing in these genial signs, sang their glad songs in every hedge, or flew from tree to tree, busily collecting materials for the formation of their nests.

Patty had obtained her mother's permission to accompany Mark to the show, and never were two lighter hearts than theirs, when dressed in their Sunday array, they closed the cottage door behind them, and took their way across the pleasant fields, towards the town of L——. Merrily, as they passed onward, the birds sang over their heads, and here and there, at the foot of the old trees, peeped out clusters of blue violets, or the pale anemone trembled on its stalk, as if for very joy that the sweet spring-time had returned to wake it from its slumbers.

As happy as the birds, and as bright as the flowers, on went the children, carrying, within a coarser one, to shield it from harm, the pretty basket that contained their floral treasures, chatting gaily as they went, and now and then stopping to pluck a way-side flower, or to mark the swift flight of some bird, that, startled by their step, soared away towards the bright sky, till they reached L., and their pleasant walk was ended.

The town seemed quite in a bustle, and every body was making their way to the place of exhibition. Mark and Patty went with the multitude; but though the show-rooms were not yet opened to the public, Mark and his sister, as directed by Donald, ascended the broad staircase, and knocked at a side door, on the landing place, for admittance. It was quickly opened by a good-natured looking man, who held a pot, containing a splendid tube-rose, in his hand, and who smilingly told them to come in.

This was the steward of the Horticultural Society, who, with the assistance of several others, was receiving and arranging the flowers and fruits, which were still being brought in, and when Mark, with a manly air, presented his humble offering, Patty's little heart fluttered between hope and fear, lest it should not be accepted. She saw so many grand flowers, and luxurious looking fruits around the room, that she thought to herself, "I am sure my poor tea-roses, and Mark's dear little pansies, will pass for nothing among them."

But she was mistaken, the pretty basket with its treasures, was not only gladly accepted, but warmly praised. "It was a perfect gem of a basket," the steward said, "then the flowers were so tastefully arranged in it, and, as for the rich cluster of pansies, that crowned the top, he was sure that the Princess Royal herself, could she see it, would be proud of such a namesake;" and so he carried it, followed by the delighted children. into the hall, and placed it on the highest round of a green flower-stand, that was filled with pansies of every conceivable variety.

Mark was quite satisfied with the position allotted to his flowers, and when he had assured himself that there were no finer pansies than his own on the stand, he and Patty availed themselves of the steward's permission to walk round the room, and look at all the beautiful plants and fruits which were there displayed.

And such an enchanting place, as was that hall, the children thought they had never before imagined. Not even the gorgeous caverns, heaped with gold and gems, which they had read of in fairy tales, seemed to them half so wondrous or so beautiful, as did that lovely room, lined with tall fir branches, against whose dark green foliage, the delicate forms, and brilliant hues of a thousand exquisite flowers were shown off, in all the perfection of their beauty, while others filled tall pyramidal stands, in different parts of the room, and through its centre extended tables, covered with a greater profusion of fruits and vegetables than could possibly have been expected at so early a season.

Before they were half satisfied with looking, the doors were thrown open, and a crowd began to enter, which soon filled the room, and so jostled the children about, that they were glad to retreat, which they did into a snug corner near the stand, on which stood their basket of flowers. It attracted the notice of every one, and Mark and Patty had the pleasure of hearing it admired, and praised, and coveted by many. Mark, however, was a little disappointed to see, that since he first left it there, another pansy, growing in a small wedgewood flower pot, had been placed beside it, which seemed to him, even larger and more beautiful than his own.

"Where could that have come from," said the children, "and will it cheat us of the prize?" They examined it closely, and compared it with their own; it was certainly larger, and richer, though scarcely any eyes, except those of an experienced florist would have perceived it.

"And here is its name," said Patty, as she took up a little slip of paper that lay beside it, "the '*Nonpareil*,' which means, Mark, that none can be found to equal it."

And so indeed it proved, for it bore off the first prize, from every other competitor, and its fortunate possessor was Donald! the sly Donald, who had hidden this little petted darling from all eyes, in the richest nook he could find. Mark felt half inclined to quarrel with him for being "so close," as he called it, but Donald slapped him on the back with such a hearty laugh, that he could not but smile too. And then he told him that as the Princess, after all, had beat the Duchess, out and out, lovely as every one said she looked, in her velvet robes of gold and purple, he ought to be comforted, and try so much the harder, to win at the next show.

And so he was, and the more so, since many insisted, notwithstanding the judgment of the wise, that his pansy was the handsomest, and that it was deserving of a premium; which indeed, he got—the second one, to be sure; but it was a silver crown piece, which was a rich treasure to him, besides the pride he felt, in coming *next* to Donald, and *before* several other gardeners, who looked sullen enough, that such a slip of a boy should have rivalled them.

Mark and his sister were still farther consoled, by the general admiration which was lavished upon their lovely flowers, and especially by that which a grand looking lady, all flaunting in feathers and flowers, bestowed upon them; declaring "that her own greenhouse could not boast such, that the pretty melon-seed basket, was a love of a thing, and she must have it for a birth-day present to her daughter, who, she said, would delight more in such a gift than in a bracelet of pure gold.

So Mark was well contented to let it go for the half sovereign, which she said it was worth, though he told her that since his pansy had failed to win the first prize, she must call it the Princess Alice, instead of the Princess Royal.

Animated by the success which had attended his first attempt at the cultivation of flowers, Mark devoted himself still more diligently to the study of Horticulture, than he had yet done—daily performing his duties under Donald, at the Hill, which was a good school for him, and employing every leisure moment in improving the little plot of ground, which he called his own. And well it repaid him for his care, assuming, as the season advanced, a luxuriance and beauty, which bespoke the hand of a skilful cultivator, and attracted many visitors to praise and admire.

In fact, it was a wonder, to the idle, how he found time to keep it in such order, but to the discreet and industrious, it brought another proof of how much patient perseverance, and active intelligence are able to accomplish. Certain it was, that no one in the neighborhood could boast a better kept garden; none had earlier or finer peas, than Mark, though they might have more of them, and as for cauliflowers, he had a long bed of them, that looked like a row of Judge's wigs, so large were they, and so white.

To be sure, he met with some drawbacks; for one unlucky day, the little red cow, a wise thing that she was, opened the wooden gate with her horn, and walking into the neat garden, made a hearty breakfast of a nice little patch of Indian Corn, that was coming on famously; but Mark forgave her, when he found she had left untouched a row of Lima beans, which he had planted in a sunny corner, and was anxiously watching, because Miss Huntly had given him the seed, and said they were the most delicious vegetables she had ever eaten.

She also told Mark, as they were natives of South America, it was very difficult, in a more northern climate, to bring them to perfection; but if he would plant them in a sheltered spot, and protect them from the early frosts, they might attain such a size as to be fit for the table. And so Mark, always remembering Patty's watch-words, "Patience, and Perseverance," did watch and nurse the Lima beans, till they grew large and white, and then, from his few vines, he was able to carry Miss Huntly a good sized dish-full, with which she was much pleased, saying, she was going to have some friends to dine with her, and she should be proud to show them such rarities, grown by the youngest gardener in the neighbourhood.

As time went on, Mark became more and more skilful and experienced in his calling; from his own and Patty's prudent savings, he was able to enlarge his garden, by purchasing a piece of ground adjoining it; and then, by degrees, a fine nursery of choice trees, and shrubs, appeared on it; the flower borders were more richly stocked, strawberry beds were planted, hedges of small fruits intersected the garden, grape-vines were trained over white espaliers, the hot-beds were extended, and in due time, the glass walls of a conservatory furnished ample accommodation for the choice collection of tender exotics, which, since his first success with the pansy, Mark had been constantly adding to his treasures.

In short our young friend Mark, by the time he reached a man's stature, had become a thrifty and skilful gardener. His fruits, flowers, and vegetables always commanded a goodly price in the market; he carried off premiums at almost every Horticultural Show; his garden and green house were constantly visited by the gentry, and he was daily, from far and near, receiving so many orders for shrubs, trees, and plants, that he was obliged to hire an assistant, in order to accomplish all that he daily found to do.

Nor was Patty less prospered in her honest endeavor to lead a useful and industrious life, than her brother. Her reputation for being a neat and ingenious needle-woman, spread far and wide, and orders for work, as many, and often more than she could execute punctually, were constantly being received by her. So cheerful was she, and so obliging, that she not only earned the good-will of her employers, but what was better, she brought content and sunshine into her humble home.

Even her mother, faint-hearted and weak as she naturally was, felt the lovely influence of her good children's example, working a blessed change in herself. She bowed down in gratitude to God, for having bestowed on her such treasures, and, deeply lamenting her past despondency, and want of self-discipline, she roused herself to exertion, and became, as it were, a new creature. Being herself a good sempstress, she soon took an interest in aiding Patty, when she was overwhelmed with work, and thus engaged, would often forget the headache, which she had been sure was coming on—or she would marvel that, without her afternoon nap, she could sew busily away all the evening, quite bright and cheerful; sometimes even, till the little wooden clock struck the hour of ten. But while Patty chatted gaily on, or repeated some of the beautiful hymns, with which it was her delight on the blessed Sabbath, to store her mind, her mother ceased to complain of the long evenings, every one of which seemed to grow shorter than the last.

So happy and contented she became ; healthy, too, and vigorous, for her hands were actively employed, and her mind filled with useful and pleasant thoughts. Often, indeed, as she looked round upon her quiet home, made bright by the presence and affection of her dutiful children, her heart would overflow with gratitude to the great Giver of every good, and she would say: "How can I ever thank Him, who has blessed me with such children, as I ought! it is the study of their lives to make me happy, and without knowing it, they have taught me the true secret of being so."

Wealth, indeed, did not flow in upon this contented household; but love to God, and good will to man, brightened their daily lives; while peace and plenty, simple pleasures, and rational desires, satisfied and made them happy, in their humble, but useful sphere. The little homestead, within and without, bore marks of taste and order, and with its sheltered porch, overgrown with the fragrant sweet-briar, and its small court-yard, gay with roses, and syringas, it attracted the admiring gaze of every passer by, and told a true tale, not only of the thrifty and orderly habits of its inmates, but also of that higher culture of the mind, and heart, which leads to excellence, by raising the purified affections of our nature, up, through God's wonderful works, in humble adoration to himself.

THE FAULT AMENDED.

A SIMPLE STORY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY A SCHOOL GIRL.

ROSE, when ten years old, had caused only pleasure to her parents. Unfortunately she contracted afterwards a great fault. If any one touched by chance some of her playthings, she flew into a passion. If they told her to do anything she did not like, or if she was refused anything she wished, she grumbled and went out of the room, slamming the door after her. Did any one reprove her gently, she pouted. In a word, there was no person in the house who loved her but her parents, and they grieved very much at her behaviour. It is true she was sometimes sorry for her faults, and often even wept bitterly, but the next time she would do the very same thing.

One new year's eve, seeing her mother with a covered basket, she wished to follow her and see what was in it.

"Rose, stay where you are," said her mother; "I do not wish you to come with me."

Angry at this prohibition, she went back quickly, and shut the door with such violence that the windows shook.

About half an hour after, her mother called her. What was the surprise of Rose, on entering the room, to see the table covered with playthings; she was pleased and astonished but did not speak a word.

"Come, Rose," said her mother, "and read upon this paper for whom these things are intended." Rose approached and saw a slip of paper with these words: "For an amiable little girl, as a reward for her obedience." She hung down her head and did not speak.

"Well, Rose, for whom are they intended?"

"They are not for me," replied Rose, and tears filled her eyes.

"Here is another paper," replied her mother, "let us see if this does not mean you."

Rose took the paper and read: "For a little girl who knows her faults, and who, on commencing a new year, will endeavour to correct them."

"That is me, that is me," she cried, and cast herself into the arms of her mother, her eyes filled with tears.

Her mother wept also, less for sorrow at the faults of her daughter, than for joy at seeing her repent. "Well," said she, after some moments of reflection, "take what is intended for you and pray to your Heavenly Father to help you to keep your good resolution."

"No, my dear mamma," replied Rose, "I will take nothing before resembling the amiable little girl of whom the first paper speaks. Keep for me all these pretty things till I become like her."

This answer gave great pleasure to her mother. After having put every thing into a bureau she gave the key to her daughter, saying:

"Take it, Rose, and keep it as long as you judge it is necessary."

Six weeks had passed by without Rose giving the least cause of complaint; no more passion, no more grumbling.

Being alone one day with her mother, she kissed her, and said, in a timid voice:

"Mamma, can I open the bureau now?"

"Yes, my child," replied her happy mother; "you can do so now. But tell me how have you become so good?"

"I have always thought of my faults," answered Rose, "and night and morning I have prayed God to aid me in correcting myself."

Her mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. Rose took possession of the playthings which were intended for her, and continuing gentle and affectionate, made herself beloved by every one.

THE BIRCH TREE.

We suppose some of our young friends take occasionally a winter walk, and if so, as they pass through the naked woods, where, at this season, no flowers are to be seen, nor even a green leaf to refresh the eye, except indeed the dark, unvarying verdure of the firs and pines, we wonder if the elegant forms of the trees, stripped of their foliage, are observed by them, with as much pleasure and admiration, as they are, by our more experienced selves.

Do they mark how picturesque, are the old trunks, no longer hidden by the drooping and leafy branches—some straight and symmetrical as the carved pillars of a fine cathedral—others twisted, and gnarled with age, and others, yet again, rugged and uneven, with the rough and wrinkled bark. Though bare and brown, how perfect is the form of each tree, how beautiful the delicate tracery of every tiny twig. Do but examine the small shining knobs with which they are so thickly studded; in each one are folded up the young leaves that are to flutter in the soft air of the coming spring. Perfect are they in that small shell, as you will see if you open one, though some of them are almost too minute to be discovered by the naked eye.

What hand, save that of the great and wise Creator, could have folded them in so small a space,—so nicely, and so compactly too. And then, to defend them from the wintry frosts, each little germ is sealed over with a resinous gum, that shuts out cold and wet, and mildew, and preserves them safe and warm, till the genial sunshine, and showers of April, melt it away, and the young leaves burst from their prison, in freshness and beauty, decking every spray with verdure, and making our hearts rejoice in the renewed loveliness of nature.

Truly God is love, and even the minutest of his works, constantly declare how much he delights in the happiness of the creatures he has made. To know him better, to love him more, should be our ceaseless endeavor; through the study of his works we may be brought to feel His nearer presence, and to see Him in every beautiful object of nature, is to enhance to ourselves the pleasure we have in beholding it.

Many are the fine trees that adorn our fair island of Montreal, and deck the lovely Mountain, which forms so rich a back-ground to our city. We love the graceful elm, with its wide embracing arms: and,

> "Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak,"

with its sturdy trunk, and leafy crown, is an especial favorite with us—the maple that is among the first of our forest trees, to put on the green livery of summer, as well as the earliest to change it for the crimson robe of autumn, is always an object of our admiration—the sycamore with its pale leaves, and brown balls, we like,

—the linden too, with its rich foliage and greenish flowers, which the bees so much love, we love also—and then the mountain ash, with its feathery leaves, and crimson berries; how beautiful it is! A friend of ours has two old and stately ones near his house, that in winter are perfectly on fire with the red berries; at least they are so, till the little reccollect birds find them out, and then there is such feasting, and frolicking, and chirping among the branches, by hundreds of these little creatures, who never leave the trees while a berry remains—and a fine feast they have, and heartily welcome they are to it, for it is such a pleasure to see the pretty things flying in and out, and so enjoying themselves, that one would be almost inclined to cultivate a plantation of these trees, if it were only to entice them about the house.

We could name many more trees, worthy to have a page each, lavished upon them, but fear we may get prosy, and weary our young readers, by dwelling too long upon a favorite theme, so we will only mention one more, which, though last, is not the least in our regards. This is the birch; lovely is it in summer, with its light and quivering foliage; and in winter with its airy and graceful form, and its silver trunk, shining through the darker ones that surround it. Some poet, we forget who, at this moment, has called it "The Lady of the Woods;" an elegant and well deserved title.

In Scotland, as many of you are doubtless aware, it is known by the name of the Birk tree. Mr. Evelyn, a celebrated writer upon forest trees, supposes the county of Berkshire, in England, to have been named from the abundance of the birch, or birk-trees, which grow there. Its botanical name is Betula. There are many trees far more useful than this favorite one of ours, for its timber is not to be compared with that of the oak, the pine, or the cedar.

Yet it is not merely an ornamental tree. Baskets, hoops, and other light articles, are made from its branches; many domestic utensils are, by the country people, fashioned from its wood. The Indians hollow out the trunk for their canoes, and from one species of the birch, which is often finely veined, many articles of cabinet work are made. The inner silky bark of the tree, is a good substitute for paper, and before the invention of that useful material, was often used to write upon, while the outer bark makes light but very substantial boxes, which you may have often seen brought into our market, by the squaws, filled with berries. These women also make many ornamental things of it, which they work with porcupine quills, and find for them a ready sale in the shops. In Prussia and Poland, Mr. Evelyn says, they use it for the roofs of cottages, as being very pliable, and excluding the moisture.

There are some among you, no doubt, who could name another use which the twigs of this lovely tree serve, for there are few little people who have not *heard* of the *birch-rod*, though not many among our readers, we trust, have had the misfortune to *feel* it. And now after these few words about trees, which we hope you have patiently read, because we wish to inspire you with a love for them, we will reward you by transcribing a very sweet piece of poetry on the Birch-tree, which, we think, cannot fail to please you. It is by Miss L. A. Twamley.

"The Oak we know is strong and stout,
The Pine-tree straight and tall;
And busy craftsmen fashion each,
That in the forest fall!

And many other trees assist,
To make us house and gear;
But thou art thin, and dainty limbed,
What service dost *thou* here?"

"God made no thing without its use,"
The gentle tree replied,
"And He it was who bade me grow,
Upon the mountain side.

"He bade my kindred live beyond,
The Atlantic's stormy sea;
His rains and dews and sunshines fall,
Alike on them and me.

"And though ye build your ships of oak,
And make them masts of pine,
Brave souls as ye have dared the waves,
On wood as frail as mine.

"Go, see the self-taught Indian,
Construct his light canoe,
Of birchen-wood, with cedar ribs,
Sewn and pitched tightly too.

"Go, see him launch it on the deep,
And fearless sail away;
Nor oak, nor pine were prized by him,
Like the light birchen spray.

"Go, ask the learned in ancient lore,
What arrows made they then;
When Robin Hood in Sherwood dwelt,
With his brave, merry men!

"The birch-wood shaft they loved the best,
And deathfully it flew;
And well maintained the archer's fame,
All bonnie England through.

"Go ask the ancient housewives too,
'Bout ladle, bowl, and dish;
And they will say the birch-wood made
Them, fair as eye could wish.

"And wise old men in olden days,
Wrote on the smooth stripped bark,
Which wrought was, into tablets neat,
For many a learned clerk.

"And divers other uses, too,
Of birchen-trees were made,
Whereof ye idlers little dream,
Now stretched beneath our shade.

"Yet God who giveth us so much,
An hundred-fold *more* power,
Hath given *ye*, of doing good—
Oh! do ye prize the dower.

"God creates nothing useless here.
Not e'en a flower or tree;
Then think of what is claimed from us,
And how much more from *ye*."

THE INDIAN FATHER.

An Indian who had lost his son, in battle with the French, took captive a young Frenchman, and was about to kill him, when the young man begged him to spare his life for his father's sake.

"Then you have a father?" said the Indian.

"I have," answered the young man.

"Do you love him?" asked the Indian.

"I do," replied the young man.

"Then he loves you," said the Indian, "as I loved my son. Go home; I cannot make him as wretched as your countrymen have made me."

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP; OR THE HUMBLEST HAVE HEARTS.

Coming down Chesnut street, a few mornings since, one of the few in which the sun has been visible this season, our attention was attracted towards a cluster of people in the middle of the street. We hastened towards them, with a view to ascertain the cause of their meeting. But it was not till we had made our way quite to the centre of the crowd, that we could even guess why they had collected.

There was no noise, no threat, no swaying backwards and forwards, as there is in a fight. The whole was silent, and looking earnestly at some object on the ground. We soon discovered what it was. A dog of rather more than middling size, lay stretched out in the midst of the crowd.

Shortly afterwards a little chimney sweep kneeled down beside the animal, applied his hand to its left side, withdrew it, lifted up the dog's head, let it fall, and, rising slowly, with a heavy sigh, exclaimed, "*He is dead!*"

There was a sad cadence in the tone of the boy, that particularly arrested our attention. We looked into his face; the tears that had gushed up into his eyes, warm from the fountain of his heart, had worn furrows on his sooty cheek, so that, had a painter desired to sketch an emblem of grief, the sweep-boy might have served him for a model.

The dog had been killed by the wheel of a carriage passing over his neck, and the grief of the sweep had drawn the crowd together. A boy standing by, struck the dog with his foot, and said;—

"He was good for nothing; he is neither pointer, setter nor hound."

But the poor sweep, who had borne many taunts upon himself with patience, could not bear to have any slight cast upon his dog.

"He may be good for nothing for you, and for gentlemen who go a gunning," he said, looking up piteously to the lad, "but he was good to *me*. He has been with me night and day, these three years, ever since he saved me from drowning."

The poor sweep had no other being in the world to love him, and now that his dog was dead, he felt how much his heart had become a wilderness, and he "lifted up his voice and wept." A person present gathered from the crowd a small sum of money, which he gave to the boy, telling him he should purchase another dog with it.

The sweep took the silver into his hand with a look of humble gratitude, and for a moment a gleam of pleasure shone in his eye. He turned the pieces over, and stood silent, as if asking himself some important question. At last he reached his hand towards the person who had given him the money, and said:

"If I must buy another dog with this, I would rather not have it, for I don't want to have a dog that is *not* as good as that was; and I'm sure," he continued, while the tears dropped down from his eyes, "I'm sure I don't want to *lose* another that *is* as good."

The boy then dragged his filthy soot-bag over his shoulders, settled his black cap upon his forehead, and turning the corner, started the loud cry of his profession; "Sweep-ho-sweep!" The first words were strong and firm, but when he repeated the scream, his voice trembled, the sentence was broken, and the last tones of it were quite lost in his sobs.

We saw no more of the sweep; but let none think lightly of his affections, because he was so humble. Remember that the single lamb of the poor man, which we read of in the Scriptures, which had lain all night in his bosom, and had been to him as a child, was more in the sight of the prophet, than the countless flock of the rich man, who had a thousand different objects around him to love.

PAPER MAKING.

THE first paper is said to have been made in Egypt, and consisted of the skin of a rush, called papyrus, whence it derives its name. The Chinese manufacture it from the greatest variety of substances; the paper used for writing and printing, is made from linen or cotton rags; which, after being carefully assorted, are first washed, then torn to pieces, and afterwards bleached, and farther cut or torn, until reduced to a pulp. This pulp is taken up warm, in a mould or box, covered at the top with wire, and the sheets being thus formed, are first pressed between woollen cloths, and then pressed by themselves. They are afterwards, dried, and then dipped in a tub containing a weak size.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

In our last number of the *Snow Drop*, we promised to give our readers some account of the garden spider, one of the many varieties of those singular and ingenious insects, which, though so common that we scarcely regard them, except with contempt, yet, when carefully examined, are each one, a study for the most acute naturalist. Even a careless observer must view with admiration the wonderful contrivance and instinct which they display, in their means of self-preservation, in their modes of attack and defence, and in their manner of providing for their own wants and accommodation.

The way in which this spider prepares its web is particularly curious, and shows a degree of ingenuity, which one would hardly expect from so insignificant a creature.

Kirby, a celebrated naturalist, says, "as the net of this spider is usually fixed in a perpendicular, or oblique direction, in an opening between the leaves of some shrub or plant, it is obvious that round its whole extent will be required lines, to which can be attached those ends of the *radii*,* that are farthest from the centre. Accordingly the construction of these exterior lines, is the spider's first operation. She spares no pains to strengthen them, and keep them in a proper degree of tension. With the former view, she composes each line of five or six or even more threads glued together, and with the latter, she fixes to them, from different points, a numerous and intricate apparatus of smaller threads.

Having thus completed the foundations of her snare, she proceeds to fill up the outline. Attaching a thread to one of the main lines, she walks along it, guiding with one of her hind feet, that it may not touch on any part, and be prematurely glued, and crosses over to the opposite side, where, by applying her spinners, she firmly fixes it. In the middle of this diagonal thread, which is to form the centre of her net, she fixes a second part; which in like manner she conveys and fastens to another part of the lines, encircling the area. Her work now proceeds rapidly. During the first operations, she sometimes rests, as though her plan required meditation. But no sooner are the marginal lines of her net firmly stretched, and two or three *radii* spun from its centre, than she continues her labor, so quickly and unremittingly, that the eye can scarcely follow her progress. The *radii*, to the number of about twenty, giving the net the appearance of a wheel, are speedily finished. She then proceeds to the centre, quickly turns herself round, and pulls each thread with her feet, to ascertain its strength, breaking any one that seems defective, and replacing it by another. Next, she glues immediately round the centre, five or six small concentric circles, distant about half a line from each other, and then four or five larger ones, each separated by a space of half an inch, or more. These last serve as a sort of temporary scaffolding to walk over, and to keep the *radii* properly stretched while she glues to them the concentric circles that are to remain, which she now proceeds to construct.

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* Lines extending from the centre of a circle, to the outward edges.

Placing herself at the circumference, and fastening her thread to the end of one of the *radii*, she walks up that one, towards the centre, to such a distance as to draw the thread from her body of a sufficient length to reach to the next. Then, stepping across, and conducting the thread with one of her hind feet, she glues it with her spinners to the point in the adjoining *radius* to which it is to be fixed. This process she repeats, till she has filled up nearly the whole space, from the circumference to the centre, with concentric circles, distant from each other about two lines. Lastly, she runs to the centre, and bites away the small cotton-like tufts that united all the *radii*, which being now held together by the circular threads, have thus probably their elasticity increased; and in the circular opening resulting from this procedure, she takes her station, and watches for her prey."

Such is a description of the curiously wrought web of the field spider; and when you again meet with one, in your rambles, I am sure you will stop to examine it, with great attention and curiousity. But the spider has many enemies, for, it must be confessed, it is a cruel and rapacious insect, constanly warring on others, weaker than itself; and hence, we are told, "its web is always in danger of being deranged and damaged;" to meet this inconvenience, nature has furnished the insect with a magazine of materials, for occasional repairs, which, though sometimes exhausted, still continues to be replenished; this reservoir, however, is drained in time. When spiders grow old, their supply of gum is dried up, but even when this calamity happens, the cunning creature is not altogether destitute of resources which avail it for some time longer. A crafty old spider, having no longer the means of securing a subsistence, seeks out a young one, to which it communicates its wants and necessities; on which the other, either out of respect for old age, or from a dread of old pincers, resigns its place, and spins a new web, in another situation. But if the old spider can find none of its species, which will, either from love or fear, resign its net, it must them perish for want of subsistence."

We could give many more amusing anecdotes of the spider, illustrative of its peculiar characteristics; but at present we have not room for farther extracts; and we only wish to lead the attention of our young friends towards a subject, which is so full of interest and instruction. As spring will be soon approaching, and your walks may be directed to the fields and gardens, it will be well for you to examine, with attentive eye, the numerous insect tribes which sport in the sunbeams, or crawl upon the sod;—the spider with its silken web, so curiously suspended from the branch or shrub,—the butterfly with its painted wings, and the bee sipping the honey-dew from flower to flower, and loading its tiny thigh with the perfumed treasure. If at any time tempted, by cruel impulse, or idle sport, to crush the feeble reptile, or to lift your hand against the fluttering insect, remember that you have no right to destroy the life which you cannot re-create, and that for every act of wanton cruelty, you are accountable to Him who formed each living creature for enjoyment, and for some use, which, though unknown to us, we are still bound to recognize and respect.

There are many works written on Natural History, in its various departments, particularly suited to the tastes and capacities of the young; and we are sure they would all find, in the perusal of them, a rich source of interest, and also of improvement to their minds and hearts.

TO THE SPIDER.

Most ancient of weavers, grey spider, art thou!
Thy web hast been spun, from creation till now!

'Mong the beasts, and the birds, called by Adam to name,
Old hairy-legged spider, I doubt not you came!

When Noah the just, in his ark refuge took,
There, you hung up your web, in some snug little nook,
And Solomon, wisest of men, did declare,
That you spun out your thread, in "kings' palaces" fair,

When our grandames, to handle the distaff first turned,
A lesson from thee, perhaps they had learned,
And the gossamer threads, so transparent and fine,
Lending beauty new grace, are but copies of thine.

But a cunning old elf, hairy spider, art thou,
With a heart full of mischief and malice, I trow;
So subtle thy web, and so fair to the eye,—
Could we think it a snare for the poor little fly?

In the midst of your web, there you sit like a king,
With keen eyes waiting long, for the moment to spring,
And wo! to the insect, who, lured by your wile,
Finds, too late, in your thrall, he's a victim to guile!

And a lesson for you, trusting youth, may be found,
When you gaze on the prey, in a spider-net bound;
Grave counsel despised, he drew nearer the spoil,
Till the threads woven round, held him fast in their toil.

May you learn to beware, nor incautiously tread,
Where temptation her net for the simple has spread;
Nay, turn not a look, though alluring the snare,
Whate'er it may be,—fly—your safety lies there.

And again, from that spider, a lesson we learn,
How patient she toils,—and though morn after morn,
The maid with her broom, sweeps the fabric away,
Still her thread she renews, with fresh order each day.

We have read in old story, how Bruce, stout of heart,
When forsaken by fortune, imprisoned by art,
Watched the spider which toiled, and oft baffled, still spun,
Till his spirit grew bolder—his kingdom was won!

Perseverance and patience, thy motto should be,
Whoever thou art, and whate'er thy degree,
Though defeat should attend thee, and crosses annoy,
Like the spider, thy web, weave with hope, trust and joy.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SNOW DROP,

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

At New Years' time when I was passing round to see my young acquaintances, I happened to step in upon little Bella May; she was sitting upon an ottoman with all her presents about her, but she did not seem to be thinking of them, she had in her hand a book mark, and was examining very closely its pretty blue ribband, she hardly spoke to me when I went in, and at last I said:

"Why, Bella, what are you thinking of so busily?"

"Oh! Cousin Lizzie, I was just wondering how the stuff which forms this pretty ribband was made; it is silk I know, but does it grow, or what does it come from?"

"Grow, child!" said I, "what a funny idea. I never thought of silk growing; it is made by a worm."

"Worm! Cousin Lizzie, why that cannot be. Cotton grows I know, for I have seen it, and I don't know why silk should not?"

I could not give Bella any good reason why silk should not grow, but I thought best to explain to her as far as I could, how silk was produced, and perhaps you, my young readers, may not know more about it than Bella, and would like to hear what I told her.

The silk worm is a species of caterpillar, not any more pleasing to look at than the greenish ringed worms which you often see; when small and young it is of a blackish colour, but as it grows, it casts its skin, and becomes white or blue, and when ready to spin is quite yellow; it is covered with little scattering hairs, and is altogether an unsightly looking thing, though I have known ladies who had the care of them to become really attached to them, and consider them quite as pets. They live wholly on the leaves of the Mulberry tree; they eat with a great noise, and consume more than you would think it possible, absolutely stuffing themselves, till about thirty-six hours before they are ready to commence spinning; then the body is soft, and it it seeks a suitable place for the construction of the cocoon—for so the little ball of silk in which it wraps itself is called.

The stuff which forms the silk is a fluid resembling thin varnish; it is contained in sacks in the body of the insect, when drawn out, it is sometimes 625 yards in length. It takes the little creature two or three days to spin it all out, and when it is done you can see nothing but a round yellowish ball; the caterpillar is enfolded within it; as soon as shut up in it, the worm changes to a chrysalis, and after remaining twenty days the moth comes out, forcing its way through the cocoon, just as a little chicken does through the shell.

If the moth is allowed to come out of the cocoon, it injures it very much, because it breaks through each layer of the silk, so that about eight days after the worm has entirely covered itself, those who have the care of them, take all the cocoons which they wish to preserve, and destroy the life which is in the chrysalis, either by dropping it into boiling hot water, or putting it into a hot oven. Then persons, called reelers, take the ends of the thread and wind it gently off; the length of reeled silk usually obtained from each worm, varies from three hundred to five hundred yards, and it takes the labors of 2800 worms to make sixteen yards of gros-de-Naples silk.

After the silk is reeled off, it has to be twisted, and then is woven into the snowy beautiful articles wrought from it, in almost endless variety, from the rich heavy velvet, to the light graceful gauze, (which is so called because it was first brought from Guya a city in Palestine). I met the other day such a pretty piece of poetry, about the silk-worm that I think I must copy it for you.

"THE SILK-WORM'S WILL."

BY H. F. GOULD.

On a plain rush hurdle a silk-worm lay,
When a proud young princess came that way,
The haughty child of a human king,
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing,
That received with silent gratitude
From the mulberry tree her simple food,
And shrunk, half scorn, and half disgust,
Away from her sister child of the dust;
Declaring she never yet could see
Why a reptile form like this should be;
And that she was not made with nerves so firm,
As closely to stand by a "crawling worm."

With mute forbearance, the silk worm took
The taunting words and the spurning look.
Alike a stranger to self and pride,
She'd no disquiet from aught beside,
And lived, of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these debar from the human breast;
She only wished, for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of lordly man;
And thus did she lay a noble plan,

To teach her wisdom, and make it plain,
That the humble worm was not made in vain,
A plan so generous, deep, and high,
That to carry it out she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat;
I'll spin and weave me a winding sheet,
To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,
And hide my form from her wounded sight,
In secret then till my end draws nigh,
I'll toil for her, and when I die,
I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon,
To the proud young princess my whole cocoon,
To be reeled and wove to a shining lace,
And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face;
And then she can calmly draw her breath
Through the very threads that have caused my death;
When she finds at length she has nerves so firm
As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm,
May she bear in mind, that she walk's with pride,
In the winding sheeet where the silk-worm died."

Let us learn the lesson, too, my dear young friends, never to despise anything. Nothing is created without a good purpose,

I remain, yours affectionately,
COUSIN LIZZIE.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

TIME flies so quickly with us all, that we can scarcely realise that a year has passed away since the first number of this little periodical was published. Yet, so it is; this is the last month of our editorial year, and the Snow Drop has now been long enough before the public for its merit, if it has any, to be fully tested, and its success well established. To those who have hitherto patronised us, we return our cordial thanks; the commendation which has been bestowed on our labors, by the public journals, has greatly encouraged us, as well as the favorable reception it has met with, among all classes in society, and particularly by the children and youth, to whose amusement and instruction it is devoted. Yet, while we receive many expressions of warm approbation, we regret to say that our subscription list is still so small, that we should hardly feel justified in continuing the publication, had we not reason to believe that our present subscribers will continue their patronage, and that successful efforts will be made to increase the number for the coming year. Our own endeavors will be unremitting to give variety and interest to every number; and we still hope that so much success will attend it, as to enable us, before long, to embellish them with pictorial illustrations. The additional expense, alone, at present obliges us to withold this attraction from our little readers.

With much pleasure we subjoin a note, lately received from a correspondent, and cordially recommend the example of the little boy, mentioned in it, to the imitation of all. We do not hesitate to say that he was a sensible little fellow, to prefer a substantial intellectual treat, to the toys and bon-bons, so tempting at the holiday season; and though we have not the least idea who he is, we can confidently predict that he will grow up an intelligent and useful man.

My dear Editor,

I was very much pleased the other day to hear the following circumstance. A little boy had at Christmas a dollar given him to spend as he pleased. He deliberated for some time what to do with it, and at length he concluded to subscribe for the Snow Drop. He did so, and as each month the little magazine presents itself at the door, he congratulates himself on his choice of a New Year's Gift.

I should like also, as your first year is drawing to a close, to ask some of your young readers, particularly the boys, if they could not procure some additional subscribers to the Snow Drop. If each who now takes it, would obtain one new subscriber, your list would be doubled.

Very respectfully yours,
A Reader.

We are indebted to a correspondent, A. T. D., for the following answers, to the conundrums in our last.

1st. A *Ditch* is lengthened, by being cut at both ends.

2nd. A person born on the 29th February, in Leap Year, would see but 20 birth days, though he lived to the age of 80.

We are also much obliged to A. T. D. for the following riddles:

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

What word of one syllable, becomes a word of two syllables, by taking two letters from it?

The "Two Candlesticks," in our last number, was by mistake, marked original; it is a selected article.

END OF VOLUME I.